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B. F.

620.12 v. III.



A VOYAGE
FROM
SOUTHAMPTON TO CAPE TOWN

AND BACK, IN THE

Union Company's Mail Steamer "Syria."

ALSO DESCRIPTIVE JOURNEY OF

ONE THOUSAND MILES ALONG THE COAST,

AND

Two Thousand Miles through Kaffir-land, &c.,

WITH

Life at the Diamond Fields,

Illustrated from Photographs.

THE TRIP BACK THROUGH GRIQUAS TERRITORY, &c.

BY

CAPTAIN CHARLES CHAPMAN,

Travelling Agent for the "Shipping and Mercantile Gazette."

LONDON :

GEORGE BERRIDGE & CO., 37, EASTCHEAP.

1872.

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THE OCEAN, RAILWAY, AND GENERAL, Travellers' Assurance Company, Limited.

*Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 and 1867, and empowered by
Special Act of Parliament.*

CAPITAL, £200,000, in 40,000 Shares of £5 each.

Head Offices—MANSTON HOUSE BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.
(Opposite the Mansion House.)

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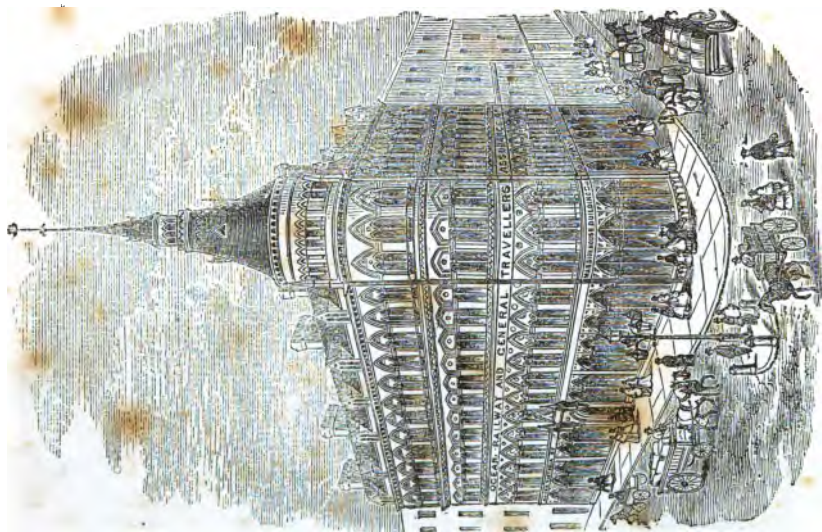
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In First Class Steamer or Sailing Ship, Classed A 1 at Lloyd's, or foreign classification of equivalent value, of not less than 200 tons burden, carrying approved Cargo.

PRINCIPAL PORTS.		PRINCIPAL PORTS.	
Rates for an Assurance of £100 at death of a Passenger from casualty at Sea during a Voyage in a		Rates for an Assurance of £100 at death of a Passenger from casualty at Sea during a Voyage in a	
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EXAMPLES.

(1) A person proceeding to Cape Town, by paying £3 15s. to this Company, will secure £1,000 sterling to his family in the event of his death by accident during the voyage.

(2) A person proposing to cross from this country to the United States of America, by paying about £2 10s. to this Company, will secure £1,000 sterling to his family in the event of his death by accident during the voyage.

(3) A person proposing to go to Calcutta, via Marseilles, Brindisi, or Trieste, and Bombay, by paying £3 15s. to this Company, will secure £1,000 sterling to his family in the event of his death by accident during the voyage, or to the railway train in which he travels in direct prosecution of his journey.

(4) A person paying £10 10s. to this Company will secure £1,000 to his family in the event of his death by accident to any railway carriage, or while on board any steam vessel in which he may travel on a direct tour round the globe, via Pacific Railway to San Francisco, thence via Shanghai, Singapore, Ceylon, and Egypt to Europe, and thereafter by Brindisi, Trieste, or Marseilles to England.

For fuller particulars as to Rates for all kinds of Accident Insurance apply to the Manager.

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON,
2, DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE,
MARQUEE AND TENT MANUFACTURER,
By Special Letters of Appointment, to
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H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, and His Majesty The King of the Netherlands.



MARQUEES, TENTS,
CROQUET TENTS, GARDEN TENTS,
TENTS FOR THE MOORS, TRAVELLERS' TENTS,
RICK CLOTHS,
Waterproof Cloths, Garden Netting, Flags.

PATENTEE OF THE
NEW UMBRELLA TENT AND GARDEN CANOPY.

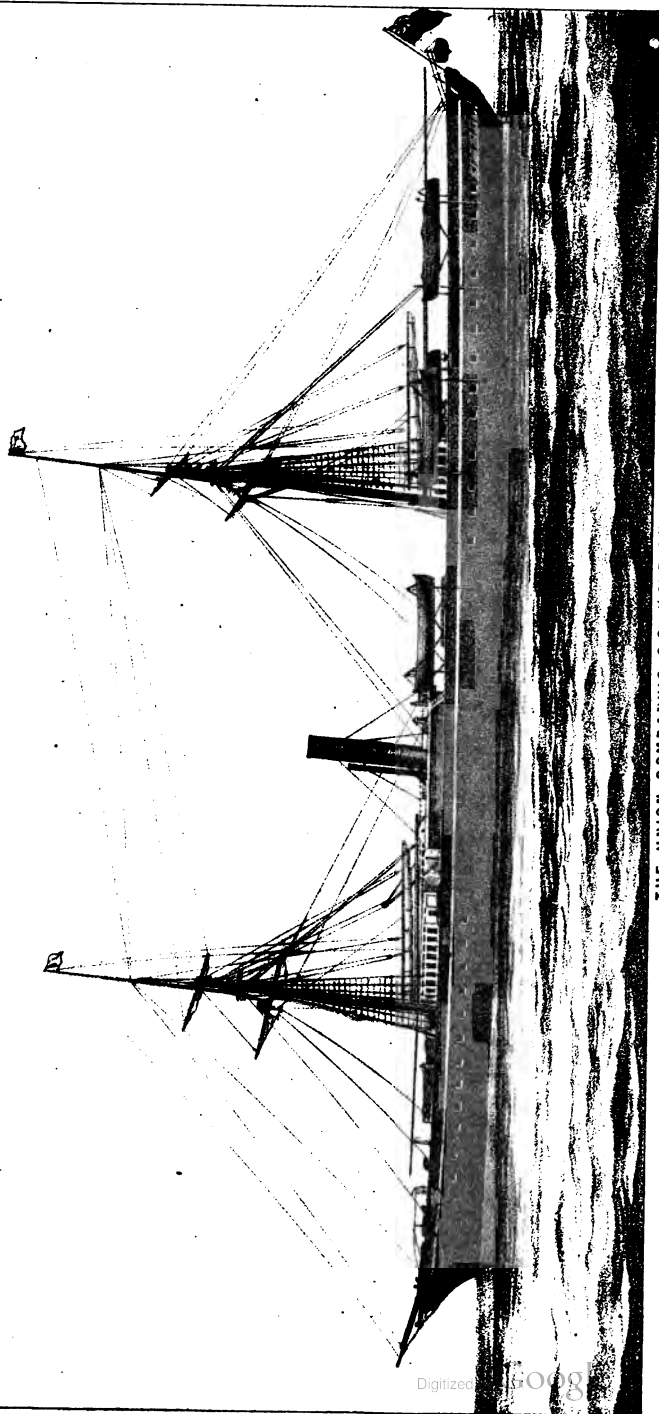
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THE NEW LAWN TENT.
A LARGE STOCK OF SECOND-HAND TENTS ALWAYS ON HAND.
FLAGS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

Price List Forwarded on Application.

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BENJAMIN EDGINGTON (only),
2, DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.
(Opposite the Railway). No other Establishment.



THE UNION COMPANY'S S.S. "SYRIA."

Captain W. Ladda, R.N.R. Ready for sea, having on board 1,020 tons of coal, 650 tons of cargo, besides stores and passengers' luggage.
Built by Messrs. Day, Summers, & Co., of Southampton.

From a Photograph by Walter Baggett, Harwood

A VOYAGE
FROM
SOUTHAMPTON TO CAPE TOWN,
IN THE
Union Company's Mail Steamer "Syria,"
THE QUICKEST PASSAGE OUT ON RECORD;
ONE THOUSAND MILES CRUISE ALONG COAST,
TWO THOUSAND MILES JOURNEY THROUGH KAFFIR-LAND,
ETC. ETC.; ALSO A DESCRIPTION AND
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS,
The Trip Back through Griquas Territory,
CALESBERG, GRAAFREYNET, BEAUFORT, WORCESTER, THE PAARL,
TO CAPE TOWN.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE BACK,
THE QUICKEST PASSAGE HOME EVER MADE.
WITH AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE "SYRIA,"
AND
A TRACK CHART OF THE JOURNEY BOTH WAYS.

BY
CAPTAIN CHARLES CHAPMAN,
Travelling Agent of the "Shipping and Mercantile Gazette."

LONDON:
GEORGE BERRIDGE & CO., 37, EASTCHEAP, E.C.
1872.

LONDON:
GEORGE BERRIDGE AND CO., PRINTERS,
EASTCHEAP WORKS, E.C.



THESE PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated

TO

THE DIRECTORS OF THE UNION STEAM-SHIP COMPANY,

FOR THEIR GOOD MANAGEMENT ;

TO THE COMMANDERS,

FOR THEIR SKILFULNESS AND THEIR COURTESY ;

TO THE OFFICERS,

FOR THEIR KIND AND GENTLEMANLY CONSIDERATION TO

ALL ON BOARD ;

AND TO THE CREWS,

FOR THE QUIET MANNER IN WHICH THEY DO THEIR MOST

IMPORTANT AND HARDEST SHARE OF THE WORK ;

BY THE AUTHOR,

A BROTHER SAILOR.

VOYAGE TO THE CAPE

IN THE

Union Steamship Co.'s Steamer "Syria."

STEPPING out of the train at Southampton, you are at once surrounded by many persons. Some are waiting for their friends ; some looking on from curiosity ; but by far the greatest number are porters, who (so to say) live in the Railway Station. At one glance they reckon you up ; they know who you are, what you are, where you are going, why you are going, and pretty nearly how much money you have in your pocket.

If you are a tall, stout, military-looking man, with a sort of round face, florid complexion, true Saxon features, and a cigar ; or if you are a rough, burly-looking fellow, with a rough suit on, and a rough coat over your arm, having a lady with you with winter garments, and two or three children with very light hair, the porter says to himself—"They are for America," and makes up his mind what to charge you for taking the luggage down to the North-German steamer that is just about to start. If you are a swell, with an expensive suit on, with a rich railway rug thrown over your arm, having with you a lady with a rich travelling dress, and very expensive lace

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about the wrists and neck, the porter will make up his mind that they are going to India, and say they are for the P. and O. boat. Then, again, if you happen to be an ordinary man, well dressed, with the little bag strapped over your shoulder, with your lady just middlingly dressed, with a servant who looks like the ordinary little slavey of Old England, and three or four children all looking very important, the very same porter will say they are for the Jersey boat or for the Continent. But if you happen to be just a middling man, not a swell, not having a very expensive costume, just comfortable and no more, the porter says again to himself—"That man is for the Cape;" and he steps forward at once, touches his cap, and says—"Going to the 'Syria,' sir? Got any luggage, sir? Carry it down, sir? Plenty of time, sir; don't hurry, sir." While he is saying this, he walks you off to the luggage van, and for the time being you belong to him, and so does your luggage. You may tell him you don't want him, you may tell him you have engaged another porter, you may tell him you have no money, or you may tell him anything you like; in fact, you might just as well "whistle jigs to a mile-stone." He has spotted you, and he will have your luggage, and you might just as well let him have it, because he has a mate standing by ready to take his job, and will perhaps charge you a little more. So at length your luggage is got on to a truck, and you see the porter commence to lash it, and you say to him—"How much are you going to charge for taking down my three packages?" The porter then looks up into your face; he has half a sneer on his countenance, and, with a slight smile and a look of pity for you, he says to

himself—"Poor fellow!" but does not answer you. You then get into a rage, and you feel indignant, and at the top of your voice you call out—"I insist upon knowing how much you are going to charge for taking my luggage down." At length the porter says—"One and sixpence, sir." You then step forward in a determined manner, and say—"Take it off, it's too much. I won't give you more than a shilling;" and while you are telling him to take it off, he goes on lashing it on. Again you get into a towering rage, and you call another porter, and say to him—"Here, take charge of my luggage; how much will you take it down for?" His answer is—"Two and sixpence, sir," at the same time winking to the other porter who is just about to take the truck away, but stops and says—"Shall I take it off, sir?—but, without waiting for an answer, walks off with the truck, and calls out to you—"This way, sir."

On you go, thinking to yourself—"Well, I might just as well have saved myself the bother; they seem to get their own way somehow."

Having obeyed the command of the porter, he leads you away to the dock gates, and there you have to show the passes which the Company give you, with your passage ticket. Here you are only detained a minute or so. From there you go to the steamer, which lies on the opposite side of the dock.

You were not long before you were in sight of the steamer "Syria," and you were struck with her extreme beauty; and, on inquiry, you were told that she had formerly belonged to the P. and O. Company, but had been sold. She was about six years old, and had been converted from a paddle steamer into a screw steamer

by the Union Steam Ship Company, to whom the vessel now belongs. Her length is 312 feet, her breadth 36 feet, with a depth of hold 26 feet, and a gross tonnage of 1,932 tons.

Looking at her from the opposite quay as above stated, you were struck with the extreme beauty of the vessel as she lay with her cargo on board, and being coaled for the voyage out and home. She was a little low in the water, but not so low as to be called deep. She was painted black, with a narrow ribband round her. She was brig-rigged, and everything about her looked ship-shape.

Having had a good look at the vessel, you then crossed a narrow foot-bridge, and was soon alongside of her, with your luggage; and having delivered up the ticket to the warehouse man, your luggage was passed on board, and you found yourself standing on the deck of as fine a steamer as ever floated, and you wondered whether she was as good as she looked. You were pleased to see that she had a flush deck, along which you could promenade from stem to stern. Excepting the skylight, the companion, and the small chart and other houses, there was nothing to break the walk from forward to aft. The deck itself was of the finest teak, and so clean that you could take your food off it; and although there were a large number of passengers arriving with their luggage, there seemed to be no confusion. Everything that arrived was expected, and a place prepared for it, so that as fast as things appeared on board, so did they disappear from the decks.

The time for sailing arrived, and the vessel was moved to the locks in order to receive the mails. The mails

arrived, and were placed on board, and it was then announced that the ship was quite ready to start. But just at that time you were much surprised to hear that a very long steamer was stopping the way just at the moment that the mail steamer you were in was about to start. You were much astonished that some other time of the day should not have been chosen for the purpose of moving a ship across the dock; and when on inquiry you found it was often done, and nobody knew why, you gave it up; and after a detention of about one hour, the steamer was moved towards the dock entrance and passed out. You were astonished at how quietly everything was done; there was scarcely a word spoken, either on board or on shore, but the ship slowly moved out of the docks into the Southampton waters, the engines were ordered to go ahead full speed, and on went the ship cheerily.

Steaming onward through Southampton waters on a summer's afternoon is under most circumstances pleasant, but not when you are leaving those dear to you behind, never perhaps to behold the loving faces again—"it may be for years, or it may be for ever," &c., &c. The beautiful sight around you made you sad. The waters, as far as the eye could reach, looked as smooth as a mirror; but you knew that beyond the smooth sea there were rough seas to pass through; and while you were thus sad and in deep thought, the bell rang for luncheon.

The first meal on board of a mail steamer—a well-served table, all strangers to each other, many on board doing their first voyage. You look along the table and wonder why he, she, or they are leaving Old England. You know why you are leaving yourself, but you wonder

why all the others are going; and you then begin to consider who you will like and who you will not like, but you can't make up your mind at once; so you go on eating, and you enjoy the food, because you are hungry and the food is nice.

Having finished your luncheon, you had time to look round you at the saloon, and on inquiry you find that it was 120 feet long, the dining-table which ran along the centre being about 100 feet in length, and capable of being divided in the centre, and thereby making two tables each 100 feet long. Round the stern or the after part of the saloon were a double tier of cushions, for seats or for lounges; and when the stern windows were open—and they mostly were—this was a delightful spot. At the centre of the lounges or seats, and with its front forward, stood a piano (the key of which was lost when it was not proper to hammer away on it). Standing with your back to the piano, and looking towards the fore part of the saloon, was one of the prettiest sights ever seen on board a ship. The long dining-table before mentioned was covered with a neat red cloth with black stripes, and at short distances from each other stood some of the most choice and most delicate flowers, all alive, in ornamented pots, with the full-grown leaves spread out to their utmost, and, as it were, drawing the bright light down through the skylights towards themselves and towards the buds, some of which had opened out to the fulness of their beauty, while the others were coming on and about to open out and look beautiful in their turn. A whole row of these plants, each, as above stated, looking beautiful, was in good keeping with the delicate pale green panelling of

the side cabins, the divisions of which were marked by imitation marble pillars. At the top of each of these pillars (being a continuation of them) were fixed in clear plate glass, rounded to the exact size of the pillars, and hollow inside, to form a lamp, the doors of which are mounted with German silver. Each of these lamps when lighted did treble duty: that is to say, the inside parts of it lighted up two sleeping cabins, and the outside threw a light into the main saloon. The partitions of the cabins were not run up to the deck, but only to the under part of the beams, so that a stream of ventilation ran right from one end of the saloon to the other. Besides this, the panels of each cabin were of a fixed Venetian kind, each strip of wood overlapping the other, so that you could not see into the cabins, although they were an inch apart; but in case this arrangement should be too open in cold weather, there was a thin inside covering of wood, on hinges, so as to lift up and let down at pleasure. The inside of the cabins was painted a light blue, with plenty of height—over eight feet in each of them—a fair-sized looking-glass, a wash-basin, a vessel for the waste water—in fact, all necessary utensils, including a water-bottle and a couple of tumblers; soap and towels provided in abundance. The above, with the bed and bed-linen complete, finishes the description of the sleeping cabins, which are as near alike as possible.

Walking forward in the saloon, at the very end of the table is a double staircase leading up the companion to the deck. On the right hand or starboard side is a spacious steward's pantry, with the paraphernalia for dealing out good things of every conceivable kind. Next

to the pantry, on the same side, is the doctor's cabin, the dispensary, and everything necessary for an emergency. On the left hand or port side is the ladies' private cabin or sitting room, with all the necessary velvet couches and lounges; and still further forward, but adjoining, is the ladies' bath room, and all other conveniences.

Before you left the lower saloon you were pleased to notice that in each side cabin there was a large square port, about two feet by twenty inches, which, when opened, sent a refreshing breeze through the whole of the cabin.

Having made yourself well acquainted with the interior of the ship, you made your way on the deck again, and found that the steamer had long passed the Royal Victoria Military Hospital, which is a very large and interesting building on the left-hand side as you are passing down Southampton waters.

The next place of interest you passed was Calshot Castle, which is five miles and a half from Southampton Docks. Having passed that, you came to Calshot Lightship; you then pass Hurst Castle, and very soon after are passing through the Needles Rocks, which lie off the point of land called Needles Point, and are always remarkable objects, with a lighthouse on the outermost.

After passing through the Needles, you found yourself in the open sea, with the prospect of a very pleasant voyage before you.

Now commences the trouble of those who are to be seasick. The noble ship as she meets the first swell rises majestically to it, gets on the top, then slides gracefully down into the valley on the other side, then she gives the

first roll and jerks herself into the next swell, which is larger than the first. You then begin to feel a little cross—just a little cross—about something, and you did not know what; then she gave another roll, then another jerk into the next swell, which was still larger, and you felt just a little queer—not much. Then as she got on the top of swell again, she gave a lurch you did not like her doing, that made you feel hot and headachy; but when she was righting herself, or rather coming back from rolling, it was then you began to feel as if you would never want to eat another bit of food as long as you lived—in fact, you felt the taste of your luncheon coming back; but you tried to look jolly, and were determined to brave it out.

Steaming along on a fine day down the English Channel would be all very well if the sea was not so lumpy. You thought to yourself that those lumps on the sea spoilt the beauty of the waves. You made up your mind not to look at them any longer. So you went to your cabin, with the intention of putting everything right for the voyage; but when you got there you thought to yourself, "Now, where shall I commence? Which package shall I unpack first?" Then you said to yourself, "Dear me, how close it is down here! I don't think I like it." And there you find yourself standing gazing at your boxes. With one hand holding on to the side of your berth, you begin to feel hot, and your other hand goes up to your forehead, and you feel inclined to keep it there. Your lower lip seems to get away from the upper one, your eyes get half shut, your face gets long and pale; and "Oh! dear me," you say, "what a horrid motion the nasty ship has! Oh! dear

me, I feel so hot; oh! my forehead, it feels hot and clammy;" and you feel not the least inclined to move. So you stand where you are for a while, till at length you think you will go on deck—it is so very close down there.

When on deck you think at first you are so much better; but you are not long there before the sea looks disagreeable again, and the ship is pitching and rolling more and more, and the water looks so shiny, and there seems such a lot of it. You think you would like to go and look over the ship's side, and you do so. You get your chin on the rail, and with both of your hands you cling on to it; you then see how fast the vessel is rushing through the water, and the sight of that makes you giddy; you don't like it—there is too much splashing for you. You think you will try somewhere else. You see what looks like a comfortable seat right aft, and you go there to sit down; but as soon as you are comfortably seated, you find another motion in addition to the motion caused by the sea; you find it a short, jumpy motion, or as if the ship was shaking her tail. That won't do. You leave there at once, and go forward and sit down on one of the seats. You feel a little better there, until the ship gives a lurch, which makes you uncomfortable; and then when she comes back again, she seems to turn your inside over and over. You close your eyes, you get paler and paler, until you are as white as snow, and you feel that you don't care for yourself nor for any other person in the world; you feel truly done for, and as miserable as any one can feel; in fact, you are sea-sick, and compelled to go below to bed.

That night was a miserable one for you; you will

never forget it. Every sound was new to you, and you declared that if ever you set your foot on land again you would stop there, and nothing in the world should induce you to go to sea any more.

During the time you were sick you were well cared for; you had all you wanted brought to you, and you were told that the ship was going along cheerily.

The third day after your sickness commenced you were able to go on deck again, and you were delighted to find that you were all the better for having been sea-sick.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AT SEA.

In a well-appointed and well-conducted ship such as the "Syria," Sunday at sea is very interesting, and especially the first Sunday. There is something about it so solemn, yet so homely; so strange, yet so familiar. All hearts seem softened towards each other, for during the time of Divine service the man who works in the stokehole may sit down alongside of the grand and richly-dressed lady; the captain and the cook's mate are on equal terms during those hours.

There was something village-like about the "Syria" on that day. At half-past ten the bell began to toll for church; and from all parts of the ship you saw the sailors and firemen, neatly and cleanly dressed in blue, coming from chock forward—the second-class passengers from their cabins, also forward—the ship's officers, in their neat uniforms, from their quarters below and on deck—the chief cabin passengers from their several little groups, where they had been conversing—all book in hand, making their way to the place where the

service is read, which on this occasion was in the handsome saloon before mentioned.

A more striking sight could not be conceived. Along the whole length of the dining-table sat, mixed up with each other, people of all grades of society, as before stated—from the sculleryman to the grand lady. In the middle of the table, and one on each side of it, were placed pulpits, made out of the colours of Old England; on the starboard side was the Dean of Cape Town, on the port side, the Archdeacon of that delightful village, George—the Cheltenham of South Africa. The ordinary Church service was used, the Archdeacon relieving the Dean at certain stages. They were both in full robes; and the service altogether was refreshing. The prayers over, a sermon was delivered by the Dean of Cape Town.

THE FIRST SERMON PREACHED ON BOARD THE "SYRIA."

Abstract of a Sermon preached on board the R. M. Str.

"Syria," by the Very Reverend Dean Barnett Clarke. Whit Sunday, 28th May, 1871.

"It was now dark, and Jesus was *not* come to them."—St. John vi. 17.

Part 1.—Darkness has ushered in or has accompanied most manifestations of God, and His more remarkable dealings with men. For example, at the Creation, Deluge, Sodom, in Egypt, on Sinai, at Christmas, on Calvary, and among the awful signs of the Judgment and in the doom of the lost. Seeds of plants, germs of disease, births and deaths, mostly grow, spread or occur in the hours of darkness, we are told.

The Dean then showed the connection between his text and Whit Sunday, and the occasion which had

assembled all present for worship on this first Sunday "at sea;" and proceeded to picture the circumstances which preceded and followed verse 17.

Part II.—(a) Spiritual darkness, as contrasted with mere intellectual light, exemplified in Ancient Rome and Greece and modern infidelity. He dwelt next on (b) Gross darkness of (1) Heathenism; (2) Judaism; (3) Carnal Christians.

Part III.—The absence of Jesus and its results.

Part IV.—The error and consequences of the disciples' disobedience to the bidding of Christ.

Part V.—Walking on the sea; a proof of the God-head of Jesus.

Part VI.—The willing reception of Him into the ship, and instant arrival of all safely on shore.

Part VII.—In the application, these several points were touched on, viz., Darkness in the eye, mind, soul, and heart. Jesus the true light; His absence; His speedy coming. The ship a type of the Church of Christ when darkness deepest. At the fourth watch Jesus will come. To individuals He draws near; if we willingly receive Him, we shall soon be at the haven of joy, with Jesus for evermore. In spite of temptations, let us all do our best; by our own strength we can do nothing, however much we "toil in rowing." *With* Jesus we "can do *all* things." In our extremity, if we crave His presence, He will come to save us, though not *always* in the way we look for Him.

He walks *on* the sea of trouble; treads *on* the power of the enemy. In sorrow, in religious means of grace, in Holy Communion, in the hour of death, when we are very fearful, the voice of Love and of Power—"the voice

of a God and not of a man"—saith, "It is I, be not afraid."

Though we at times lose Him; yet hope on. He saith to all that love Him, "Lo! I am with you alway."

Soon after church the bell rang for luncheon, and you were delighted to find that you were well enough to eat; and you spent the remainder of the day in lounging about and watching the other passengers, with whom you were getting acquainted, until eight o'clock p.m., when the bell rang for church, and the regular church service was gone through, followed by a sermon from the Archdeacon of George.

With the wind strong from the N.W., or just abaft the beam, the "Syria" continues to make eleven knots per hour. The sun is shining brightly, the awnings are spread, the decks are clear and clean, the comfort of all on board is well attended to, and the ship is a happy ship; so on she goes cheerily.

SIGHTING THE LAND.

Making the first land after leaving Old England breaks the monotony of the every-day sea life. About ten o'clock p.m., Tuesday, 30th of May, you had the pleasure of seeing the first land, which proved to be the Island of Porto Santo, which is a dependency of the Island of Madeira, and is said to have a population of about 2,800 persons. It is only six and a quarter miles in length, with a mean breadth of two and a half miles; its circuit is about seventeen miles. The north-east part of it consists of numerous rocky, pointed mountains, some nearly 2,000 feet high, while all its northern coast is generally high, inaccessible cliffs, with detached rocks at

their base. The central part is much lower ; but on the north-west the coast rises to about 700 feet, from whence it slopes to the south, and terminates in a beautiful white sandy beach, which forms its entire south-east shore.

On this central part are several sand-fields, covered with what appear to be fossil heath-stems, perhaps coral formations. There is a town called Villa Baleira ; it is near the centre of the bay, on the south-east side, and about 300 yards from the beach, the church and court-house being the most conspicuous.

The island is chiefly used for pasture, cultivation extending along the shore of the bay and the low land. The inhabitants suffer much from want of water at times, but they produce wine, grain, and vegetables, also plenty of live-stock ; and abundance of fish are taken around the banks. The landing-place is on the beach in front of the town.

During the night the ship passed Porto Santo, and by daylight she had rounded the east end of Madeira, and was soon off Funchal, arriving off the beautiful Island of Madeira at about four o'clock in the morning. A clear blue sky above, a cool refreshing breeze, the sea also blue, and as smooth as the face of a mirror—the pretty green patches down in every valley and running up every slope of the hill-sides, dotted everywhere with one or more houses, as white as snow-heaps, and looking as if they were placed there either to show how white they were, or how green the vegetation of the charming island was ; the fantastically-shaped and painted little boats, either fishing or going out to fish—the few small craft lying off the handsome town of Funchal—all tended to make you feel glad you were alive, and forget the first three days at sea.

The steamer was soon brought to an anchor not very far from the beach, and you then had a good opportunity of having a look round you ; but you were not long ere you were in a boat and on your way to the shore.

You found there were boats alongside of the ship for hire, and that you could be put on shore for one shilling.

Landing at Madeira is different at times ; but when you landed there was no sea on. The boat's stern was put towards the beach, which you noticed was thick with black pebbles, and the ground swell caused what is called a draw-back, and to the boatmen, who are used to it, it is child's play. To land you comfortably, they backed the boat in to a convenient distance from the shore until they saw a roller coming, when they placed the boat in a position to meet it ; and as the sea ran up, so did the boat run with it, and the receding of the sea left the little boat high and dry, and you had nothing to do but to step out, and you found yourself on a steep pebbly beach, with nothing but round pebbles under your feet, which roll from under you as you walk over them.

The sight when landing is somewhat picturesque. You find yourself among a number of the same fantastically-shaped and painted boats that you had seen out fishing or going to fish.

Among those boats, standing about in all directions, were a number of men—so obliging, ready to do any conceivable thing for you. They will show you to any part of the island ; mount you on horseback ; stick you into a trap something between a sleigh and a carriage, which is drawn by two oxen ; or they will pilot you to any part of the town on foot.

Being a stranger, you thought it wise to take one of these men, and you started with him on foot from the beach. You turned to the left, through a gate, then to the right; you find you are still walking on the same dark pebbles, but they are not loose in the street. The streets, without exception, have been wholly paved with them, and with the help of the white houses before mentioned, gave the town the same fantastic look that you had observed in the boats and the men.

On, however, you went, your guide telling as you walk on, in broken English, that which he thinks will please you most; and he hints to you that you would be gratified if you just took a look into the church, cathedral, or whatever they call it. You say, "Very well," and go with him. You see the stereotype of a Roman Catholic Church; go out again, and continue to walk along the same pebbly streets. He shows you the hotels, which are very good ones, and the market, which is just fitted for the town—no more and no less; he takes you on to see the gardens, and on all sides you see pretty flowers, especially the geranium—they are so common, and yet so beautiful; the myrtle, the rose, and the violet may be seen on every side, and they look as if they had forgotten how to stop getting large and beautiful; then the vines,—they are truly wonderful, and may be said to be the chief feature on the Island.

Having had enough of walking, you tell your guide to send for or fetch one of the above-mentioned sleighs or carriages without wheels, and this time you take a delightful companion with you — a fellow-passenger. You have become a sort of lion, because you were the first on shore. When entering the trap, you, and

your companion also, thought you were going to get a good-for-nothing jolting, but you were agreeably surprised to feel that there was less shaking up than if the machine had had wheels.

So on went the oxen at a dog trot, and in a short time you had seen most of the town, as you are taken up hill and down dale very comfortably. A few hours spent in this way, and you found yourself on the beach again. As your vessel was about to get under way, you could not spare time to stay longer on shore. You had, however, quite enjoyed the cruise, and the charge was very moderate. It served as a pleasant break in a pleasant voyage.

On notifying your desire to return to the ship, you were placed in the same boat you were landed in; the two men who were to pull you off got into the boat also; two or three men who were standing by on the beach, watched a receding sea, and just at the proper time, ran the boat down the steep beach into the sea, without the slightest trouble or inconvenience to you, and in a few minutes you were on board the "Syria" again.

Having visited the Island, you felt somewhat interested in it, and you were glad to learn something of its history. You were told the romantic tale of Robert Machim and Anna d'Arfet, two lovers, who, fleeing from the wrath of the lady's friends to the French coast, were driven by a gale of wind far away to seaward, and at length sighted this then unknown and uninhabited island. They afterwards landed, but both of them died, and the boat's crew again departed from its shores. This is said to have happened about five hundred years

ago. Madeira seems to have been re-discovered by the settlers at Porto Santo, who had gone there from Spain. It is said that a dark cloud was constantly seen from the latter place in the south-west, and in about 1419 a boat was sailed toward it, and the low point now called "Cap San Lorenzo" after the boat, was discovered.

It would seem, however, that the cultivation of the Island is confined to the coast, or to the bottom of some of the valleys, where almost every European and tropical luxury grows, among which are guavas, citrons, bananas, and custard apples, and are similar to those of the West Indies. The vegetables generally are much the same as those of England. With a very clear atmosphere the Island may be seen at ninety miles' distance.

The work of getting the "Syria" under way seemed a sort of nothing. The anchor was got up, or rather it seemed to come up and get itself on the gunwale, in its place, noiselessly, and the turning the engine ahead was the first intimation you had of her being under steam again; and as the screw goes round, so does the good ship gather way, and in a few moments her head is pointed to the southward, and on she goes her ten or eleven miles per hour.

You then stand looking at the beautiful Island astern. You see it in all its emerald glory. The few small craft in the roadstead soon begin to look like little dots, and as your ship increases its distance from the land, so do they appear to get closer to it. Then shortly after they get so mixed up with the land that you cannot see them at all, and on you go, making the town look like a sprinkling of white limestone thrown on the sea-beach, while the scattered houses looked as if some naughty

boys had been throwing some of the above-mentioned limestones into the country.

Then you lose sight of the beach, and the white spots on the land look smaller and smaller, and as the Island sinks down below the horizon, it turns into one dark lead-colour mass, and looks lower and lower ; and still on goes the ship, and there you stand gazing at the sight as the great mass of water, as it were, rises up, and hides Madeira behind it.

A beautiful sunshiny day, with a clear blue sky for a back ground, with a few dark-complexioned clouds floating away in air between the sky and water ; the decks as clean as a new pin ; the awnings spread right fore and aft ; a curtain round the sunny side ; a fresh breeze blowing in under the awning ; the ship's crew going about the ordinary duties of the ship noiselessly ; the man at the wheel and the officer of the watch on the bridge minding their own business, and nothing else ; knots of passengers all over the flush-deck,—some leaning over the rail, talking and looking into the clear blue water,—some standing in the middle of the deck,—others walking it,—some sitting on seats, some on easy chairs,—all, male and female, with a smile on their faces, looking well and happy ; such was the sight you saw when the bell rang for dinner, and you, with the others, disappeared below to partake of it.

The table on that particular day looked especially gay. Fresh flowers had been sent off from the shore, and were heaped here and there along the whole length of the table. No pains had been taken to arrange them, they looked so beautiful in themselves.

The day after leaving Madeira, the famous Peak of

Teneriffe was sighted, and as almost everybody is familiar with this most striking monument in the world of Nature's own make, you were content to stand and gaze at it, and picture to yourself the view from the summit, which it requires a whole day to ascend, and which must be unspeakably grand in clear weather; and you were told that on the top of that vast pyramid (that which was once a cinder) is a crater forty yards deep, from which vapour continually ascends. And when the sky is unobscured the whole island is seen like a model. In the distance are seen the Canaries like specks on the ocean, with their apparently tiny peaks and pinnacles, tinted or coloured by every change of day. From the top of the Peak of Teneriffe at favourable times Madeira and the African coast are also visible.

The next island you sighted was Palma, which is about forty-five miles from Teneriffe, and is about twenty-five miles in length and fifteen miles in breadth. It is very elevated also, some of its peaks exceeding 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The coasts of this island are fertile, and produce wheat, maize, barley and rye. The vine succeeds well here and produces wine for exportation. The sugar-cane is cultivated through the island; and brandy, almonds, silk, honey, and wax are also objects of trade. Fishing is another important branch of industry.

Gomera is next sighted, which island is about eighteen miles south-west of Teneriffe. It is forty-three miles long and nine miles broad; it looks like one high mountain. By nature it is endowed with extreme fertility about the coast, while the centre is covered with dense forest.

Next came the last land you saw before making the

Cape Coast, viz., the island of Ferro. This island is the most westerly of the Canary Islands. It is a high mountain mass, composed of dark grey lava, sprinkled here and there with low dark bushes, and appearing from the sea to be transversed by white-like stripes. Its highest summit is 4,990 feet. It presents on all sides to the sea a face of bold and craggy rocks, but in the interior the appearance of the country improves, and a considerable part is tolerably level and fruitful. Good wine and brandy are made, and a considerable portion of both exported. Bees thrive well there, and the honey is excellent. There is also an abundance of figs, which are dried and exported; the quantity of the latter is sometimes so great that, to prevent their loss, it is necessary to convert them into brandy.

Ferro suffers great disadvantages from the scarcity of water. The cattle are said sometimes to quench their thirst with sea water.

Having passed the above-mentioned islands, you were told that you would not see any land until the Cape Coast was sighted. You had now quite settled down; you were well; you found your fellow passengers an agreeable lot of people. The wind was still fair, and all was going on well; the working of the ship, her speed, and the general management on board seemed so uniform, that you thought you would get up early one morning, and watch the regular routine of the ship; and by seeing the doings of one day you would be impressed with what was going on the whole voyage.

The first tint of the rising sun began to touch the lower edge of a mass of what was apparently heavy mauve-coloured clouds about a quarter to five o'clock in the

morning. Although it was at least three quarters of an hour below the horizon it seemed to say, "I shall be with you by-and-by, in all my glory as usual;" and as you stood with both your elbows on the rails, with your chin resting on your hands, you watched how it spread its tints far and wide, touching the lower edge of every cloud in the foreground, and lighting up a golden hue in the far distant back-ground. Then as it comes nearer to the horizon (but still far away) it throws a stronger tint on the lower edge of the clouds, and at the same time gently touches the face of them, and makes them look splendid. Directly above the clouds which are nearest the east all seems dull, and you were in doubt as to whether there were any clouds above or not; but the heavy clouds move slowly along until a gap seems to let loose the sun's rays, and all of a sudden it tints the small scale-like clouds which had been hitherto hidden from your view by the early morning shade. The whole of the sky is now lighted up, even right over the ship's mast-head, and it resembles not only the back of a mackerel, but the belly also; then keeps changing colour like a dolphin, and you cannot look about you too fast to see all its glorious beauties—you really feel SUN-RISINGLY struck, and seem almost to wonder what is coming of it all. There you stand, as if you were one of the bolts which fasten the ship together—clined through and through—and the sun is all the time coming nearer and nearer, and the rich and fanciful back-ground has now become more than golden; it seems ever so far behind the clouds, and ever so far away from the horizon. The water's edge of the earth seems so well defined—all so clear and bright—so much so that you think you can

see all the works of nature going on at one glance. The upper clouds are no longer mackerel colour,—they seem as if a mixture of gold and silver, with a strong light on it, had been tucked round every one of their edges; but still they keep changing from beautiful to beautiful, and the heavy dark clouds are a golden purple as the sun nears the horizon.

Still fixed to the spot, not half tired of looking, there you stand, half afraid that it will soon be all over; but it is not. You think you have seen all the changes, but you have not; there are more in store for you; and like the features of the human race, not two alike, but the last that comes forth is fresher and younger than the one that has preceded it.

At length the well-known rays appear, and shoot up around what seems like a white-hot mass, tinted with red, not much unlike liquid iron. The rays get longer and longer, and the clear mass in the heart of them expands, and you think nothing can be brighter; but you were mistaken, for all of a sudden a still brighter speck shows up in the front; it is beyond all description; it has a white-hot, golden, blood colour, and throws all the preceding beauty into a shade far away in the background.

Then as the earth rolls round towards it and shows it (as it were) inch by inch, so do its rays shoot out from its very edges, until the semi-diameter is apparently touched by the horizon. The distinct rays then begin to disappear, and as the tops of the ocean waves dance up and in vain try to lick the sun's lower limb, the rays go away altogether and there he is, all in his glory, throwing his permanent shine all over the vast waters of the

briny ocean, taking the tints from the clouds back to himself, and showing out the clear blue of distance for a sky.

Turning round from the sun-rise, you find that the duty of the ship has been noiselessly going on; every man seems to know exactly what he has to do. No shouting or bawling,—no why or wherefore; every man jacks goes at his work; he knows it is to be done, and therefore goes about it with a will. In the early morning, a quarter-master takes a look round the deck, to see if anything has been left by any of the passengers; if anything—such as books, handkerchiefs, shawls, &c., &c.—is found, it is carefully taken charge of until enquiries are made about it, when it is handed over to its owner. At the same time, the hose is being put on to the steam pumps, and led along the deck to chock aft, and splash! goes the first dash of water on to the after-grating. By about six o'clock the whole of the quarter deck is washed and the water squeezed out of it. With a squeegee, the sky-lights, the seats, the companion, the bulwarks, are all carefully cleaned and dried. About half-past six, the gentlemen, with towel in hand and in *déshabille*, make their appearance, and take their bath. By seven the fore-part of the deck is washed and dried, while perhaps one or two of the steam winches are working away at the pumps, taking the water out of the bilges, or sweating up a sail. About half-past seven the male inhabitants of Syria Town commence to show themselves in Port-street and Starboard-street, and along the whole length of both, dressed for breakfast. At eight o'clock, or a little after, the ladies begin to make their appearance in their morning costume, also

ready for breakfast; and at half-past eight the first bell rings, which means: Take ye notice that in one half hour more a second bell will ring, and announce that it is time to take your seats at the table." When at the table, you find a goodly breakfast has been laid on it, fit for any one in the world to sit down to, and generally consists of newly-baked rolls, sometimes like French rolls, new and stale household bread, and captain's biscuits. In addition to the breadstuffs mentioned, there was always a goodly supply of dry toast, which was cut up in very convenient size and exactly the right thickness, triangular in shape and well toasted. Next you saw a complete row of dishes under bright shining covers, with their accompaniments in the shape of knives, forks, and spoons,—all of good quality and as clean as the quarter-deck (they could not be cleaner). You noticed that as soon as the Captain took his seat, one of the clergymen thanked God for what you were about to receive, and directly after the covers were lifted by a good staff of waiters, and disclosed to your view a breakfast—yes, a breakfast such as the most fastidious might partake of and feel glad afterwards, and such as the most robust and the most hard to please might glory in, devour, and sleep after. Every here and there a dish of grilled bones, a dish of ham and eggs; every now and then a dish of nicely hashed meat, with the triangular pieces of toast standing inside the same on their edges, all round the sides; here and there a rump steak or mutton steak; or if you could not bring your mind to tackle either of those, you could lay your hands on a cut of cold roast beef, a cut of cold corned beef, a slice of corned pork, and as a grand finish you could have a plate of curry and rice.

You could not help having some rice. How marvellously well boiled!—so white, so clean, each grain as if it had been washed separate and boiled separate, looking nearly as hard as if it were raw, only four times the size, and yet as soft as jelly. Then to wind up with the eatables; you could just play with the captain's biscuits, the toast, some marmalade or some of the most delicious Irish butter; and lastly, and certainly the least, the coffee only muddling; the tea, oh! the tea, good in its raw state, but sadly murdered in making it. You watched the poor ladies' faces as they tasted it; you pitied them; you thought to yourself, "What a disappointment to them! their main stay—that blessed cup of tea—spoilt!" It won't go down. Oh! dear, oh! dear, what can you do for them? You think it is such a pity; everything so good, even the tea itself is good, but only spoilt in the making. Well, they are men cooks; they don't think of what importance a good cup of tea is to a lady. They don't remember that it is the lock, stock, and barrel of a lady's comforts. There is no lack of quantity or quality; the only lack is of the knowledge of how to *scald it pale, instead of stewing it black*. You thought you really must find fault with that one particular for the ladies' sake, God bless them; and in finding fault, you were so sure that something would be done, and it was, and is remedied; and your appeal to the Captain and the Steward did good to hundreds of ladies who followed in your track, and they gave you their blessing for it, you good old thing!

The breakfast over about ten o'clock, the table is cleared in no time. Some of the ladies go to the piano; the saloon soon looks like one grand drawing-room. There is a

breeze (and a fresh breeze, too) blowing right through it by means of two windsails which are let down the companion. They make the flowers on the table wave about like a small avenue of trees as the breeze sweeps over them, and goes right aft, softly touching the glowing cheeks of the young and beautiful who are at their music, and then rushing out of the spacious stern window. Many of the passengers go on deck; and the quarter-deck, for about 150 feet, is not very much unlike another drawing-room, but it is fresher and nicer, though not so grand, and the fresh breeze of the morning, noon, and evening comes fresh from off the face of the blue waters, without having to pass down through a windsail. But sometimes it is strong enough to blow about the delicious tufts of short hair which hang over the foreheads of some of the fairest of Old England's beauties, and so irritating it as to require the aid of hands that six and a quarter gloves are far too large for; and you noticed that when the hair would not be still, a tiny little foot would stamp on the deck, severing the black silken sandal that was tied over a foot the exact match for the hand above mentioned. At the same time the lips would move, but the words uttered were not for your vulgar ears.

Reverting to the quarter-deck, which, as before mentioned, is like a grand drawing-room, or a tent saloon,—on each side of it there are two or three couples parading up and down, looking merry and happy as on all other days—the officer of the watch and the man at the helm on the bridge looking as if they had cut connections with everybody for ever; the ship's company engaged about their various occupations so quietly and so orderly

that you would not know there was any work going on at all. At length, six bells are struck for eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the sound of which is a signal for morning prayers. You may go to them if you wish,—you are not invited; but you knew well that you were welcome, and sometimes you did go, and you saw that there was a curtain which divided the saloon, so that those who wished to attend the morning service might be away from those who did not wish to attend.

You were pleased to notice that for three-quarters of an hour every morning there was a goodly attendance at Divine service, and those who did not attend were orderly and quiet, out of respect for those who did.

From half-past 11 o'clock till noon, the Captain and some of his officers may be seen taking the sun's meridian altitude. As soon as the sun has passed the meridian, eight bells are struck; then one bell for half-past 12 o'clock, and the time for luncheon.

And there you are again. You may have anything, from pickled salmon to a cracker and Irish butter, any kind of cold meat you please to take, and by signing a card you may have any kind of drink you like; the whole of which is good, and the charges for which are very moderate indeed. At luncheon you may take your seat anywhere; not so at dinner, you are expected to retain the seat you first occupied.

Half an hour or so may be well spent over the luncheon, and you may sometimes get alongside of a pleasant companion to whom you do not sit near at dinner.

The time between the luncheon and the dinner is the longest time you had on hand during the day. But then you could always find something to do; there was always

some one who would have a game of quoits with you ; if the men would not play the ladies would ; and besides this, there was reading, and if you happen to go on reading until you get sleepy, why you can have a nap,—then a promenade with some one and a chat ; and you will find that the hours slip away cheerfully, unless you had the blues, and would not let the hours go, but keep them hanging round you and making a burden of what can be made a luxury. However, on went the hours with you ; you were not the one to kill joy. Half-past four o'clock, or one bell, and with it the signal to dress for dinner, used to come just when you wanted it,—not too soon nor too late.

Between half-past four and five o'clock the decks were nearly deserted, but as the second bell rang, announcing that dinner was on the table, the stream of ladies and gentlemen would flow towards the saloon dining table—both sexes in full dinner costume (*perhaps with just one exception or so*).

You at first made up your mind to describe the dinner, but when you saw the host of good things you altered your mind, and set to work to help in the consumption, and as you did so you were delighted with the cook. Everything seemed dressed as it really ought to be, and it seemed as if the cook had a sort of knack or gift of putting things on the fire at the proper moment and taking them off exactly when they were done. Without exception, everything was cooked to a nicety. The attendance at table, the appointments, were all that could be desired. The work of the ship in this department, like the working of her on deck and in the engine-room, was all done day by day, as a matter of course.

Just as the sun rose, and got up higher and higher, passed over the mast-heads, and set on the other side, so did the work on board the "Syria" go on with the same kind of uniformity.

Reverting to the dinner-table once more, it would be (if it were possible) a pleasing sight for our dear friends on shore to see us, one and all, in the enjoyment of all the good things in this world—*so to say*; and with the good humour that prevailed, so did the said good things disappear.

The good-natured, ever-smiling Captain at the head of the table, with his little knot of both sexes, which included two sisters, who were fine specimens of Old England's pure maidens; also the two clergymen, who, by their good fellowship (when away from the pulpit) made themselves beloved while they were at it. Further down the table were to be seen foreigners of high rank and distinction, conversing in the several European languages with your own accomplished countrymen and women; while still further down are fine specimens of dear Old Scotland's most polished ladies, including one with

Sweet face, large eyes, delicious voice,
When in deep sorrow, gently gay;
Though sick and sore at heart,
Her excessive beauty fades not away.

Then, again, dear Old Ireland is more than well represented by some that the old country must have grieved to lose, and the interior of Africa will be rejoiced to gain. Intermixed with the Irish there was a very bright spot or two of English, male and female (especially the latter), and while one may remain in Capo Town

and superintend the duties of a very happy home, so may the other track far away into the country, where she, from her large intellect, her purity, and graceful manners, will be sure to shine forth like the most faultless of Africa's diamonds; and it is hard to guess which will take the lead—she or her dear little Irish friend.

Then last, but not least, is the chief and the other officers, following slowly, steadily, and surely in the footsteps of their commander—too slowly, perhaps, but most surely must they in their turn go to the other end of the table.

Having reckoned up the characteristics of your ship-mates to the best of your ability, you thought you would just take the bill of fare away with you, which was as follows, and will give a notion of what the dinner on board the "Syria" really was, viz:—

UNION STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S R.M.S. "SYRIA."—
BILL OF FARE, JUNE 18, 1871.

Giblet Soup.

Roast Beef and Horse Radish.

Braised Poulet aux Champignons.

Roast Haunch Mutton and Currant Jelly.

Roast Geese.

Boiled Ham.

Stewed Rump Steak and Mushrooms.

Pigeon Pie.

Cotelets de Mouton, Sauce Tomates.

Langue de Bœuf en Demi Glace.

Stewed Rabbits.

Tête de Mouton, Sauce Blanco.

Entrees.

Picds de Mouton, Sauce Roberte.

Cour de Mouton, Farcé.

Grilled Ox Kidney.

Vegetables.

Green Peas, French Beans, Carrots.

Parsnips, Calavances.

Beet Root.

Baked, Boiled, and Mashed Potatoes.

Pastry.

Plum Puddings.

Sherry Jellies.

Blanc Manges.

Open Jam Tarts.

Swiss Roll.

Custard Puddings.

Apple Charlottes.

Stewed Prunes.

Desert.

Preserved Ginger, Apples, Bananas, Olives.

Prunes, Figs, Dates, Almonds and Raisins.

Walnuts, Brazil Nuts, and Barcelona Nuts.

UNION STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S R.M.S. "SYRIA."—

BILL OF FARE, JUNE 18, 1871.

SECOND-CLASS.

Roast Goose.

Boiled Shoulder Mutton.

Hock of Bacon.

Mutton Pie.

Baked and Boiled Potatoes, Carrots, and Calavances.

Pastry.

Three Plum Puddings.

Three Sandwich Pastry.

Two Rice Cakes.

CHILDREN.

One Roast Shoulder Mutton.

Two Stewed Ducks.

Two Mutton Pies.

One Boiled Sheep's Head.

Four Boiled and Mashed Potatoes, Two Calavances.

Pastry.

Two Plum Puddings.

Two Sandwich Pastry.

Two Rice Puddings.

ENGINEERS.

One Boiled Neck Mutton.

Four Vegetables.

Two Pastry.

There was always a pleasant chat after dinner for about half an hour among a few who wished to join, after which most of the passengers were to be found on deck, walking about or chatting together until seven o'clock, when that everlasting bell again rang for tea or coffee, whichever you please to call it, and you could have anything you pleased to eat with it, suitable for such a meal.

The tea generally lasted till about half-past seven o'clock, after which almost every evening, of course excepting Sunday evening, the quarter-deck was cleared

for dancing, and all who were entitled to use the quarter-deck might join in it or let it alone; and you were quite delighted to notice that the greatest propriety was always observed, and young ladies who were travelling alone were much at ease when they found that the strictest courtesy and kindest consideration were especially accorded to them, in order that they might feel safe and at home among the other passengers. Dancing, as a rule, generally ended with Sir Roger de Coverly, at ten o'clock, when all outside lights were extinguished. You then had one half-hour to go to your bed, unless you chose to go in the dark, as the lights in the cabins were always put out in the berths at half-past ten o'clock; but, as a rule, everybody was in bed by that time.

Such, as above described, was the kind of day you had on board the "Syria"—one so much like the other that to describe one is to describe all, excepting that each succeeding day brought the passengers closer together, when each one seemed to try to out-do the other in kindness towards his fellow-passengers; and an address which has been handed to the captain and officers, signed by all, with one exception, will vouch for their kind attention.

If you are compelled to say "with one exception," you do not mean any unkind remark as if there was one on board who could not join in the good fellowship that existed. You felt sure it was from no desire on his part to stand in the way of the proper enjoyment of others. It was, no doubt, his first journey; and perhaps when he has travelled more he also will help in the general good-will amongst all who must, at least for the time being, elbow each other more or less.

SERMON preached on board the "Syria" on the morning of the second Sunday after Trinity (June 18, 1871), by the Ven. P. P. Fogg, M.A., Archdeacon of George.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."—Psalm xciii. 1.

This, my brethren, is, in all human probability, the last Sunday on which we shall meet together for public worship before the voyage will be ended, and most of us dispersed to our several destinations.

On an occasion like this we naturally seek some appropriate sentiment, based upon God's holy Word, which may unite us once more in spirit for our common edification before we shall be separated in the flesh ; and such a sentiment, even if it had not spontaneously suggested itself to our minds, is supplied to us by the opening words of the third Psalm for this day :—"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

Always and everywhere is gratitude to God the duty and the privilege of His creatures. The words of the Psalmist allow of no limitation ; he lays it down with grand simplicity as a universal principle—one of those great laws which touch the heart with instantaneous conviction, which are self-evident and assert themselves, which have only to be tested and they are at once approved ; and that "it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

He does not mean that it is good for the Lord, to whom thanks are offered, but for man who offers them. We know, indeed, that the language of human praise does reach the Heavenly Father's ear, and is acceptable to Him ; nor are we without intimations from Holy Writ

that the loyal tribute of devotion ascending from this portion of Creation does blend harmoniously with the majestic service and homage which are unceasingly offered to the Creator by the bright intelligences which surround His throne ; but we also know that God's Being can really receive no access of happiness or glory from these poor offerings of ours ; and if He will have it that men should thank and praise Him for all benefits which He pours forth upon them—if He has implanted gratitude as a natural impulse or instinct in the heart of man—it is for man's sake that He has done so. He wills that man should experience that enlargement of heart and elevation of mind and quickening of the spirit's life which come from grateful communion with Him, the bountiful Father in heaven ; He mercifully wills that man should feel the joy and the love which spring from the discovery and confession of his secret Benefactor—that he should be made glad by that conscious trust and faith and childlike reliance upon that Benefactor's continued mercy and goodness, which the comforting memory and grateful acknowledgment of His past blessings is calculated to confirm in him. God wills that man should see in his daily life something ever new, significant, and honourable, as he thoughtfully dwells day by day upon the traces of His Father's loving hand and providential care ; that thus man's life may be irradiated for him by heavenly Presences, and that he may be educated by the humble recognition of His Father's providence in temporal things to believe, and to be able to believe, in those deeper mysteries of His love, which centre in the salvation of our fallen race.

For reasons such as these, then, it is good for man "to give thanks unto the Lord."

My brethren, I need scarcely remind you, that, on the other hand, ingratitude brings with it its own penalty. You know how contemptible and mean it appears to us in its native unloveliness as between man and man. We almost pity the ungrateful man for his voluntary self-degradation, for shutting himself out from some of the noblest and most beautiful sentiments of our nature. St. Paul gives us to understand that ingratitude towards God also impoverishes and degrades human nature. He tells us of the heathen, that because, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, therefore they became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened (Romans i. 21).

Darkness, folly, and gradual loss of the blessed knowledge of Him, whom truly to know is life, and light, and joy, these are some of the penalties of our forgetfulness of His mercies or our neglect to offer Him our thanks for them.

And if we have to give thanks to the Lord always and everywhere, because always and everywhere His mercies are around us, so ought we to delight in seizing special occasions,—times when special mercies have been vouchsafed to us, to give special point and emphasis to our thanksgivings.

The approaching close of a voyage like this is surely such an occasion. No thoughtful traveller can look back upon the greater part of a month spent at sea without being struck by the special manner in which our dependence upon the providence of God is here brought

home to us. Perhaps to some who from the shore watched our ship, as she sailed out of port, thoughts the very reverse of those of humble dependence upon God suggested themselves in connection with the scene. Here was an occasion for the airing of human boastfulness and pride. They might have pointed to this ship as the very symbol of man's greatness and independence, of his complete and undisputed triumph over Nature. They might have said to themselves: It is by his gradually-acquired knowledge of the elements and of the laws of Nature that man has come thus to tempt the perils of the deep. In that one fact, we have represented before us the whole unaided material progress of humanity. In the structure of that ship, the combination of grace, utility, and strength,—in her complex machinery and marvellous motive power hidden below, the fire and the water enslaved to the will of man,—in the merchandise with which she is freighted, the product of our manifold industry,—in her company of passengers, the representatives of many lands,—in her skilful commander and well-disciplined crew,—here we behold brought together in striking combination trophies of all the triumphs of Science, all the glory and beauty of Art, all that marvellous mastery that man obtains by his inventive and creative genius over the secret powers of Nature, as he unlocks them one by one; all that he has achieved as he has advanced from horizon to horizon of discovery, finding still new worlds to conquer, until we stand here amazed at his unbounded progress and power and independence, and say, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him."

Such, my brethren, might have been the feeling of those who viewed us from the shore at starting. But surely the voyage itself, whilst it has enhanced our confidence in the ship and those who guide her, must have corrected any tendency which we may have felt to indulge in such sentiments of pride and self-complacency. Sailing in awful isolation over the boundless sea, with the immensity of waters around us and the infinitude of the heavens above, we could not but be impressed with the presence of mysterious forces slumbering around us, which had they confronted us in their pitilessness and in the fulness of their might must have made us feel our utter weakness and helplessness. Yes, and the very powers we imagine to have subdued and made our obedient slaves—the fire and the Protean steam,—how precarious, how full of hidden danger are even they, eluding often the vigilance of the most experienced skill, and rising in forms of terror and destructiveness against those who vaunt themselves their lords.

The floor of the sea is strewn with the skeletons of ships that once sailed from port as gallantly and as proudly as our own, and there are bleaching there the bones of men, whose confidence in themselves and in their mastery over Nature was as high as ours could possibly be.

A thoughtful mind must be humbled by such considerations; it will not underrate human enterprise, skill, and courageous daring, but it will feel that the highest enterprises of man imply also the most urgent, the most piteous appeal to the favouring providence of God, without which they do but challenge tremendous risks of disaster. I do not know that even at this late day

any one acquainted with a seafaring life could suggest any modification of the Psalmist's language, in which he insists upon the special illustrations of the providence of God which the ocean affords. "They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." Nor has the Psalmist's call upon the gratitude of seafarers even yet lost anything of its force:—"O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men." God has hitherto preserved us; the Strength of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, has watched over us and shielded us from harm. He has protected us from hidden as well as apprehended dangers,—has spared us the panic-shock of alarming accidents, the spread of infectious diseases, the sufferings of want, and those manifold ills which, when they do visit a community isolated from human succour, like ours, are doubly trying and terrible in their incidence. And not only has God mercifully shielded us from harm, but given effect to the watchfulness and skill of those to whom, under Him, we have committed the safe keeping of our lives, has blessed our voyage with singular calmness and prosperity, and has indeed converted an adventure which to all of us must have been fraught with some anxiety, into a journey at once enjoyable and full of pleasurable interest.

And there is yet one other aspect in which His providential goodness has exhibited itself to us. There are dangers worse even than those which arise from the fury and capriciousness of the elements, and scenes more

painfully distressing than shipwreck or other physical catastrophes; I mean, catastrophes which devastate our moral nature. I allude to the discomfort, the misery, the sometimes irreparable sorrow, which spring from the caprice, the ill-temper, and the unbridled passions of men brought into daily and hourly contact. It has been often said that to know a man thoroughly you must have made a sea voyage with him. The remark was probably prompted by a keen appreciation of the aggravating—I might almost say, the exasperating—effects of the isolated, monotonous, and confined life on ship-board upon the infirmities of human nature. By close, prolonged, and inevitable proximity, men are apt to draw out from each other all that is worst—to stifle and suppress all that is best. And we may accept it as a truth based upon sad experience, that when many men live together for any length of time, collision more or less painful becomes absolutely unavoidable, unless by a tacit agreement they will bring themselves to act on principles of mutual consideration, which to bear a continuous strain must derive their strength from a reverent love of God and a co-ordinate love of man.

My brethren, I do not think that we can be too grateful for the happy relations which have prevailed amongst us on this voyage—for the propriety, the peace, the genial courtesy, the kindly sympathy, and unselfish thought for others, which have made our intercourse so pleasant and profitable. Surely, we may trace here also the beneficent influence of the Spirit of Him who maketh men to be of one mind in an house—the influence of the Spirit of Him whose advent, as we read in this morning's second Lesson, brought peace on earth and goodwill

amongst men—that Holy Spirit of God, which circles around and seeks an entrance into human hearts, filling them with love and fertilizing them with heavenly grace.

Yes, my brethren, the fruits of the Spirit spring from no other stock than from the true vine of God's planting, into which by His mercy He has grafted us. Civilization, progress, sciences, arts, and wonderful discoveries are powerless to change the innate corruption of our fallen nature, and to unite us in love and faithful fellowship one to another. The terrible scenes which we left behind us as we sailed away from the shores of Europe, the awful conflagration and desperate doom of that beautiful city, which reigned so long as the vaunted Queen of Civilization, must have destroyed all such hopes and visions, and banished them for ever. The proud world, by a fearful example, has been sent back to the first principles of the doctrine of Christ—for He, and He alone, is the true, though often unacknowledged Author of those charities which beautify and ennoble life, and build up society. In the hearts of His humble disciples these edifying and world-advancing charities bloom fullest and freest; but the converse is also true—that all who in their lives exhibit anything of their loveliness and power, have, consciously or unconsciously, been brought near to the gracious heart of Jesus, and have secretly or avowedly been drawing upon His stores of grace.

To Him, then, let us offer up our thanksgiving for the blessed influences which have been moving amongst us, and which have kept our little community in charity and peace. To Him also be praise, for the daily opportunities of prayer afforded to us, at which, undisturbed

by unseemly jest or ribald sneer, we have been permitted to assemble morning after morning, each bringing his own peculiar burden to cast upon Him who careth for us all, as, we trust, taking away with them the blessing of Him who is ever present in the midst of the two or three gathered together in His name.

Let us also bless His holy name for the spiritual food with which even in this wilderness of waters He has vouchsafed to feed us who have faithfully approached Him in the sacrament of His love, and for the comforting assurance of our unbroken communion with His whole Church, which is hereby sealed to us.

And let us praise Him for these hearty Sunday services in which so many have reverently joined, undeterred by differences of creed, and drawn together by their common love of truth and their search after Him, who does not leave Himself without a witness in every heart that humbly feels after Him, if haply it may find Him.

And thus, when the time comes for us to bid each other farewell, let this sentiment of gratitude to Him, the Giver of all good gifts, still keep us united in spirit; and as we continue to bless Him for our happy retrospect upon this voyage, let us also pray Him to prosper this gallant ship, which has been our secure and peaceful home, and to bless her captain, officers, and crew, and all who have been as of one family with us here; and let us pray Him, that we whom He has already brought so near to the haven where we would be, may in His good time be brought to the true haven of rest—the land very far off, and yet brought so quickly near, where all true life-journeys end and meet, that there we may

be united once more, and join the Angels and the Arch-angels and all the company of Heaven in lauding and magnifying His glorious name eternally.—Amen.

NOTES and EXTRACTS from a Sermon preached on the
R.M.S. "Syria," Sunday Evening, June 18, 1871,
by the Very Rev. C. W. Barnett Clarke, M.A.,
Dean of Cape Town.

"So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."
Psalm cvii. 30.

"Man's extremity is often God's opportunity. This we note over and over again in the records of God's special dealings with His chosen people in bygone days. This we observe in many a miracle wrought by Christ during His earthly ministry; for often when all hope of being saved was taken away, He, 'the Good Physician,' healed 'all manner of diseases.' Some of us, as we look back on our chequered lives, must have realised this truth of a special Providence."

The several points in the Psalm were particularized by the preacher, who dwelt specially on the duty of gratitude to that God whose mercies are as countless as the unceasing ocean billows; and he called all present to join heartily in the Psalmist's fervour in verse 1, and "Give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth for ever."

A Special Providence.—This formed Point I. of the Dean's argument, and he illustrated it by ancient and modern historical records, showing the illogical reasonings of scepticism, which refused to believe in miracles or a particular Providence—*e.g.* : "The engineer has com-

plete control so as to force the giant steam to obey his varying will, so that by a simple mechanical contrivance he can compel this motive power, which propels this great ship, to go full speed, half speed, or to stop, as he shall be directed. Shall I limit God's almightiness, and say that He cannot interfere with the inflexible laws of nature, lest He throw all out of gear.

Another metaphor the Dean used was that of intricate machinery, which could be stopped at the will of man to save a suffering fellow-creature whose life or limbs were endangered by entanglement. This he applied to the case of pestilence, storm, sickness, trouble, which a God of mercy arrested in answer to prayer, at His own hour and in His own way. He supposed a case of some terrible crisis, such as a wreck, when all had to take to the boats; and drew a vivid picture of the privations and sufferings which would come, and showed the duty of not despairing when all looked blackest, and the duties of doing our utmost, and *still* of placing ourselves in God's hands. How often men did this in times of peril, sickness, &c., because they believed in a special Providence, and the Lord heard their cry, and delivered them. He adverted next to the privilege of daily public prayer on board the ship—a boon they owed to the Christian willingness of their commander, who had promptly placed the saloon at their disposal for public service. How much of their preservation might they not owe (from those imminent dangers detailed by the Archdeacon in his sermon) to the grand fact of this daily assemblage for mutual intercession, praise, prayer, and thanksgiving.

Point II.—The preacher elicited from the Psalm,

verses 2 and 5, many spiritual applications to the special care of all on board, drawn from Israel's trials in Egypt, and in subsequent portions of the Psalm, from their miseries in the Chaldean captivity.

Point III.—The duty and strength and consolation of prayer, alluded to four times—verses 6, 13, 19, 23. “So, when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress.” He illustrated the argument by a fact detailed to him by one of the passengers as a proof of an immediate answer to prayer. When travelling in Africa, literally he had, as the Psalm said, gone astray in the wilderness out of the way, and in an instant, when all chance of rescue from a terrible death seemed lost, his prayer was answered; deliverance was at hand. At that same spot many had perished under similar circumstances,—in fact, it was looked on as certain death for even Kafirs to go astray in the wilderness out of the way.

By a reference to the Prayer-book, the Dean showed how it was the wish of the State and the Church of England that there should be daily service in the ships of the British navy; and there was at least this theory, and in many a man-of-war the carrying out the practice, of daily prayer; and provision was made for special petitions in time of storm and war at sea, and for thanksgivings for calm and peace, thus recognising the fact of a special Providence. Many of our bravest soldiers and sailors were as eminent for their godliness as for their gallantry. As a rule, it is often found that the most God-fearing men were the most intrepid, the calmest, the most valiant in all dangers, battling with the foe, and protecting the helpless.

We have no space for more lengthy extracts, but would observe that the preacher glanced at the several incidents, pleasures, and perils and deliverances of the voyage. From this fourth division of his subject, he, in the fifth place, explained the force of the word "*So*" in the verse, showing from the Psalm and from other Scriptures the modes of God's deliverances.

Part VI. was a graphic description of our Lord's miracle of stilling the tempest, as narrated in St. Matthew viii. 8; and then he showed how, through storm and tempest, much sorrow, many an affliction, God bringeth us to the haven where we would be. "The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier." * *

In conclusion, the Dean spoke of the haven where we would be, referring to the time nearing so rapidly when all hoped to reach their respective destinations—the port they hoped to touch at shortly, where he and others would disembark, and others be all the nearer to the harbour which would end their seafaring. How many motives swayed each and all who were then occupying their business in great waters; what varying inducements led those on board that gallant ship to voyage for that land whither they were bound—some sojourners, others as residents, some for a little season, others for life or death, some to return to Fatherland, others to be sepulchred far away from the resting-place of their ancestors.

Then, with a touching reference to those beloved ones who had reached the Haven of Rest, the Paradise of Mercy, where we would all fain be, the preacher fervidly importuned the several classes who listened to him to trust in the Lord, to cry unto Him in all trials, to steer

right onward and heavenward ; to look for safety to that Crucified Lord of Glory, whose disciples and brethren they were, who must expect to have many a tribulation, to bear the Cross, before they could wear the Crown. The cross on the vanes of the masts, the triple crosses on the flag which covered the pulpit, reminded them that they were ever sailing under the shadow of the Cross of Jesus, and with a faith in Him who on the cross triumphed over the turbulence and raging of sin, death, and hell ; and that through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of God ; and that we might have to be storm-tossed on the waves of this troublesome world ; yet after the great tempest, there would be a great calm.

The sermon closed with a solemn call on all to show forth their gratitude to God, if they did reach the haven where they would be—thankful, not only with their lips, but in their lives ; and expressed a hope that many would agree to meet at a set hour, soon after their arrival at the Cape, and in accordance with the feeling alluded to in verse 32 of the psalm, unite in exalting the Lord in the congregation of the people in the Cathedral at Cape Town. “ May God so guide, aid, protect all, that they may voyage prosperously through life, and at the last be brought one by one to the haven of the Eternal City, where all would yearn to be for ever with beloved ones, with Jesus, with God, the Trinity of love and power ; when there should be no more sea, and earth should have given up her dead, and for ever they should be free from storm and tempest, fire and foe, at the Haven of Bliss, where even the most thoughtless and worldly and godless would yearn ever to be ! ”

MAY AND JUNE, 1871.—S.S. "SYRIA."—FIRST VOYAGE.

Day and Date.	Courses made.	Direction of Wind.	Coals Consumed.	Runs.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Courses steered.
Thursday, 25th May	S. 55° W.	S.W. to N.W.	Tns. cwt. 4 00	163	49° 05' N.	4° 47' W.	W by N.
Friday, 26th "	S. 38° W.	N.W.	13 00	218	46° 04'	7° 58'	W. ½ S.
Saturday, 27th "	S. 38° W.	W.N.W. & N.W.	15 00	252	42° 38'	11° 07'	S. 70° W.S.W.
Sunday, 28th "	S. 38° W.	Ny.	13 00	252	D. R.	D. R.	
Monday, 29th "	S. 25° W.	N.Wly.	12 00	253	38° 43'	13° 23'	S. ½ W. ½
Tuesday, 30th "	S. 21° W.	Nly.	11 10	253	34° 49'	15° 16'	S.S.W.
Wednesday, 31st "	S. 59° W.	Variable.	11 10	160	22° 26'	16° 56'	S.S.W.
Thursday, 1st June	S. 4° W.	Ditto.	14 00	243	28° 25'	17° 15'	Variable.
Friday, 2nd "	S. 10° W.	E.N.E. & N.E.	15 00	248	24° 22'	18° 06'	S.S.W.
Saturday, 3rd "	S. 9° W.	N.Ely.	15 00	252	20° 13'	18° 45'	S.S.
Sunday, 4th "	South.	Nly.	16 05	246	16° 07'	18° 48'	S. by W.
Monday, 5th "	S. 7° E.	Variable.	13 05	240	12° 09'	18° 10'	S. ½
Tuesday, 6th "	S. 98° E.	Ditto.	17 10	224	8° 51'	16° 31'	S. by E.
Wednesday, 7th "	S. 36° E.	Ditto.	17 00	239	D. R.	D. R.	
Thursday, 8th "	S. 44° E.	S.W. to S.E.	17 00	245	5° 39'	14° 04'	S.S.E.
Friday, 9th "	S. 32° E.	S.S.E.	17 10	202	2° 43'	11° 14'	S.S.E.
Saturday, 10th "	S. 28° E.	S.S.E.	17 03	212	0° 08' S.	9° 27'	S.S.
Sunday, 11th "	S. 34° E.	S.Ely.	17 05	198	3° 15'	7° 47'	S.S.E.
Monday, 12th "	S. 39° E.	S.Ely.	19 00	214	8° 43'	5° 54'	...
Tuesday, 13th "	South.	S.Ely.	19 00	227	11° 39'	3° 39'	...
Wednesday, 14th "	S. 33° E.	S.E.	19 00	218	14° 41'	1° 15'	...
Thursday, 15th "	S. 32° E.	S.E.	20 00	222	17° 50'	S. 0° 47' E.	...
Friday, 16th "	S. 23° E.	S.E.	20 00	194	20° 41'	2° 49'	...
Saturday, 17th "	S. 83° E.	S.E.	20 10	205	23° 33'	4° 26'	...
Sunday, 18th "	S. 40° E.	S.E.	20 00	212	26° 15'	6° 26'	...
Monday, 19th "	S. 41° E.	S.S.E. to S.S.W.	...	220	29° 01'	8° 56'	...
Tuesday, 20th "	S. 45° E.	S.E.	...	186	31° 12'	11° 40'	...
Wednesday, 21st "	S. 48° E.	S.S.E.	...	171	33° 08'	14° 12'	...
		Distance to Table Bay.	96 miles.	96		16° 42'	...

So on goes the good ship "Syria," and the prospects of the voyage are so good that those best able to judge say there is a good chance of making the very quickest passage on record. The capabilities of the ship by this time have been tested, and it is known that she is good in any weather; but there is just a feeling that the south-east winds might retard her, after crossing the line. Nor were those fears without foundation, as will be seen by the following:—

Thursday, 8th June, 1871, in latitude $2^{\circ} 43' N.$, longitude $11 14 W.$, the wind shifted from south-west to south-east. It commenced gently, and you were informed that it was not the permanent wind, and that in probability it would die away, and that calms and light winds would prevail. But no; you were doomed to disappointment. The sky became at first clouded, and the clouds had the appearance of soft rainy weather, and for a time the rain fell in torrents. Afterwards it cleared up, and the clouds began to look grey and hard, but not so very hard; and there was still hope that the wind would favour the ship again. But no; you were again doomed to disappointment. The clouds grew from the soft rainy kind of clouds to that hard kind of white-headed cloud, which in the southern hemisphere means south-east wind, and nothing else. So on the first day the speed of the vessel was reduced from 245 miles to 202 in the four-and-twenty hours.

Up to this time they in the engine-room had been very economical with the coals; but as the south-east wind freshened, so did the mettle of the chief-engineer; who, after consulting with the commander, made up his mind to give her a little more fuel, and the consumption was

increased from thirteen and a half tons to seventeen tons—and, notwithstanding that the wind continued to increase dead ahead, the speed of the previous day was kept up, and the distance run was 212 miles. Still the wind kept ahead, and the greyish white-headed clouds began to look very hard-hearted, and there seemed to be no chance of making the quickest passage. Those in charge began to get disheartened; but at that time they did not know what sort of a craft they had under their feet.

The wind continued to increase, and (as it were) involuntarily so did the quantity of coal, until, shovel by shovel, the consumption was twenty tons per day. Then the wind increased to a moderate gale, with a heavy swell, and the qualities of the "Syria" had to be tested right in the teeth of both wind and sea, and it was soon felt that she was *all there when wanted*.

The vessel was soon made as snug aloft as her somewhat stupid rig would admit of; and as the white heads of the gale of wind sea dashed hard against her bow, so did she creep over it, ever ready to tackle another, and cut it asunder, without wetting herself much, always making from seven to nine miles per hour, until within three hundred miles of the Cape, when it became still more serious, as the wind increased from a moderate to a hard gale. Still, on went the "Syria," quite equal to her task, taking in the white crest and a little of the green sea over each side of the bluff of the bow; still sticking at it, with her bow going half through it, half over it, dashing the water about forward, and, as it were, grinding the hard, stubborn sea into soapsuds, causing herself to shake and tremble at times fearfully; but still on

she went, and the last day at sea on this passage was the shortest day's work, namely, 171 miles, the longest day's work being 252 miles.

On Wednesday, the 21st of June, at noon, the distance from the Cape was ninety-six miles, and as we neared the land the wind began to decrease, and the water became smooth.

LAND HO !

As the sun's rays became weak in the west, the sky being clear all over, the welcome and old familiar cry of "Land ho !" was sounded fore and aft ; and there, sure enough, dead ahead was to be seen standing out in bold relief from the clear blue sky, the Devil's Head and Table Mountain. Yes, dead ahead : not the hundredth part of a point out of the course ; as true as if about to pass through the eye of a needle. Once in sight, and the steamer going at full speed, it soon began to rise higher and higher above the horizon, until night came on ; and as we got nearer and nearer, the lights on the Cape of Good Hope Point and on Robben Island hove in sight, and about nine o'clock the land itself was frowning down upon us in all its picturesque magnificence. At ten the lights on and about Green Point began to show up ; and at 11.15 the anchor was let go in Table Bay, thereby making the quickest passage ever made by nearly one day, in spite of the head winds, the head sea, and heavy gales during the last thirteen days.

TABLE BAY

IN DAYS GONE BY, AND AS IT NOW IS.

There are very few places in the world where the mornings are more delightful than at and about the Cape of Good Hope.

The 22nd of June, 1871, and about seven o'clock, you had prepared yourself for the shore; you were struck with the quiet that reigned all round the bay. Scarcely a boat to be seen, and, with the exception of the "Syria," not a single vessel at anchor; they were all inside the breakwater and in the dock, laying as quiet and as snug as if they were in the London Docks; and the waters of the bay itself were as smooth as a mirror; the sky and atmosphere were so clear that you could see most of the stars although the sun was far above the horizon, and commencing to throw its first rays over the Lion's Back, and over the mast-heads of the ship, until they touched the snowy tops of the Blue Berg Mountains far away to the westward. As above stated, Table Bay was as quiet and apparently as deserted as if the coast was uninhabited. The weather was just what one could desire, not too cold, but just cold enough to make you feel fresh.

What a difference between Table Bay now and when you saw it ten years ago ! In those days there were many ships at anchor in the open bay, and for the purpose of discharging and loading those vessels there were hundreds of boats employed, and many of those boats often performed double duty, viz., in fine weather they used to take cargo out of ships and land it, and re-load the same vessels ; in bad weather they were ever ready to assist vessels in distress with an anchor and a coir warp, and well did they deserve all they got for their arduous employment. At five in the morning, in fine weather, these boatmen were ready to receive cargo ; night or day, in treacherous weather, they were out in their boats. When a large ship could not take care of herself, they were on the spot and ready to take care of her. Many lives and much property were saved by these brave fellows, and many valuable lives and much property were lost. There are graveyards at the back of the Military Hospital full, so to say, of shipwrecked people—from the poorest sailor and emigrant to the bravest officer, both military and naval, as well as the rich merchant ; they all lie buried within a few feet of each other ; some, who had been toiling, perhaps, in a sickly jungle for years, going home to see those dear to them, lay under the sand near the beach, close to the then treacherous Table Bay.

Table Bay is different now. There are docks into which your ship may go in almost any weather ; no danger of losing your lives, or even your ship, with ordinary care. Table Bay is now a harbour of refuge, where you can lay in any weather with the greatest of safety ; where a damaged ship may go and be perma-

nently repaired and refitted without laying in the open bay at the mercy of the waves, as in days gone by.

Reverting again to the appearance of the bay on the first morning after the arrival of the "Syria." The steamer was anchored about two cables' length south-east of the outer end of the Breakwater as before stated. It was a calm morning. Table Mountain, the Devil's Peak, the Lion's Head, and the Lion's Rump, stood out so well defined that you, if you did not know the distance, would come to the conclusion that you were not more than half a mile off the whole of them. Then Cape Town itself and the suburbs are nearly all in sight, and as the land slopes down toward the bay and the sea, you can see almost every house in the former, and the latter has an excessively pretty appearance, as only part of the houses are, as it were, peeping out through the evergreens. Then about six miles to the north north-west of you is Misery Island, the home for incurables, better known by the name of Robben Island; then again to the north-east are the Blue Berg Mountains, a ridge that runs from Cape Hangklip nearly as far as the beautiful harbour called Saldannah Bay. Between the last mentioned ridge and Table Mountain there is a low neck of sandy land which separates Table Bay from False Bay and Simon's Bay, and it is on this low sandy neck that the Wellington and Wynberg Railway runs, Wellington being a distance from Cape Town of about forty-five miles. There are first and second-class tickets to be had at moderate rates, while the length of the Wynberg Railway is only eight miles, and a return ticket, first-class, costs 2s. 3d. There are no other railways in the colony at present.

Landing from the steamer, when she is anchored in the bay, in ordinary weather costs from 1s. to 2s. 6d., and with, say ten packages of luggage, it will cost you about 5s., and in addition to the above charge you have to pay 3d. per package dock or wharf dues. If your luggage is heavy, you can get a waggon to take it to your hotel or private boarding-house for 2s., including the loading up of the waggon. Hansom cabs, or very comfortable two-horse hackney carriages are always to be had for 2s. 6d. per hour; one shilling to the railway station, or 1s. 6d. to any part of the town.

There are several good hotels in the town: for the best of these see the advertisements at the end or beginning of this work—they are comfortable, and the charges are moderate.

There are also many private boarding-houses, and the charges in the latter are from £6 10s. to £10 10s. per month for an adult individual. The above prices refer to people such as would be likely to travel first-class in the mail or other steamers. There are other lodging-houses where you can live middling for from 15s. to 21s. per week.

With regard to the suburbs, we will speak of Wynberg, a most beautiful retreat; for its avenues, its vineyards, good roads, and climate are not to be surpassed in the world. There are three good hotels there, surrounded by beautiful avenues; the charges are about the same as in Cape Town. Beside the three above-mentioned hotels, there are private lodging-houses; the charges are at the latter from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per day, or from £6 10s. 0d. to £10 per month. At Wynberg you can get a comfortable conveyance, as also in Cape

Town, with two horses, for one day, from £1 1s. to £1 10s., which will hold from three to five persons besides the driver. The conveyances will take you from thirty to fifty miles a day comfortably—i.e., fifteen to twenty-five miles out, and back again. Men's ready-made clothing and boots are about the same price as in England; women's clothing is a little more expensive; and to have your clothing made in Cape Town, for either sex, is more expensive than in England; and as to house-rent, for a decent seven-roomed house you have to pay about £5 per month. In fact, you can live in Cape Town or the Cape Colony in good style, cheaper than you can in England, or perhaps any other part of the world.

In order that the reader may quite understand what sort of a place the Colony is from east to west, on the sea-coast, and in the interior, it will be as well to relate what you did: how you went by sea as far as Natal; then back to East London, where you landed; then into Kaffirland, through British Kaffraria, to all the diamond fields, &c.—thus making a tour of about 5,000 miles.

In order to prevent confusion, you still keep by the good steamer "Syria." You knew you could not get a better; and after a short stay in Cape Town, you proceed along the coast in the same vessel. The passage-money along the coast is as follows, viz.:—to Mossel Bay, first-class, £4 4s. 0d. second-class, £3 3s. 0d.—the distance is 140 miles. Port Elizabeth or Algoa Bay, first-class £6 6s. 0d., second-class £4 4s. 0d.—distance 500 miles. East London, first-class £8 8s. 0d., second-class £5 5s. 0d.—distance about 680 miles. Natal,

first-class £110 10s. 0d., second-class £7 7s. 0d.—distance 1,000 miles.

A fine morning, with rather a cloudy sky, smooth water, and a gentle breeze from the south-west. One gun is fired, which means that the "Syria" is under weigh, and the order is given to go ahead full speed; and away she goes at the rate of about ten miles per hour, and the end of the breakwater is soon passed. Next appears Manille Point, on which stands a lighthouse, showing a red light from sunset to sunrise.

Having passed Manille Point, the next you pass is Green Point. It is nearly always green, being low, flat, and grassy, with many pretty dwelling-houses, which are especially noted for their handsome verandahs, their evergreens, and gardens. Still further on, about a mile and a half from the latter, is Sea Point, which is also dotted with dwelling-houses. They are, for the most part, far superior to the houses on Green Point; and, notwithstanding the grounds attached to them are close to the sea, the gardens are beautiful. The best are those belonging to the Solomon family, to Mr. Fairbridge and others.

The coast from Green Point runs about S.W. by W., and at a distance of about twelve miles is Hout Bay, which is noted for pic-nic parties. The road to it overland is bad as you approach the bay, but about three miles from it they are pretty good, and there are many pleasant views before and after you get in sight of Constantia. About two miles from Hout Bay is Chapman Peak, and a curved sandy shore forming Chapman Bay. A few miles farther on we come in view of Kromme River, and the next point is the Cape of Good Hope. On the

Cape there are two sharp peaks 1,800 yards from each other, on one of which stands a revolving white light of the first order, showing a bright face for the space of twelve seconds every minute. This light stands 816 feet above the mean level of the sea. It can be seen at a distance of about 36 miles. The lighthouse is of iron, painted white.

The Bellows, Anvil, and Dias Rocks are the dangers near the Cape of Good Hope. Having passed the Cape, and steamed about sixteen miles in a south-easterly direction, you come to Cape Hangklip, which, with the Cape of Good Hope forms False Bay. The bay extends to the northward inland about eighteen miles, and is of square form; in this bay there is abundance of fish, many tons of which are landed at the several fishing stations, and cured for exportation; you can often purchase a fish weighing seven or eight pounds for one penny. In the north-west corner of False Bay is Simon's Town, where the men-of-war lay, and previous to the opening of the Cape Town Docks it used to be used by merchant ships as a harbour of refuge.

On the eastern shore of False Bay there is a village called the strand, or Mustard Bay; it is a fishing village, and a watering-place on a small scale. Fish are so plentiful here at times that they are used for manure. About three miles from Mustard Bay, on the Strand, there is what is called the "Corner of the Earth," very little known; there is only one Malay family living there, and a few sailors who have been shipwrecked near it many years ago. It is indeed a corner of the earth; the base of the mountains runs so close to the sea that you can only get along the beach in some places at low water.

Having passed Cape Hangklip, about nine miles to the eastward of it is the Palmiet river, the mouth of which is blocked up with sand; it is a large and swift stream of water in winter time, and there is good shooting along its banks all the year round.

About twenty miles further on is the celebrated Point Danger, near which H.M.S. "Birkenhead" was lost with 436 lives. Inland of Point Danger there are some good grazing farms, and of late years many ostriches have been bred and their feathers pulled out of them for exportation.

Still further to the south-east, and about six miles from Point Danger, is a small islet called Dyer Island, on the higher parts of which there is spinach growing, and it is the abode of numerous rabbits, sea-gulls, cormorants, pelicans, and penguins.

There are other small islands near Dyer Island, some of which are the resort of seals in certain seasons of the year.

The next point of interest is about thirty-seven miles south-east of Point Danger, viz., Cape Agulhas, the most southernmost point in Africa. Cape Agulhas is a rocky projection, and when seen from a distance seaward, from the eastward or westward, the north and south elevations resemble two oblong hummocks.

The land inshore is only fit for grazing, and will not support many head of cattle or sheep. The people residing on this part of the coast are continually on the look-out for wrecks, and a large ship with a valuable cargo on board, running on shore, is a regular god-send to the whole of them, rich and poor, especially the former; in fact there are persons on this part of the

coast who look on surveyors of coasts, or inspectors of lights, or lighthouse builders, with a very jealous eye, lest the real dangers should be known and avoided, or lest the lighthouses should be built on the proper place, or on the proper point, to warn the ships of danger ahead.

On Cape Agulhas there is a lighthouse which can be seen from east or west, or from any other point, when a ship is not out of her proper course; but ships coming from the eastward often fancy they are round Cape Agulhas when they are in reality only off Cape Infanta, where they shape their course for Point Danger, and in a few hours they find themselves on the beach in Struys Bay, or on Klip Strand, the whole of which beaches are strewn with wrecks, and for nearly fifty miles along the said beaches you can, so to say, jump from one piece of wreck to another—anchors and chains, bows and sterns, and numerous pieces of wreck of ships of all nations, as before stated, ornament the beach for miles, and for hundreds of miles in the country the houses are partially built and furnished with material from wrecked ships; and every here and there is to be seen a rough cross or a mark which denotes that one or more shipwrecked persons who have been washed on shore have been buried there. I am now speaking of the coast between Struys Point and Cape Infanta. There have been many wrecks on either side of these points also; but the most disastrous wrecks have occurred for the want of a lighthouse on Cape Infanta, and for the want of warning ships not to approach the land within thirty miles until the position of the reefs are known, or unless they are well acquainted with the coast, as a more treacherous coast does not exist in the world than that

in and about Struys Bay. If the above assertion is not believed, let anyone just land on Struys Point: there they will see houses, stores, and jetty built of wreck timber, and the front of one house built or covered with the name-boards of ships, among which the most prominent is

Leaving this perilous coast, you come to the above-mentioned Cape Infanta, four miles from which is Sebastian's Point, which forms one point of Sebastian's Bay. The land about here is flat table land, and is dotted with farms here and there, but the land is not very productive.

At the head of Sebastian's Bay is the Breede River, which is navigable at times for small vessels.

The next point of note from Sebastian's is Cape St. Blaze, the east extreme of a tongue of low, flat land, fronted by a rugged reef jutting into the sea.

There is a fixed red light on Cape St. Blaze, and from it the land turns abruptly to the north-west, and then curves to the north-east, which forms the limit of Mossel Bay, the first port you touch at after leaving Cape Town.

This little bay affords good shelter to ships during north-west gales. There is a good landing-place there, where you can land in almost any weather; the village is small. In 1872 there was one place where you could put up, called a hotel, the charge per day about 7s. 6d.; the country round it is at times dry, but after rain is very beautiful, especially at a delightful place called George, at the base of a very high ridge of mountains, and about seven hours' drive from Mossel Bay. At George there is a good hotel, where you can live for from about 6s. 6d. to 10s. per day. In the last-mentioned

village there is always plenty of water, and vegetables are cheap; the farms about here are more productive than on some other parts of the coast.

Leaving Mossel Bay your course was still south-eastward, and the next place you passed was the Knysna. The surrounding country at the Knysna is beautiful, and excessively romantic. There are lots of good shooting far in the country from the port; it abounds in various kinds of game, and the river produces quantities of fish. There are plenty of vegetables, and live stock may be procured from the farmers at moderate prices. The river is navigable for small vessels for about seven or eight miles; it may always be recognised by a mountain which slopes down until it terminates near the sea in a low bluff.

When the mouth of the harbour is open, and you are looking into it from the northward, the village, with its two churches, can be seen. There is also a remarkable mountain called The Buffalo, and five others called The Paps, while farther eastward again are three mountains, called, from their appearance, Peak, Haycock, and Table Mountains; in fact, the coast all about here is beautiful from its wild grandeur. The next bay of any note is Plattenberg Bay, which is formed by the projection of Seal Cape on its southern extreme. Near the coast there is a large forest where different kinds of useful timber may be had, some of large size. There is in the bay, about fifty yards from the shore, a subterraneous outlet or spring of fresh water in the sea, which is plainly visible from the heights near it, and, when seen from a boat, there appears to be holes in the rocks near the opening from which the water boils up. It is supposed to be an outlet from Kurboon river. At this

place vegetables are scarce, but fish is plentiful, and beef and mutton may be had at reasonable prices.

Still farther along the coast, in the same direction, is St. Frances' Bay. Far inshore of this bay is a very high mountain, called The Cockscomb, and some little distance from its base is the post-cart road to Cape Town. There is very fair shooting. Different kinds of buck, as also partridges, &c., are to be found among the scrub and between the rocks. The farmers are hospitable, but rather shy of Englishmen. Those in a good position will not accept of any payment if you stay at their houses, but the poorer will take payment. As a rule, you can get to a hotel in an hour or two on horseback.

After passing Cape St. Frances, and going a distance of about forty-two miles along a somewhat inhospitable coast, you are abreast of Cape Recife. About half-way between these two capes, and a few miles inshore, is a place called White Stone. There is good shooting to be had hereabouts, and a comfortable hotel where you can get refreshments of any ordinary kind at moderate charges.

Cape Recife is one of the points which forms Algoa Bay, about four miles from which is the very busy town of Port Elizabeth—perhaps the most wealthy place in South Africa; and although there are within a very few miles places where you can have good sport—there being plenty of buck and other game—the town itself is all business, it being the inlet and outlet for the produce of the surrounding country for hundreds of miles. On the main roads leading to it you will see strings of waggons going almost every day from all directions. Most of the waggons are drawn by sixteen

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oxen, and are at times from forty to fifty days on the road. There are generally one or two white men in charge of seven or eight waggons; the drivers and the *go-in-fronts* are either Kaffirs, Fingoes, or Hottentots. These people lead a hard life, but they have never known any other, and they enjoy it.

Reverting to the town of Port Elizabeth, it is built at the foot of a hill, and between the foot of this hill and the beach there is only room for two wide streets in some places; but, so to say, there is only one wide street of any length, which is called Main Street. It is about two miles long, and has on each side of it some of the finest and most substantial stores in the world, which are generally stuffed full of merchandise. In fact, the buildings in this town are all of the most substantial kind, and it has all the appearance of a place that is thriving. The buildings seem intended to last for centuries.

There are several good hotels in and off the main street: you can live at the best of them from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per day. There are second-class hotels where you can live very comfortable, but cheaper. Families may live in Port Elizabeth at about the same cost as in a like town in England.

About twenty-one miles from Port Elizabeth is a very pretty place called Uitenhage: the first railway to it in the eastern part of the colony is well advanced in construction. It is a village with very wide streets, having on each side of them a continual running stream of clear water; there are many beautiful gardens through which this water is turned, and in the proper season fruit is plentiful.

There are here one or two comfortable hotels, and living is a little cheaper than in Port Elizabeth. The road to Uitenhage is nearly level, and is a very pleasant ride, especially on horseback.

Another very pleasant road out of Port Elizabeth is the Graham's Town Road—it is in length about eighty miles. After passing over the Black Head Bridge and going a little over twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, you come to Sunday's River, which you have to cross on a punt; you then come into a woody and grassy country, and there are farms all along the road. There are also comfortable hotels, and anything can be had at them at fair prices; in most of them the beds are good and clean. In many parts just off the road there is good shooting.

The approach to Graham's Town from any direction is over a very high ridge of mountain, and the sight, when it opens to your view, is very pretty. You, of course, look down upon it long before you are near it. At first it has the appearance of an enormous quarry with many different-sized stones of various shapes, some lying together in the middle, and some strewed about in all directions far away and wide apart; then, as you near it, these stones begin to have a more regular appearance; then you begin to see the outline of the streets, then the trees begin apparently to rise up and look at you as you come down the long hill; and as you twist about, running down at a sharp trot, the city of Graham's Town seems to twist about also as you get different views of it; and when you get quite near you see a fine city with very fine streets, clear water running down each side of most of them, and when you find yourself actually in the town or city and

look around you, you find you are in a hollow surrounded by mountains. In some places clusters of trees, with a house in among them half-way up the mountains, in other parts green patches of Indian corn, with Kaffir huts all around them. Here and there are gardens, all planted in a large space of grazing land which is cut through by the numerous roads, which lead you away from the town, as before-mentioned, in every direction. In this place there are four or five very good hotels, and you may live in them for from 5s. to 10s. per day. Graham's Town is not at all unlike an English country town; you can get everything in it and live there at about the same rate as in England. There is a scarcity of fresh fish, the nearest sea-coast being about forty-five miles from it, and the heavy surf on the coast renders it sometimes dangerous, and always expensive, to get it to Graham's Town.

The watering-place of Graham's Town is the Kowie River. To get to it you have to go over a pass through a gap in the mountains, then down a long hill, then over some rather flat country which is mostly used as grazing land, but there is a good deal of it ploughed. Up on the road there is one or two very comfortable hotels, where you may get any kind of plain food or drinks. There is good shooting here; and when you get to the Kowie you see a very interesting place. There is one hotel on the west side of the river, and two on the east side; they used to be a little more expensive than those I have mentioned.

The Kowie has of late become more important than it used to be; vessels bring full cargoes to it from England and take full cargoes away with them: there is a tug-

steamer to tow vessels into the river and out again. The land about this river is very good, and the people mostly English; to the eastward there is better shooting than on the other side.

To the north-east of the Kowie mouth, and about eight miles distant, is the quiet little village of Bathurst. You may go by Bathurst to Graham's Town, the distance by this road being the same.

You now return to Port Elizabeth in order to complete the voyage along the coast, still going to the eastward. Leaving Algoa Bay, the first place you pass is the Bird Islands—low, rocky islands with many sea-birds on and about them. On the largest of them stands a lighthouse; there is also a boats' crew who gather the sea-birds' eggs and send them to Port Elizabeth. About five miles from these islands is Woody Cape, and after passing it there is nothing but sand-hills from three to four hundred feet above the level of the sea. A great portion of these sand-hills travel with the winds which generally blow along the coast; the prevailing winds in the summer are south-east, and in the winter north-west, which is the case all along the coast from Cape Town to Natal.

The sand-hills above-mentioned are formed of tiny mites of shells washed up from the sea, and it is very dangerous to leave anything among them, as they soon get covered with sand, and, as one sand-hill is exactly like the other, it is impossible to find out where you left it. For instance, a ship was wrecked on this part of the coast, laden with cotton, a great many bales of which were washed ashore, and a large heap of it was put together during the night. The wind changed and blew

hard the next morning; the pile of cotton had disappeared, and afterwards was found to be hidden under a mountain of sand. As another instance of the sand travelling quick, the crew of a ship that had gone down at sea landed on this coast in their long-boat. They managed to haul her up above high-water mark, out of the way of the surf, when they all went inland to look for a house. They were only gone an hour or two, and when they returned, to their astonishment, no boat was to be seen, nor could they imagine what had become of it, until they met a farmer, who told them that the sand had covered it up.

If the wind is strong enough, it is quite easy to remove these hills. You only want to discover which hill whatever you have lost is under, then go to the top and keep on kicking it, and the wind will do the rest for you; it will carry the sand away at a fearful rate. Sometimes one kick will cause a mountain of it to move. These men, hearing how they might remove the sand, set to work, with the aid of the farmer, to seek for their boat in this manner; and kicked away several sand-hills. They had picked out one that they thought the boat must be under, and kept working at it, and when about two-thirds of the hill had been removed, to their utter astonishment, they came across the skeleton of an elephant, quite perfect. The bones were white as snow, and the tusks and everything entire—not a bone out of place. The animal, it is supposed, must have strayed there, and its weight caused it to settle down in the sand; the wind did the rest, and he was soon covered.

It is only the front row of these sand-hills that are quite bare and travel about with the wind. There are

generally three ridges of them along this part of the coast, which, as may be imagined, gives it a monotonous appearance from the sea; but when you get over the first ridge, you descend into a ravine. Then you find that the second ridge is dotted with scrubby bush; and, having passed over that, you have to go down into another ravine, and you find the third ridge thickly wooded with stunted trees and scrub, while on the other side of that it is mostly pasture-land. Not many miles from this pasture-land there is a forest, in which are many elephants and lots of game.

Such is a description of the coast, from the beach for many miles inshore, until you get off the Kowis mouth, which place has been already noticed.

The next place of any note is the Great Fish River. Like all other rivers on this coast, the water is very shallow at its mouth, and, travelling inland, is somewhat dangerous to cross. The land on the west side of this river is low, often interspersed with picturesque ravines and mostly covered with bush. A great deal of it is planted and in cultivation. The river is crossed about half a mile above its mouth by means of a punt, capable of taking an ox-waggon. The land on the eastern side is higher, and the soil is a rich black earth covered with pasture.

The coast from the mouth of the Great Fish River to the Cave Rock—distance about forty-five miles—has generally a wild appearance, but a few miles inshore the aspect changes, the country being well wooded in some places, while in other parts there is good grazing-ground and ploughed land. After passing the Cave Rock, however, the land slopes gradually down to the sea, and

consequently you have a good view of it. It has a beautiful green appearance, especially after the rains, which give it a still greener hue.

The next important place is East London, which is at the mouth of a very beautiful river called the Buffalo. The town is on the south-west side of it, on moderately high land, which has a gradual slope down nearly to the water's edge, so that you can see every one of the buildings. At times it is rough to land at this place, as vessels sometimes lay broadside on to the sea ; but there is a breakwater being erected under the direction of an eminent engineer, and it is believed that vessels will be able to enter the river, where you can land with ease and comfort. Once inside this river, there is some of the prettiest scenery you would ever wish to look at ; the banks of the river, which for the most part are steep, are in many places well wooded right down to the water's edge, and the stream itself is mostly quite clear.*

FROM EAST LONDON TO NATAL.

Steering away from East London, the coast is sandy as far as Cape Morgan, but the long grass and bushes grow nearly down to the water's edge, with the exception of a few patches. The land between the Buffalo and the Gonubie, far away inshore, is very rich, and is well wooded and well watered, and for agricultural purposes is not to be surpassed in the world ; there is good grazing land, and besides other things, cereals and cotton might be produced in any quantity, and being near a shipping port could easily be exported. The land from Cape Morgan to the Kei River, and from the

* For further information about in shore, see *Landing at the Buffalo*, p. 76

Kei to the Bashee River is said to be the very finest land for all purposes in the colony.

Passing the Bashee River, and hence to St. John's, which is a place of very small importance at present, but capable of being made into a very fine port at very little cost, there is abundance of stock and provision of every kind; there are dense forests with various sorts of timber, fit for any kind of use, from making house furniture to ship-building, and can be easily obtained in large quantities. During the scarcity of oxen, and when they were in great demand to take goods to the diamond fields, many were driven overland from St. John's to Port Elizabeth, and there fetched good prices.

Next to St. John's is the "Umzimeulu" River, the boundary of Kaffirland to the eastward, the Kei River being the boundary to the westward, and having passed the Umzimeulu you are off the district of Durban.

Between the above-mentioned river and Cape Natal the coast is moderately high near the sea, but there are several gaps in it, forming the mouths of rivers or streams; the hills inland are much higher, and after seeing the inhospitable sand-hill coast in the eastern province of the Colony of the Cape, the landscape here would strike very favourably, as the stunted brush of this part is of great richness and fertility. The above-mentioned stunted bush has been removed in many places, and large tracts of cultivation has taken its place. At the mouths and along the banks of almost every river and stream the land is richly cultivated, and many hundreds of tons of sugar and other produce is shipped annually to the Cape.

Colony, where only a few years ago sugar, coffee, &c., used to be imported.

Having passed the Cape, and to the northward of it, the coast is low and sandy, but the bushes grow down to within a very few yards of the beach. The character of the land inshore is very similar to that on the south side of the Cape, although it is more thickly wooded; but thousands and thousands of acres of this thickly wooded country have been cleared, and sugar cane and coffee plant have taken the place of what might have been called a forest. The above remarks apply to the coast on the north side of Port Natal, across and far beyond the Umgeni River, and the wood taken from these lands is excellent, good for anything, from firewood to house, boat, or ship-building.

Port Natal outside and Port Natal inside the bar are two very different places. Outside the bar at times it is very rough, and it is very inconvenient, for ladies especially, to land, but at times, when it is moderate weather and but little swell on the bar, you can land very easily; but if your vessel takes you in over the bar, as many do, it is quite another matter from the anchorage. If a sailing vessel, and the wind is fair, your vessel runs in under canvas; if a foul wind, she is towed in by a steam-tug; or if you are on board of a steamer, she may run in at once, and in a few moments you are into a narrow channel, and in the next few minutes you have presented to your view one of the most lake-like looking places you ever saw, and the sea and the breakers are in most places shut out from your view.

To the left of your going in is the high bluff land running quite steep up from the water's edge. On the

left is a low sandy point, and almost the first house—excepting the Port Captain's house—is the Custom-house, then a few dwelling-houses, then a few stores or shops, next the railway-station, in front of which is the wharf on which the cargo is landed ; again, in the front of the wharf lay a tier, or perhaps two tiers, of fine clipper ships, mostly trading between the United Kingdom and Natal, but some of them may be coasters, &c. The above-mentioned place is called “The Point,” on which most of the cargo and passengers are landed ; next is the railway itself, and you generally take an early trip in it to Durban, which is only a few minutes' ride by rail ; there are places on “The Point” where you may get refreshments at a moderate price.

Coming out of the railway at Durban, you find yourself in rather a busy town ; it has very broad streets, and there are many fine stores and some very good shops. There is a square in the centre of the town, fenced in with well-designed iron rails, and inside these rails is a beautiful garden, seats, and walks ; the gates are thrown open to the public. Keeping your back to the railway-station, you are not long in coming to the street that runs up along the banks of the lake before-mentioned ; crossing that street you may go down to the water's edge, and there you will see one of the most beautiful sights you need wish to look at, especially at high water. Look to your right, to your left, and in front of you, and you see a beautiful sheet of water, some miles in extent, the shores of which are well wooded, and where there is no wood, there is long, rich grass, and a goodly lot of cattle, sheep, &c., grazing on it, and here and there is a gentleman's, or farm-house, peeping from among the dark green trees.

Reverting to Durban there are two or three good hotels and several very good lodging houses; in the former the price is from 8s. 6d. to 12s. per day, in the latter from 5s. to 8s. per day, and drinkables are about the same price as in other parts of the colony. The rent for a comfortable house is about £5 per month, down to 30s., or up to £10. Everything in the ordinary way that you can purchase in England can be had in Durban, as is the case in all the principal sea-ports in both the old and new colony. As a general rule, the best thing you can do is to take your money out with you instead of purchasing a lot of things in England that you find quite useless when you land; the difference in prices for ordinary things is so inconsiderable, that you get what you really want for colonial use better here than in England. You may, while you are at Durban, go on to the diamond fields; the roads and conveyances are good, and the scenery is very picturesque; but in this case, as you wish to see the works at East London and Kaffirland as well as the newly-annexed land, including British Kaffraria, we must land you at the Buffalo.

LANDING AT THE BUFFALO.

Returning again to the Buffalo or East London, where all communication with the shore is carried on by means of large surf-boats, which are decked over, and are between twenty-five and thirty-five tons burden. The boating establishment has hitherto belonged to and been worked under the management of the Government, but when the increased trade caused by the opening of

the diamond fields came to the port the plant was found inefficient, and many complaints were made, which ended in the merchants most interested making application to Government for the purchase of the whole of the establishment. It is said they have succeeded; if so, the plant will be made efficient, and ships going there will in all probability be better served than they have been. These boats are hauled out to the ship by means of a seven or eight-inch surf-rope, and are run into the river again by the same means. The said ropes are made fast to the jetty on the south side of the entrance, and to an anchor outside the bar; after crossing the bar there is a branch warp to the fair-way buoy, and thence to the ship, by which they haul alongside. By the present mode of landing it is somewhat difficult, as the ship often lays broadside on to the swell, and therefore rolls heavily at times. There are, however, such arrangements being made that passengers will be able to land with less inconvenience. Within the last few months there has been a grant of £100,000 to improve the harbour works, so that many improvements may be expected shortly.

Assuming you landed at East London from Cape Town, the price of your passage-money was £8 8s., and having landed, you were determined to pay a visit to the harbour works. You felt disappointed that they were only a little advanced; but what had been done was done well: they were building their foundations on the rock, not on the sand; you could see that the rocky point ran a good distance out, and that they were in the right way of success. You thought to yourself, what a blessing it will be if they succeed in getting a permanent

pier out, so as even to half-smooth the water on the bar ! Leaving the harbour works, on inquiry you found there was only one hotel in the place, and there you went. You found it was a very fair one, small certainly, but pretty comfortable, about the same price for food and bed-room, but a trifle more for imported wine, spirits, and beer. Then a trip over the Gonubie, where you had to cross the Buffalo in a cart on the punt, which is hauled from one side to the other, and having crossed you had to go up a very steep, muddy road, such a road as only a Cape horse can scramble up. Having, however, passed over this road and through a cutting, you come upon an open country. On each side of the road is long grass about up to your waist if you are walking, and, so far as the eye can reach, on the top of the hills, on the side of the same road, long grass is to be seen. The grass itself is of a light colour, and runs over every hill and down into every valley ; the sameness, however, is broken by clumps and clusters of very dark green trees ; these trees are so dark as to appear nearly black. Going toward the Kei River the country round you was quite beautiful, and you were much struck with its richness ; it was a little up-hill and down-dale, but only enough to make it pleasant and kill the sameness. Here and there you saw a habitation, but they were few and far between, and as you headed the Gonubie it occurred to you, How is it that this beautiful country is not peopled, when there are so many families in the United Kingdom, who, if they only knew what a country was lying idle, would be glad to occupy it and bring forth its fruits ? And as you proceeded along mile after mile, looking backward, looking forward, on each side of you there was the same

beautiful country almost uninhabited, nothing wanting but families who were willing to get their living by agricultural pursuits. What a country, again you thought, for families at home who were not precisely ready—that is, for families who could muster a few hundred pounds—but could not see any future for their sons and daughters ! Here is the place for them ; not too hot, not too cold, no lack of water, not subject to the curse of draught, no insects to pester the life out of you, but a climate most desirable, well wooded and watered, abounding in pasture, and for the growing of cotton a better country is not to be found in the world. Then, when you remembered that there was a sea-port close at hand, you thought to yourself that it was impossible that such a country could remain (so to say) uninhabited. Passing along now over a smooth hill dotted here and there with a few trees only sufficient to keep the sun off the cattle, if there were any there to graze, the somewhat small trees spreading out their branches at right angles with their stems, as if they meant to say, “Come under me, I will protect you in hot sunshine or rain”—every now and then you saw a few cattle about, but so few and far between that they were scarcely worth mentioning. On, on you went through the same rich and beautiful country, through streams, over grassy hills, in thickly wooded valleys, and, finally, over the Great Kei River ; and then, when you were in Kaffirland, there you saw the real Kaffir. During this journey you had to take your own supplies, there being no places for refreshment. Having journeyed for four days through some of the most beautiful country you ever saw, and having only provisions to take you to the first German

village, you re-crossed the Kei and retraced your way back to East London, with a determination to start from thence to the diamond fields.

Leaving East London for the diamond fields, you have to take a seat in the post cart, which generally leaves about nine o'clock in the forenoon; it was a comfortable cart with four horses, and the charge was £1 to King William's Town. As soon as you left, or after driving a mile or two, you found yourself in a beautiful open country, much the same as the country between the Gonubie and the Kei rivers, the thorn trees dotting the grassy hills all over, while in the valleys and along the sides of them, the trees are in thick clusters, and at the very bottom of these valleys there is generally a clear stream of water running.

The first place you passed was Panmure, one of the German villages; it was there you saw the real richness of the land: you noticed how these industrious German villagers made their plots of land bring forth fruit; you noticed how homely and happy they appeared to be, carrying their truck-loads of produce to East London, and you could not help remarking how excessively healthy they were, with faces on them glowing like the rising sun on a frosty morning; you were told that these honest, hard-working people had been imported some years ago; many had left for the fields, although they were doing well, and those who remained behind had most likely done better. You were also told that they were a most useful people, and the country would miss them much were they to leave also,—as while the Englishman gives his mind entirely to imports and exports, and general trade, the Dutch or half-

Dutchman cares only to possess a waggon and a span of oxen, and he will drag the Englishman's goods one thousand miles into the interior at so much per 100 lbs. He is content to live half of his life on the road, a quarter of his life looking for loads, and the other quarter of his life at home, while others of his countrymen get together sheep and oxen, a Kaffir or Hottentot to look after them, and he is content to live on the proceeds of the wool and the increase of the stock. There are many highly-educated, spirited Dutchmen in the Colony, but they are few compared with the class above-mentioned. As the above came under your notice you called to mind the number of acres uncultivated and almost useless; the want of spirit of enterprise; and you were at the same time told that the country was by far too thinly populated, and that a thousand English families, with capital, thrown in among the unenterprising, would be a blessing to the country. So on you went, up hill and down dale, at the rate of ten miles an hour. You were not long before you passed another German village—namely, Jackson; the same kind of well-cultivated plots, the same kind of round faces; some at work on the land, some carrying produce, some attending the stock, some out with that everlasting spider. When you heard the word "spider" you inquired what the meaning of the spider was, and you were told that a spider was anything, because it was made out of anything (so to say) that came to hand: for instance, a box of any shape or dimensions, with four rollers, like the sheaves of blocks, for wheels, and a tassel-boom, made a spider, and two oxen put or spanned to it, to take the case full to market, and

bring it back full. Then again you were told that the half of an old waggon would make a spider in the same way, and that there were many spiders built bran-new with the same kind of sheave-like wheels, and tents put over them, and many a respectable German family had started on a long journey with a spider for a home. So on you went, passing spider after spider of every conceivable shape, mostly drawn by two oxen, but some would have as many as eight.

You next passed Potsdam, another of the above-mentioned villages, then Berlin, and you are in King William's Town, where you arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon.

King William's Town is a large town; it has its own particular attractions—it is at the head of the river. Opposite the hotel is Market-square, behind the square is the public garden, where you can have a stroll. It is full of trees, flowers, and grass-plats, and the Buffalo runs through it; the streets are wide, the houses are scattered. It is a business town as well as a garrison town. There are two or three good hotels there, and the price for board and lodging per day is 7s. 6d., a bottle of beer 1s. 6d., spirits 6d. per glass, &c., &c.; clothing not much dearer than in England.

Leaving King William's Town, you paid £12 for a seat in the passenger cart to Du Tois Pau; it was made known to you that you would start at four o'clock in the morning, and that you must be ready at that time with not more than 20 lbs. of luggage, but as there was a private cart going to start, you preferred going in that as far as Queen's Town.

An evening at the hotel in King William's Town

you thought somewhat interesting. There were all sorts of people there: there were merchants, living in the town, some of whom had come to see their clients who had just arrived from the diamond fields, others seeking information as to how their clients were doing at the diggings. There were the usual number of travellers who had nothing to do with the fields, such as farmers, traders, transport riders, and visitors. There were the men from the diamond fields, some of whom you noticed were a little "down in the mouth," but were trying all they could not to show it; others who had their belts well loaded, partly with pure white, and the remainder with coloured stones of all sizes. The drink was flying about in all directions, and any person who wished to liquor up free had only to ask a successful digger to allow you to look at his diamonds, and "What will you have?" was sure to follow.

You, however, got up in a corner, and were content to look on, but you could not help hearing. There were, however, two or three in the room whom you had known years ago in the eastern province. Among the few you knew was a successful digger, and the last time you met him was at his hotel; you were a traveller, and he used to keep one of those establishments so common in South Africa, and known as half winkle and half hotel—that is to say, the front door of the building was in the centre thereof; as you entered if you turned to the right you turned into the shop, turn to the left and you turned into a comfortable hotel. Such was the place owned by the now successful digger. You remembered having heard that he had been unsuccessful at his hotel and winkle, and went to try his luck at

the fields. From his own conversation you could gather that he had long and trying hard work, but being a stout, burly fellow, he was able to stand all that. He stated, to use his own words, that he had been messing about for about seventeen months, and was unsuccessful, in fact he was cleaned out, and when the first billiard-table arrived at the fields he was without a penny. He, however, managed to get the berth as billiard-marker, and being a good pool-player, he managed to get together a few pounds, when he gave up billiard-marking and resumed digging. Six months after that he was on his way to England, worth £60,000 !

There were others there, talking freely of their different successes, but you seldom heard of those who were unsuccessful, and many who were rich in diamonds said very little about it.

You sat and listened till about ten o'clock, and as you had to be stirring at four in the morning, you were glad to get to bed.

After an early breakfast the next morning, in a cart with four good horses you made a start for Queen's Town. The drive out of King William's Town is a very interesting one, as, shortly after you leave it, you get behind a bald hill, which takes from your view the centre of the town, while both ends are visible ; then you started at one end and kept the other in sight, and as you distanced it, the other end, as it were, sunk down into the valley, and was lost sight of altogether. So on you went, riding over one hill, then down into a valley, and over another hill until you had to climb the first mountain range, at the foot of which is Sandili's land, a well-known Kaffir chief. As far as the eye could reach, in a valley parallel to the

above-mentioned mountain range, lay the kraals of that noted chief, amid the choicest land of South Africa, and which is still held by the tribes of the different chiefs. You remembered, when you were staying at the same hotel with him years ago in Cape Town, you thought you would so much like to see his kraals, and there they were before your eyes, the whole of the land in cultivation, excepting that which was left for grazing purposes.

Before you commence to climb the mountain you have to pass through a thick bush, then a river, which runs right through Sandili's location. After fording this river you again enter a dense bush, and you then commence the rise up over the Ixeli mountains, which are well wooded all the way up the road, which is very heavy indeed, and when you get to the top it is rather cold.

You found on the top of this mountain a very small, but very good hotel, called the "Bush" Hotel, but it ought to have been called the "Bleak House" Hotel. Here you met a missionary and his sister; they were said to be residing over the other side of the Kei River; they had been to Queen's Town, and were on their way to King William's Town, which, when they arrive at their journey's end, would make a six days' ride on horseback. You were told that they belonged to St. John's Episcopal Missionary station.

After feeding and resting the horses you started, not so much down hill, but along the top of the mountain, a little up hill and down dale. Every now and then you pass a cluster of trees, and the country all round seems dotted with specks of bush, and with these exceptions the whole of the country was of a grassy nature. About

twenty miles from the "Bush" Hotel you came upon another very small, but very comfortable, resting-place—here the horses needed rest, as the roads to it were very heavy and rough.

You commenced to notice at this stage the difference between the Kaffirs where there was no drink and where drink was to be had. The contrast between the fine, well-made, healthy Kaffir who know not the taste of drink, and the shrivelled up Kaffir of intemperate habits, was a sorry one.

Leaving the neat little hotel above mentioned, the next stopping-place was the *Windvogle* Berg, and to get to it is an up-hill and down-dale road—the hills were very bald—nothing but the long grass, scarcely a tree to be seen—in fact, you found yourself in a country where there was nothing to be seen excepting grass, rocks, Kaffirs, bullocks, Cape smoke, and mutton chops. After leaving *Windvogle* Berg, or mountain, having passed over it, you began to get among trees again, but they were only small thorns the shape of large oaks. It is here you crossed the Kei river again, and having been two days from King William's Town, you found yourself at the hotel in Queen's Town over a very rough road.

It being dark when you arrived at Queen's Town, you could not see much when you arrived that evening, but as you had a day to spare you had a look round. You noticed that the town was laid out in the shape of a flower garden, or a square with six sides—*hexagon* shape. The streets all ran out of the hexagon-shaped space, but the streets being wide and the houses in many places far apart, gave the whole of the town a scattered appearance. Altogether, for a comparatively new town, Queen's

Town is a very nice place, and there is lots of business doing there, and it bids fair to be a place of great importance in days to come.

You can live in Queen's Town as cheap as you can in any other part of the Colony. At the hotel you are charged 7s. 6d. per day for board and lodging, perhaps under certain circumstances you might have to pay more, say a shilling more at the best hotel. You may, however, have very good quarters at an excellent hotel, as before stated, for 7s. 6d. per day, by the day, or you might get very good private apartments, with board, for about £6 10s. per month, excepting beer, which, on account of the overland carriage, is dearer, viz. 2s. per bottle—everything else is only a fraction over other places nearer the sea coast.

The evening spent at the hotel was much the same as the evening spent at King William's Town—there were a number of travellers, some on their way to the fields, some coming from them, all with more or less good luck. Notice had been given over night that the passenger waggon would leave Queen's Town at four o'clock next morning.

At four, punctual to the time, a boy was sent round the town with bugle in hand, sounding at every hotel or private house where it was known there was a passenger. A cup of coffee was ready and had been drank by four o'clock, so that you were ready at the time named.

It was a very dark morning, although the stars were all out, so much so that you could scarcely see across the square, and there were no signs of stirring anywhere, not even a light at the other hotel where the cart was to start from about a quarter-past four. However, lights

began to flash through the windows of the other hotels, and shortly afterwards the bugle sounded and was followed by the hard clap of the horses' feet on the hard road, and at half-past four, while it was still dark, you found yourself seated in the passenger waggon, and notwithstanding the darkness of the morning, one loud smack of the long whip and the words "*Right away !*" was the signal for the eight spirited horses to start off at a fast canter, crossing the square, going out through one corner of it, sharp round another corner, helter-skelter along a dark road, away you went at full speed. You wondered how the driver could see the road—you could not, and like a wise fellow, you got a good hold of the cart and kept ready for anything, from a jolt to a capsize—the former you were sure of, the latter you might have.

Notwithstanding the darkness, away you went along a pretty good road. Both the men and the horses seemed to know where they were going, and, as the first shade of daylight began to show itself in the far east, so did you catch a glimpse of the town far away behind you, and something like King William's Town. You first lost sight of some part of the middle of it, then one end of it disappeared altogether, and shortly after the other end was shut in and the town was lost to view. By this time the sky began to redden in the east, and threw its lead-colour reflection over towards the west. The sky was cloudless, there was not a breath of wind, and the morning air was damp and chilly. The blades of grass had large drops of dew on them, and they were to all appearance of a cold, frosty, greyish hue. The sand on the road was crusted with the wet, and, as the horses' hoofs and the wheels went over it, the

wet crust turned over and left a dry spore in its place. There were many holes in the road, some stones, and some ruts, which caused a considerable amount of what they call UP-COUNTRY JUMPS.

The sun soon began to show its upper limb over the mountains far away in the east, and the dewdrops on the grass appeared like diamonds, and you could see them far round you as they glistened in the sunbeams. As the first glare of the morning sun touched your *easterly* cheek and began to warm you up a bit, you felt anxious to see who your companions were.

The first you took particular notice of was the driver; he was something between an African and a Scotchman. He held the reins and spoke to the horses: he had a name for every one of them, and, having called each horse by his particular name, he had one which included the whole. For example, the off-leader was named "*Tumble-down Dick*;" the next, or near leader, "*Handicap*;" the next two, which were red horses, he called, one "*Ginger*," the other "*Ditto*;" then, having called all their names through, he would call them, as a whole, "*Naughty Boys!*" and afterwards "*Right away!*" At the four last words and a cut with the whip the horses used to go off at full gallop, dancing and ducking their heads between their forelegs. Alongside the driver was a bastard Hottentot: he held the whip, and could smash a fly on the neck of any of the horses with the lash on his long thong. It was his duty to see that every horse did his share of pulling; and when he saw the traces of either of them slack, he would give him such an unmerciful smack with the whip as would rather astonish him. Next to the bastard Hottentot, and on

the same seat, was a stout, red-headed, navy-looking fellow. He was quiet, and mostly had a short wooden pipe in his mouth. He was a company—the look, stock, and barrel of a company; which means that five of his friends had clubbed together, each one hundred pounds, and with the five hundred they had sent him to the diamond fields in search of diamonds. Those three occupied the front seat of the waggon.

On number two seat was, first, a merchant who had allowed a customer at the fields to get very much on the wrong side of his ledger, and, having heard that this said customer was selling some of the goods much below the market price, and packing up another part of them, he was on his way to overtake him. On this seat there also sat another merchant. He was a very fast, good-natured individual—game to stand drinks or to toss for drink, sing you a song, tell you an anecdote, and make you laugh, but, withal, having an eye to business. Next to him sat rather a soft-looking Scotchman; mind, he only looked soft. He was so canny that he never would laugh at a joke without at least two hours' consideration; and having heard a joke in the waggon, he would, some hours after (perhaps when he was taking a meal at the hotel), get up and push the wrist part of his hands into the softest part of his side, and laugh until he turned quite red in the face. All you could get out of this Scotchman was that he was going to the fields to see what they were like. Those three completed the second seat.

On the third seat there were three others—one a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, a dealer in garments, &c. Next to him sat an hotel-keeper, who, as

you were told confidentially, was in the habit of selling *threepenny wets*; meaning that he sold a glass of grog for threepence instead of sixpence. The third was an officer out of one of the steamers. He had got his discharge, and, being a steady, smart young fellow, a merchant had bought him a claim at New Rush, and he was going there to work out the claim. The merchant was to pay all expenses, and the officer was to have one-fourth of the proceeds, the other three-fourths, of course, going to the former. This completed the third seat.

You were on the last or back seat, and you remember they used to call you "Dismal Jemie;" so we will say no more about you. Alongside of you sat a young gentleman from England. He had left his home to come out to the diamond fields, and had only just enough money to take him there. He said he could not work, and he had never seen such a beastly place in all his life; he wished he had never seen the cursed country, &c., &c. The last one on the back seat was a diamond merchant, who told you that something like fifteen hundred diamonds used to pass through his hands in a fortnight, some of them of great value! He was purchasing for a London house.

The above made up the load of the waggon, bound for the diggings, in 1872. The waggon itself was a comfortable one, with a square tent cover, and flaps to let down or roll up in order to keep the sun or rain out. It was exceedingly strong, but just three inches too narrow. The seats were covered with leather cushions. Part of the luggage was packed under the seats, some on the tail-board behind, and the other part lashed all

round the waggon, just over the wheels. The pace you went at was about eight miles an hour over a good road, and about four miles over a bad one. There was a break on the wheels to keep the waggon from going down hill too fast.

You were delighted when they pulled up at an hotel to find that breakfast was ready for you all; the waggon was, of course, expected, and at about half-past seven you were all seated at a comfortable table, with eggs and bacon, mutton chops, and bread and butter in front of you; to drink, you could have either tea or coffee, and for the breakfast you had to pay two shillings.

Having finished the breakfast, you had time to have a smoke if you desired it, and at about a quarter-past eight o'clock the horses were inspanned, and you were again on the road.

Having started from the "Junction" Hotel, where you had had a very good breakfast, indeed, for the two shillings, on you went again at about the same pace—namely, about eight miles an hour over the good road, and from four to six over the bad or middling.

It was in this stage that you commenced to observe the amount of traffic going along towards the diamond fields, between the place where you had breakfasted and the next stage, called "Schutte." The road was pretty good, and several farms were to be seen along it, some in the distance—some along the roadside—and the road itself was lined with waggons, some of which were loaded with cases and casks of drinkables, bags of rice, tents, wooden houses, and galvanised iron stores. Some of those which were loaded with goods that were not bulky (such as galvanised iron), had tents thrown over

the waggons, and under these tents there were clusters of women and children, all on their way to the fields.

After stopping at Schutte about twenty minutes in order to change horses, you started again, and this stage was a very good road indeed; you were able to get along at the rate of about nine miles per hour, and were not long in getting as far as Bushman's Hock. There is a very comfortable hotel at the latter place, and every ordinary comfort may be had there. You, however, stop to change horses, and were soon on the road again. Shortly after leaving Bushman's Hock Hotel you found yourself under the Stormberg Mountain, and as you begin to ascend it you begin to feel the cold. The next place you come to is the Red Hotel. The country around here is very mountainous, there is a good deal of wood and water about, and you thought that with the exception of the mountains the country was a sort of stereotype of the other country you had passed. The charges for food at the Red Hotel were, two shillings for breakfast, three shillings for dinner, two shillings for tea or supper, and two shillings for a bed. Here wines, spirits, and especially beer, begin to get expensive—two shillings to two shillings and threepence per bottle for the latter.

The next stage to the Red Hotel is Burghersdorp; here you stopped all night—you had a job to get a bed, but as you were a very old traveller you took care to secure one the moment you put your foot into the hotel.

Burghersdorp is a small town; like most of the towns in South Africa, it has wide streets, and the houses are much scattered. The people in it are mostly the

descendants of the Dutch boer ; but the diamond fields will make a difference here as it will all over the Colony—the Dutch girls will find it desirable now and then to listen to an Englishman or a German, an American, or perhaps a Frenchman—in fact they will see the spirit of enterprise that exists in those who come from far over the sea, and pick up diamonds at their very door and carry them away to Europe. Some of them have already said—“Take me along with your other treasures ; I don’t wish to stop here to be obliged to marry my cousin, whose mother married her cousin,” and so on. You know, of your own knowledge, that many a good wife has been met with in South Africa, and there are many in England now who shine forth in society as a credit to it, and a credit to the country they were brought up in, wild as it is.

Reverting again to the hotel at Burghersdorp : although there was a great rush that evening, you managed to get everything you required, and after supper and a good sleep you were fresh and ready to start the next morning. So far as house rent and actual food are concerned you may live very cheap at Burghersdorp, but imported drinkables are very dear.

Leaving Burghersdorp, you pass on through a grazing country over which farms are scattered about in all directions, and, after a moderately long stage, you come to Sower Fontiene. Here you had mutton chops and coffee, the everlasting South African breakfast. Then, after inspanning fresh horses, you started on the road again, and the next place you stopped at was Bathaie, but before you got there you had to cross the Orange River.

Arriving at the banks of the Orange River, a curious sight presented itself. The traffic was so great that the punt was not equal to the work. Vehicles of every description were accumulated there. Here was to be seen the regular transport rider, who had done nothing else, or seen very little else all his life than oxen, waggons, horses, sheep, goats, wool, forage, and axle or friction grease; next there was the more wealthy class of transport riders, who take seven or eight waggons with them each journey, and perhaps have several span of oxen on the road (for a stand-by). These are, for the most part, educated men—smart, strong, manly-looking fellows—who almost live on horseback; and the pride of their lives is to see their oxen and horses in good condition. They are, generally speaking, responsible men, and as hardy in their nature as men can be. They think nothing of riding seventy or eighty miles a day to overtake their waggons; and, after doing so, they will have a piece of meat, perhaps without bread or salt, then wrap themselves up in canvas, and sleep on the ground under their waggons; get up in the morning again, just shift their shoulders about in their clothing, have a wash and a cup of coffee, and off they go in front of their waggons, to look, perhaps, at the state of the roads, or of a river in front. If he finds that the river “is down”—which means that it is up too high to cross—or that a part of the road has been washed away so that it is impassable, in the first case he will go and look for another place where he may cross or ford the river; if it happens that the road is bad, he will go on horseback through the bush, and mark out with his eye a place for a new road. Having made up his mind that the waggons

can get along through the bush or over a fresh fording-place, he will then knee-halter his horse, let him feed, light his pipe, and walk about by the roadside until his waggons come up. When they have arrived, he will take the whip himself and the span he thinks most fit for the task, and, looking round the waggons in order to see that everything is fast, away he goes with his oxen boldly through the bush, calling each one by its name, and smacking his whip so that the echo resounds through the gullies of the far-distant mountains. On goes the waggon, making a road for itself where no trace of one has ever been before; then follow the other waggons; and that spure becomes the permanent road until the other becomes passable again.

Those are two of the kind of people you meet with waiting for their turn to cross the Orange River, but there were many others there besides those already described. Whole families were met with, tracking away from their homes, with their waggons, oxen, sheep, goats, horses, and household goods—all off to the diamond fields. Then there were the private hire-waggons, with new arrivals from different parts of the world; and there were also some of the everlasting spiders from British Kaffraria, with a tent over the waggon, inside of which were to be seen the round-faced, square-built German, with his wife, as round in the face and square in the body as her husband; then four or five children, who appeared as if you were looking at their parents through the wrong end of a telescope! There were also many horse and mule waggons laden with valuable goods, such as cloth or piece goods, and many with spirits and beer.

In fact, that side of the Orange River was, when you

passed it, like a town composed of waggon-tents, oxen, horses, mules, sheep, goats, and wood-fires. There were many droves of slaughter-oxen on their way up to the fields, and it was curious to see the endeavours made to get these oxen across the river. There were two reasons why they wanted to get them across without the punt; one was that they had to wait so long for their turn, the other they wished to save the price of taking them over. They would therefore go some distance up the river to a place where it was shallower, but much broader than where the punt was worked. Then four or five of the drivers would take perhaps fifty oxen down to the waterside; they would get on each side of them, and some behind them, and whip them right out into the stream. The oxen would walk, perhaps, about one-third across; then they would come into deep water, and would have to swim for it, but when about half-way across they would take the ground and begin to walk, and when they got their bodies just out of the water, there they would stand and look at their drivers—quite out of the reach of them—and all the drivers could do was to stand and look at them, and perhaps after standing looking at each other for several hours, the oxen would take it into their heads to swim back again, in spite of all the whips of the drivers or the herds. They would scatter themselves about, and as fast as one was beaten back another would swim on shore, land anywhere on the same side they started from, scramble up through the bush on the river side, get into the open grass, and graze along as quiet as if nothing had happened.

Such were the sights you saw when you approached

the banks of the Orange River—a sight you may never see again. All was life there, in a part of the world where, only a year or two before, there were neither waggons nor punt; but now, with a large punt, the men could not take the traffic across half fast enough, notwithstanding that many of the people who were anxious to get across lent a hand to work the punt, and kept it at work even while the men were at their meals.

You, however, had no such stoppages; the proprietor of the passenger waggon you were in had very wisely made arrangements that his waggons were to have the precedence over any other waggons, and that the passenger waggon must be taken across at once. Of course there were many who had been waiting over twenty days for their turn to cross, and they were vexed, and tried to stop your waggon from going on to the punt, but the driver and the horses were ever so much too smart for them. He watched the chance as soon as the punt was in the proper position, and to the astonishment of a Dutchman who was in the act of leading his oxen and waggon to the sloping part of the bank, your driver just gave the leaders one smack with the whip, and with the words, "Right away, naughty boys!" they sprang in front of the waggon, another smack at the leading oxen and the fore-looper served to turn the latter up the bank again, and in the next moment the eight horses were slipping down the river's bank on their haunches, and the passenger waggon, with the breaks on both hind wheels, slid down after them, and in another moment the whole team and waggon was on the punt, and on looking round, you

observed that the Dutchman had scarcely recovered from his surprise when you were half-way across the river.

Your waggon and yourself, however, got safely across, and when the punt was in the proper position on the other side, then came the tug. It was almost impossible for any horse, you thought, to scramble up that bank, notwithstanding that you all got out and walked up by the side of the cutting; it was just as much as you could do to climb up. Nevertheless the driver seemed to know that it was difficult, but that it was to be done, and the horses seemed also to know what they had to do, and with the help of the driver they got themselves ready for the task, and as soon as all was clear they made the start from the deck of the craft; the deck itself was quite wet, and about two inches thick with slimy mud—so slippery that the horses could scarcely keep their feet on it, and it was with very much difficulty they did keep on their legs—the man who held the whip gave one or two unmerciful smacks round the loins of the leaders, and away they went, helter-skelter, up the steep, muddy, cut-up pass—you could not call it a road—but up they went at full split, and in a minute were on the top, panting, snorting, and trembling like frightened bucks.

After the horses had had a blow the passengers all took their seats, and you were soon on your way again, and were not long ere you had passed "Bathuie," and certainly did not envy those who were left behind waiting to cross the Orange River.

The country, as you approach the diamond fields, is especially rich in grass, and it is also rich in game. Not

many miles after you cross the Orange River you meet with many buck, and at times you see the hill-sides brown with them. When you first come to their whereabouts, you see, perhaps, two or three quietly grazing a little distance from the roadside, and they will simply hold up their heads and gaze at your vehicle as you pass, and after they have had a good look they will go on feeding; perhaps a mile or two further on you will see a dozen or two—some of them pretty near the roadside—some on one side, some on the other. These, as did the others, will hold up their heads and look at you till you get quite close to them; they will then very often take to their heels, and spring away right across the road under the eight horses' heads to join their mates on the other side, and after about fifteen springs they will turn round and stand quite still and, as it were, look you hard in the face for a few moments, then turn round and off again.

As you increase your distance from the Orange River, so do you increase the quantity of game you pass in sight of, but they are mostly spring buck. The whole of the country between the Orange River and Fauresmith is, so to say, bald, unless in the gullies. As on the banks of the rivers, there are no trees, but it abounds in rich grass, and now and then you see a cluster of bush in the distance.

After passing over a sort of flat land, and not many miles on, the country is rocky in places, but there is still plenty of good grazing land, and excellent places for out-spanning.

The next place of importance you stop at is Fauresmith, a somewhat important place, considering its

distance from the sea-coast. You arrived there early in the day, and it was found to have been raining hard, and there was reason to believe that the river was too full to cross. This next river in front is called the Mudder River, and is one that at times is most dangerous and at other times most insignificant; however, it was thought that when we got to the banks we should be stuck there, and as we were in a comfortable hotel it was deemed unwise to go on until we were sure; and in order to make sure a boy was sent on in front on horse-back, with orders to cross the river with the horse, find out whether the waggon could cross, and come back and report. The boy having been started, and the whole of the travellers having got outside a good luncheon, it was suggested by some one of the passengers that we should in the meantime pay a visit to Jagerfontein diamond fields. These were the first diamond fields you had ever seen.

From Fauresmith to the Jagerfontein the road is very interesting, and is also a very good one, the distance is only about four and a half miles. The country is rich in grass especially, and there is no want of wood a little distance off. There is plenty of water in and about the town, and it struck you as a very nice resting-place for an invalid. The country, as before noticed, is rich in grass and water, the soil is tempered with fine sand and very fertile, the whole surface, and even the tops of the high hills, are covered with either woods, shrubs, or grass, except in uncommonly dry seasons. The character of the country alters as you near the diamond fields. Round about Fauresmith and Jagerfontein the country exhibits great beauty, and its natural capabilities surpass



these of many other portions of South Africa. The natural scenery shows great variety of feature ; it is often of a broken character, having flat-topped hills rising abruptly out of the grassy plains, the steep sides of which are clothed with green bush. This flat country laying, so to say, low, marks the course of the several rivers in the vicinity.

You were much struck with the first sight of a diamond field ; to get to it you had to round a hill, and it came in sight all of a sudden, and when you were quite near to it. Jagerfontein is an exceptional digging ; in the first place it is close to a town where supplies of every kind may be had ; and in the second place almost every digger had his family with him, and his tent was therefore comfortable.

Having rounded the hill above mentioned, you came all at once, as it were, right on the diggings. There you saw a small canvas town mixed up with numerous heaps of earth as well as tents ; there were many waggons having tents over them also, and some of the families being large, occupied a waggon and a tent also. Nothing could have a more orderly appearance than these small diggings. To get at them you had to head a small gulley or water course, and having headed that, you could dive in right among the tents, which, when you did, you found the people there nearly all Dutch. The men, for the most part, were down in the claims at work, while the elderly females were in charge of the tents, doing needlework or attending to other domestic matters, the boys and young girls were at the sorting tables or pulling up the buckets full of sorting stuff.

You were much struck with the orderly way in which

the digging for diamonds was conducted. There were, perhaps, in all about three hundred families, then their tents were about thirty yards from each other, and as a rule, there lay alongside of each tent or waggon a heap of stuff for sorting, or a heap that had already been sorted. The deepest diggings you saw at the time you were there were about twenty feet, and you noticed that when down about that depth they worked under as far as they could with safety, and you noticed also that where they were most in hope of finding, and where the best diamonds had been found, was among the large round boulders, weighing from two hundred-weight to two tons each. It was very hard to find out the truth of how many had been found, as the people seem very quiet about that, but you managed to get a look at some very pretty white stones, and one twenty-three carat one especially. You inquired about the price of a claim there, and were told that you could get a claim for about a pound per month. To all appearance the people must have been doing well, as they seemed quite content and happy.

You remained there only a few hours, and saw all that was to be seen; you saw the homes of the diggers, you saw the diggers at work in their diggings—you saw some very neatly dressed young girls, from seventeen to about twenty-five, at the sorting tables, sorting for diamonds—you saw smaller boys and girls pulling up the stuff to be sorted—in fact you saw a compact little diamond field without idlers or loafers, and when you left it you were glad you had seen it.

On your return to Fauresmith it was determined that your waggon would not start till the morning, so you

made up your mind for a good dinner and a good night's rest. There were two hotels at this place, and it transpired that they both belonged to one man, therefore those who could not find room in number one hotel had only to cross the road and he would get a bed at number two hotel, but all hands dined, &c., at number one. The hotel, altogether, was very good, and the charges were moderate, namely, you were charged for bed, dinner, coffee, and grog, 10s. 6d. It is here that imported liquors are very dear, for instance, a bottle of beer, 2s. 6d.; a bottle of Hennessy's brandy, 9s. or 10s.; an ordinary flask of gin, 7s. 6d.; but real necessities of life are not expensive, and the prices of imported liquors are exceptionally high on account of the excessive rate of land carriage; at the hotel you get a good dinner for 2s. 6d., any other meal 2s.

The next morning early, and after taking a cup of coffee, you made another start with eight fresh horses in the waggon, and you felt much refreshed after a good night's rest; you were not long after you started in getting to the banks of Mudder River, and as the water had fallen during the night it was just fordable. There was, however, some difficulty in crossing it, as the approach to it was very bad and steep, and just as you were going out on the other side you found there was a large mud-hole which nearly swamped the whole turn-out, and then it was as much as the horses could do to scramble up the bank on the other side, which was steep, slippery, and dangerous. Having scrambled up the bank somehow, you found a fine open country, like the other country you had passed through—it was rich in grass, plenty of water, and you had to go but a very little

distance to get plenty of wood. The road, after crossing Mudder River, is good, but in some parts heavy, especially after the rain, and as you distanced the last mentioned river the country was more open, and there were some hills of granite rocks every here and there in the open country. Here the game is very plentiful; on each side of the road you saw hundreds of buck quietly grazing on the plains; they only just held up their heads to look at you as you passed, and then they would either spring away or go on grazing again. In crossing these plains you have to change horses twice, each time at a Kaffir kraal. The first of these was miserable, but the second was more interesting, and the people, who were Kaffirs, seemed to be well to do; you, as before stated, were to change horses here, but the horses had strayed away, and the Kaffir in charge had to saddle up a horse and ride after the change of horses; this gave you an opportunity of seeing what a Kaffir kraal was really like.

In the centre of the location you saw a large circular place fenced in by bushes, with the storky ends upwards, Into this (which is called the beast kraal) all the cattle belonging to the kraal are driven in the evening and milked, and in the morning, after milking again, they are led out into the fields and are watched by the small boys and girls.

In the middle of the beast kraal is a pit dug pretty deep, in which the corn lies on the bare ground, but is covered with straw, and the straw is again covered with cow-dung, and then externally by earth. Belonging to this kraal was a common garden, and one or two small private ones. They were fenced in nearly the same as the beast kraal. Then there were small kraals, in which

they locked up their calves; round the last mentioned kraals were placed the houses, which were the shape of a dome, and built by the women. They commence building by drawing a circle on the ground of from about sixteen to twenty-six feet in diameter; they then place all round this circle long sticks, at the distance of about a foot apart, but leaving a space for the door; these they bend and join, so as to form so many arches, crossing each other at the top, and across these they fix thinner ones in various directions. This kind of dome is supported by two, three, or four strong poles, thatched with straw, and lined in the inside with clay mixed with cow-dung; the entrance is between two and three feet high and has in the inside a kind of portal; these huts have no chimney, but the smoke escapes through the straw of the roof. Kaffirs never place their kraals close to a river, but keep always at a distance of three or four hundred paces, to avoid the cold and fogs arising from it, and they prefer woody country.

You saw in cultivation large quantities of tobacco and mealies—the women seemed to have the most of the work to do at home, but the men hire themselves out to farmers for sheep-shearing, and other purposes. The Kaffirs are not fond of salt, they roll their meat in cow-dung, and then throw it on the fire to roast. When they have no matches they get a light by means of rubbing one stick against another.

Round and about these huts you notice a lot of children, and with them several young girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty; they had the appearance of being very happy. They were very clean, and well fed; five or six of these girls kept up a dance all the time you

were there, each of them humming a tune, while at the same time their movements were very graceful.

By the time you had noticed the above, the horses were driven up and inspurred, and you were soon on the road again, and across a plain very much like a sea of grass with a heap of greyish rocks here and there, which served to relieve the eye. On these plains there were innumerable buck of different kinds—there were the spring buck in thousands, the bless buck, the wilder beast, and others, and they were often within shooting distance of the waggon, and would very often take it into their heads to spring right across the road in front of the horses—they often did this in order to join the other part of the herd to which they belonged.

NEARING THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

One stage from, or about fifteen miles before you reach the diamond fields, and coming from a south-easterly direction, you find the country overspread with small round hills, or what is called in that part a "K." These round hills are covered with very long grass of a very light green colour, and this grass is dotted all over with prettily-shaped thorn trees. The latter being nearly black gives to the scenery, when you are close to it, a very pretty appearance, very much like a park; and when you are at a distance off it has the appearance of a stubble field with the manure heaps in it. When in this part you had to change horses for the last time before getting to the diggings. Here again the horses were a long way off, and you had therefore to wait until the change of horses came.

The day was hot in the sun, but out of the sun it was cool, there being nice bracing breezes. The place where you had stopped was at a Dutch farmer's; they had only just rented the farm, which was about one thousand acres. Their abode consisted of a tent, and a tent waggon; the tent was about twenty feet long by about ten feet broad; along on each side of the tent were a row of boxes which contained wearing apparel and household goods. On one of these boxes sat a stout elderly dame doing needle-work; just outside the back of the tent and in the shade were several children playing, and just inside the tent back-door, and up in each corner, there sat two young girls, one about the age of seventeen, the other about nineteen; they were respectively named Leah and Crissa—the former was the eldest, and Crissa the youngest. On entering the tent you were expected to shake hands with every one of them, and then take a seat. As each one entered they went through the ceremony of shaking hands, and placed themselves on the boxes. Those who could talk Dutch commenced talking to the old lady, and those who could not conversed with the younger ones. You were much struck with the simplicity and beauty of these two girls, especially Leah, the eldest. She was one of those golden-haired, clear-skinned beauties that you seldom meet with, and what made her more beautiful, she was natural, not made up—her beautiful wavy, more than golden hair, had been combed down and the ends doubled under, and dropped into a long net, which was allowed to hang down behind; her hair being combed off her forehead, it rose up of itself into half ringlets over the top and round the sides of her head her eyebrows were com-

pact, and only a tint of gold to show the outlines of them over her fair and noble forehead; her eyelashes were long and slightly turned up, not at the ends, but from the beginning of them to the end. Standing in front of her, or looking her straight in the face, you could scarcely see her eyelashes, but looking at her side face, you were surprised to see how long they were, and so much of them. Her eyes were large and blue, not a dark blue, nor were they a light blue; *they were blue*, but there was just a tint of gold all over the surface of them, not much unlike as if the first blaze of the morning sun was shining into them always. Her nose seemed to be shaped especially for her forehead and face; there was a slight indentation in it just where it (so to say) left her forehead, and then ran down nearly straight to the end, not quite straight, but just a gentle rise that was at its highest about half-way down to its beautifully small but rounded tip; from thence it ran down to her face, where it seemed to be well fastened, without spreading over it much; her cheeks were a FLAT round, you could not see where the bones were, although there was something to show they were there. She had a tint of red just in the place where it ought to be, and you could not see where that tint ended, you could only see that it was deepest in the middle. You could plainly see where the tint was, and more plainly where it was not, because where it was not, was pure white with a very thin layer of flesh-colour over it. Her ears were tiny, and fitted close to the side of her head, and it made you feel almost sorry that some of her golden hair had fallen over the top of them, as it fell into the net that was fastened half-way down the back of her head. Her neck was

long, or rather her head was a pleasing height above her shoulders; and there was a gentle slope down to her shoulders; and from under her exquisite chin in the throat part of her neck there was a slight rise, and from there she enlarged downwards to a fascinating feminine slope in front. It was plain her hands had done work, but they refused to get large. Her feet were in her slippers, and although the slippers were small, you could see enough of her feet to convince you that they were much too large for her. She wore a light blue cotton dress with wavy, narrow, white stripes running downwards on it; it was fastened round her waist by means of a band or sash made out of the same kind of stuff as her dress—the latter was buttoned all the way up the front of the skirt and body. The dress was slightly loose, but showed off her long, but somewhat slender waist. Round the neck part of her dress, as well as round the sleeves at her wrists, she wore a piece of pure white, prettily-worked lace. There was not a single ornament of any kind about her, and by her manner you could plainly see that she did not know she was pretty; and she seemed as if it were impossible for her to speak without a smile, or without showing the whitest and most even row of teeth, not one of which were touching the other on top or below in front, but were as near to each other as they could possibly get without touching, and the pure whiteness of them showed the contrast between them and her rich crimson lips, which just commenced (especially the lower one) to pout or turn out a little; but they ran away from their thickest part in the middle to each corner, and ended in something like a tiny semicircle, where the red part tapered off to

nothing, making altogether a well-proportioned mouth. In fact, she was natural, so much so, that any ornamental touch would have spoilt her.

You thought to yourself, what a treat to look at a young girl so unspoiled by fashion! Her sister was pretty, dressed in the same manner as Leah, but was not quite full blown; but you thought to yourself, in a year or two Crissa would also shine forth.

You had noticed while you were engaged looking at this beautiful Africander girl, that the Scotchman who was travelling with you had not entered the tent; but you were not surprised, he generally stopped to look where he was going before he entered anywhere. It was not long, however, ere he did enter, and when he did, he made rather a mess of it.

He was a young fellow of about twenty-five years of age; he was tall, nearly six feet—not stout, but strong built, and was what would be called a fine, handsome man, in perfect health, very rarely touching anything stronger than water; he was exceedingly active, dressed in a rough but good suit of brownish mixed Scotch Tweed, a grey-striped stout linen shirt, a black silk necktie fastened by a sailor's knot and the collar turned down over it, to show the strongest part of his neck; he was unshaved, had a moustache and curly jet black beard, with fresh-coloured cheeks, and he wore a Glengarry cap, which he took off as he entered the tent, and exposed a short-cropped head of jet-black curly hair—such was the Scotchman who made such a mess of it at first sight of that beautiful girl.

You were much surprised to see how effectually the Scotchman was staggered to see Leah look up as

he stooped to get under the tent door; their eyes met. He took her hand, the touch of it seemed to electrify him; in his confusion he still retained her hand. She rose from her seat and seemed to remember that her hand was still in his, a crimson tint spread all over her face and neck as their eyes met the second time, but she soon, as it were, allowed her hand and her face to drop towards the ground, and in her innocence and confusion she said aloud, "Oh dear me, I feel quite hot." The Scotchman stepped back in order to take a seat, and not seeing the old lady behind him, was quietly placing himself in her lap, but a needle that happened to be among her work came in contact with him and made him spring up again in quick time, and while doing so he trod with his entire weight on a dog's foot that was lying inside the tent; the dog gave a yelp and sprang up, took hold of the lower part of the Scotchman's pants, tore a piece clean out of them, and while the dog was in the act of rushing out of the tent he upset a large jar of milk all over the tent floor.

It was at this stage that poor innocent Leah betrayed herself. She had seen the dog seize hold of the Scotchman by the leg, a large pool of milk was spread over the floor of the tent, and just under the foot of the Scotchman, throwing out its strong contrast with the milk, there lay a pool of blood. Leah seeing this, turned from crimson to deadly pale, and rushed forward, and laying her hand on the Scotchman's shoulder, with a great effort she said, "The dog has bitten you—" She could not finish her sentence, she had fainted, and fell into the arms of the Scotchman, who supported her with a tender and respectful touch, and as he placed her

on a stretcher that was near, the large, pearl-like globes of perspiration gathered on his manly forehead, and the tender look that he cast down on the pale statue-like features of the beautiful Africander girl, clearly showed that it was a case of love at first sight. There was no mistake about how Leah felt, the innocent girl had betrayed herself, but at that time she knew not what was the matter with her.

The moment Leah fainted all eyes were turned towards her, and for the moment, the Scotchman and his supposed bitten leg was forgotten, but as soon as the fainting girl had been attended to, the old lady, trembling with excitement, said, "I fear you are hurt?" He scarcely knew what he was about. He put his hand behind him and felt, and said, "It is no matter, it was only a needle." The old lady said with a blush, "I don't mean there, the dog has bitten you; look at the blood." The Scotchman said that he did not feel it, but he got alarmed when he saw the pool of blood; he stooped down to feel his leg, and found it was all right.

The day on which the above scene happened was a bright and cheerful day (the milk and blood had been cleaned up; the latter, it was discovered, came out of a basin that had been standing near the milk jar; it was the blood of a goat that had been killed a short time before the waggon arrived). Leah had come to again, and there was a jolly good laugh at the whole affair, and when the young Africander girl was told how she had fallen into the arms of the Scotchman, she looked down to the ground, the crimson tint came, and she appeared more beautiful than ever.

Being a bright day, as above mentioned, it was suggested that each should take a walk round the farm; some, however, were not inclined, but you volunteered, for one, to join in the walk, and so did the Scotchman and the two Africander girls. You being an old fellow, the girls did not mind you—you took charge of them, and at first walked between them, and you noticed that the Scotchman was not very far behind; you walked rather fast at first, but when you got out of sight of the house, and away from the other passengers, you slackened your pace, and let Hector Wallace. (such was the name of your friend the Scotchman) come up with you. Hector, having long legs, was not long in overtaking you, and he took care to come upon the side on which Leah was walking. He soon got into conversation with her, and you—like a kind old fellow that you were—quickenened your pace, with Crissa by your side, and was soon in front of them, and, just as you were leaving them, you happened to cast your eyes on Leah; her eyes met yours—she seemed to say thank you with them; a pleasant smile passed over her face, and the little touch of crimson, that you had seen several times before, came, and you ceased to look at her and went on, leaving them alone far behind.

The sun was getting low down, the afternoon was cool, and there had sprung up a gentle breeze; you enjoyed the walk much. You found Crissa a very nice, simple-minded little girl. She had been well educated at a school in Stellenbosch. She had only been home from school about six months, but Leah had been home about two years. She told you there was a young Dutchman paying his addresses to Leah, but neither

Leah nor any member of the family liked him, because he was so purse-proud, and so conceited.

You continued your walk for about two hours in the direction that the change of horses would come, when they were caught. You noticed Crissa looking behind her in a nervous kind of way. You wondered what she was looking after. You took a look also, and you could see Hector and Leah, not far behind you, in close and earnest conversation with each other; but still Crissa continued to look behind her in the same nervous manner. At length she said, "Oh, dear me! here's that fellow coming; what a nuisance!" You said to her, "Who is coming?" She replied, "Oh, that young Dutchman;" and, she continued, "now there will be a bother when he sees Leah walking alone with that gentleman. Pray let us get near them." You accordingly slackened your pace, and they were not long in overtaking you. You noticed that when they came up with you there was a joyous look in both their faces; their eyes were bright, and seemed to be full of happiness. Leah at this time had not seen the young Dutchman coming up behind, but Crissa gave her a hint to look behind her, which she did, and saw in a moment—who was coming—the next moment she had turned deadly pale. You saw Hector had noticed that Leah had turned deadly pale, and he said to her, in a most tender manner, "What is the matter with you, my dear." There was something in the sound of the two words that made Crissa and you look at each other, which look meant—they understand each other already.

You heard her say to Hector, "It's that young Dutchman I was telling you about." At this reply

Hector seemed relieved, and, with a manly laugh, said, "Oh, is that all that is the matter with you? we will soon get over that." It was not long ere the Dutchman came up with them, on a very well-bred bay horse, and he pulled up quite close alongside of Leah, and said to her, "Good afternoon, Miss Currie." "Good afternoon, Mr. Vandyke," replied she to him on horseback; "and," Leah continued, "permit me to introduce to you a new friend, Mr. Hector Wallace, from Edinburgh." "Oh, indeed," said Mr. Vandyke, "a very new friend. I suppose you like new friends better than old ones." Hector immediately coloured up, and said, in a quiet but sarcastic manner, "I will answer that question for Miss Currie, and can tell you that if the young lady has her own way, and chooses one of us two for her friend, I am sure, without any flattery to myself, that it won't be you she will choose; and as your horse's feet are giving Miss Currie the dust, we will get over the other side of you."

You had heard of one man looking daggers at another, but looking daggers at Hector was not the name for it; he grasped the reins in one hand, his whip in the other, and positively turned the very same colour as his horse, quite light bay, in the face, with rage, and while he was yet in the height of his rage, Hector, with Leah, had got the other side of him, and were quite close to his whip-hand. Vandyke looked down upon Hector with scorn, Hector returned his look with a smile that showed a set of teeth as white as snow, and the smile and a look added to a gentle move of the eye, was all he did.

The Dutchman could stand no more, he lifted his

heavy hunting-whip—the long and heavy thong was hanging over Hector's head—and with one tremendous smack laid the whip round the flanks of his horse. A terrific scream came simultaneously from the two Africander girls, the horse reared on his hind legs, and then with a bound, like a spring-buck he was off through the bush at full gallop, and his rider sitting as firm as if he were a part of the noble animal he was riding. The young Africanders thought the lash of the whip was intended for Hector's face, but Hector was confident, and showed not the least signs of fear.

You soon lost sight of Vandyke and his horse, and were not long after in reaching the tent.

The horses for the waggon had not arrived when you came back from the walk, but they were to be seen coming over the hills in the distance, about a quarter of an hour off; you noticed that Hector was very much excited for him, and he seemed as if he were looking about for some one. You, however, left the tent and had a short stroll, and when you returned you found Hector in close conversation with Leah's father, and by the hearty shake of the hand he gave Hector, you saw they were at least good friends—and the last words Hector said to Leah were—"Fare-you-well, but not for long," and Leah's eyes were red and glistening.

Just as Hector was saying the words, "Fare-you-well, but not for long," Vandyke rode up on another well-bred, well-groomed, and well-conditioned horse; he was just in time to hear Hector's last words, but the latter did not speak to him, but merely looked at him and smiled, and with a few long strides and a jump he was on his seat in the waggon; the horses started,

Hector kissed his hand to Leah, and she kissed her hand to Hector in spite of Vandyke. "Right away, naughty boys;" and the horses were soon on the road, and going full split—you were going through hilly country, excessively rich in grass, and well wooded for the first seven miles after you left the tent; but as you got quite close to the diamond fields the wooded country was left behind, and you saw nothing but bald, grassy hills, and here and there a large sheet of water. There were to be seen large herds of oxen grazing on the hill-sides, and you noticed that they were in excellent condition. There were also large flocks of sheep in the bottom, and on the hill-tops were many goats; it did not strike you that they were much in want of food, at least, from what you saw of the meat kind.

THE APPROACH TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

Rounding the base of one of the flat-topped hills before mentioned, you all of a sudden came in sight of Dutoitspan Camp; to the right of you is hill after hill, those which are close to you looming large, and showing you every bit of scrub, every blade of grass, every piece of rock peeping out from among it, and every stone or boulder laying about in it; you are on a somewhat heavy, half-gravelly, half-sandy road; the hills that are farther from you appear mere smooth, and, of course, smaller—and, as before mentioned, hill after hill is in sight in the far distance, until they appear like the dark waves of the ocean, but without any crest on their tops. To the left of you is more of a flat country, and you observed that there were some wood in the valleys as well

as water; behind you, you can still see the woody hill that you have passed—in front of you there is the camp; you were on the side of a very long hill which had only a very gentle slope downwards, and you had to go about two miles before you got to the bottom of it; you could see that when you did get to the bottom, in order to get to Dutoitspan you had to rise another long and gently-sloped hill, along the top of which was the diggers' homes, appearing to you at first as if many white cards had been strewed about along a ridge of very dark brown earthy hills; then as you get nearer the cards appear as if they had been picked up and placed with their upper edges close together, and their lower edges spread out; then when getting a little nearer you fancy that another change has taken place; some appear much larger than the others, and there are square places as well as triangle ones. There are also round ones, and they, in some places, have the appearance of regularity, and are placed in rows, side by side with each other. Then there are others facing them, and they run side by side, forming long and wide streets. Then, again, you saw dotted here and there, in between the white tents, but in a line with them, structures of a darker complexion, and by looking through a glass at them you could plainly see they were galvanised iron stores—and as well as galvanised iron there were some of wood, but by far the most of them were canvas.

As you get still nearer to Dutoitspan, for such was the name of the camp, the view of the enormous town of canvas, iron, and wood, was spread out on the distant plain, and mostly glistening in its whiteness beneath the rays of an afternoon sun. Seen at a distance,

it had the appearance of some mighty city covering a great and much extended space, and until the New Rush was discovered it was a town of some twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants. As you speedily neared it with the eight fresh horses, you observed the converging routes of traffic from Port Elizabeth, from Cape Town, from King William's Town, and from Graham's Town, all making towards the same destination; the scene became excessively lively, and you saw along these various routes almost every description of vehicle wending its way; you observed the farmers' waggons with the lock, stock, and barrel of their households, the transport-waggon drawn by sixteen mules, the numerous transport ox-waggons drawn by sixteen oxen, the various kinds of passenger waggons, the almighty American "spider," the everlasting colonial spring-cart, the well-known and most useful Scotch-cart, the German spider-waggon, even down to a thing resembling the useful barrow of the costermonger—all these were filled with as many passengers with their chattels, and as much goods as could be crowded into them; and you saw likewise people on horseback, people on foot, all thronging the way. The animation of the scene was not so much confined to those who were making their way to the diggings from this one direction, as it was to the streams of goods and passenger traffic coming out from the diggings in the opposite direction, and as the two currents met, it would be impossible to describe the good-natured chaff which at times was exchanged between the old and new chums—such as "How did you leave the coloured darlings down in Cape Town?" "Don't pick 'em all

up till we come back!" "I would rather have all you don't find than all you do!" "I don't mind going you halves if you find some pure ones!" "Don't get thirsty, beer is three shillings and sixpence a bottle over there, and Cape smoke won't agree with you!" You remember an old chum saying to a new arrival, "I say, mate, I think I have seen you somewhere before—haven't I?" The new chum replied, "Yes, I think so, I have been there very often." The roar of laughter against the former from both waggons was excessive; there was indeed something very jolly in the whole scene. It all seemed like a feast of excitement which you were all of a sudden introduced to, and you were caught up in it almost before you knew where you were. You very shortly got in among the outskirts of the town or camp; here you met numerous empty waggons whose loads have been delivered, and the oxen are being rested a mile or two off.

Now you pass a neat little round tent; it is neat and clean inside. It has its couches—two in number—one on each side, and in the middle there stands a little round table; at that little round table there sat a lady-like person, doing needlework; there lay a little poodle-dog at her feet, as white as snow. That tent was the tent of a doctor; his wife was with him, that was the reason why everything was so very neat and comfortable inside his canvas home. You observed that on the outside of his tent were the words, "George Henry, M.D. At home from 7 till 9 A.M. and from 4 till 9 P.M., unless called out expressly." Not much further on you came to a row of other tents, nearly all with their doors laced up close. These were the homes of diggers; they were

of all shapes and sizes—some were large and round, some were round and small, some were triangular, some were oval or of oblong form; they were nearly all well put up and tidy-like, and especially when there were females in them. The next kind of houses you pass are those owned by the Dutch or Afrianders. These latter generally have more of a home than the bulk of the diggers from the Old Country, inasmuch as they have their covered waggons with them, and being nearer their homes, they have more facilities than the English, and moreover they have, as a rule, their wives and families with them. There were, however, many Dutchmen's tents, as well as Englishmen's tents, very slovenly, but the latter was the exception—they were tidy as a rule.

You have now reached the town, and you pass through one of the wide streets you saw at a distance. You find the roads or streets terribly cut up, and large holes full of mud, still wet with recent rains, but on you go, past every kind of habitation you can imagine, and at length you arrive at the hotel at Dutoitspan.

Being an old traveller, you were of course ready, the moment the waggon stopped, to make one spring from your seat and rush into the canvas hotel to engage, if possible, a bed for the night. This done, you had a wash, and by the time you had refreshed yourself it was six o'clock in the evening.

Then what a busy scene of life presented itself to you! There were hundreds of diggers, in every kind of garb. There were brown canvas trousers and jumpers; there were blue cords and red shirts; there were tanned cords and blue shirts, without neckties or

with neckties, and the shirt-collar thrown wide open; there were brown moleskins, with a garment which was one-third a jacket, one-third a vest, and the other third a shirt, all spliced into one, and therefore all put on at once. There were diggers in whole suits of cords, in whole suits of buckskin, in whole suits of tweeds, of every pattern and shape; there were others in whole suits of white cord, tanned cord, dark—and in fact every kind of rough dress that you had seen in any part of the world. You saw they wore (almost without exception) a belt of stout brown leather, called a diamond belt, which had on each side, and sometimes behind, a pouch, with several compartments in it for holding money or diamonds; and, to make up the dress, they, as a rule, wore strong lace-up boots, and generally a billycock hat.

There were faces of every conceivable cast and colour of the human race. There were the round-faced, light complexioned, golden, ginger-haired men of the Saxon race, with every kind of shaped nose, from the insignificant pug to the respectable or magnificent beak. There was every kind of feature that you had been accustomed to look on—on the shores of the Mediterranean, at Gibraltar, at Constantinople, on the shores of the Black Sea, of the White Sea, of the Red Sea—on the islands, and on the shores of the China seas—on the shores of the Pacific Ocean—in the West Indian islands—in Russia, Poland, Rome, Italy, in America—in fact from all over the face of the earth, Jews and Gentiles (especially the former, who could not be included among those in the rough working dress). The Jews you met with out there never did hard work at any price, they were far too wide awake for that. Besides the above

were to be seen large numbers of the woolly-headed tribes of Africa. Such were the kind of people you saw pacing up and down the streets, or standing about in different groups, relating to one another the exciting tale of the successes at the diggings. Intermingled with and high above the voices of the diggers, and the noise of the busy streets, you heard the continual shouting of the cart-cabmen and the 'bus conductors, shouting out, "New Rush, New Rush," or "Old de Boer's," just as you had been accustomed to hear the conductors call out, "Borough, Elephant and Castle, Clapham, Brixton, Streatham, Croydon," &c., &c.

New Rushes used to be so frequent in their occurrence, without very substantial results, that when a new rush set in you scarcely knew whether to place any reliance on it or not. But ever since the commencement of the active digging at Colesberg Kopje, on De Boer's farm, no new rush that you have heard of has set in with such a flourish, or with such success, as that which has taken place at the "New Rush" which Kopje is, lying about two miles below Colesberg Kopje, and skirting the main road to Pniel. Every one who was not satisfied with his claims at that time, as soon as the news arrived that diamonds had been found there, and that the new Kopje was a veritable land of promise, rushed away, measure in hand, to mark off a couple of claims, which it was supposed would soon be worth a thousand pounds apiece; and there were thousands who arrived too late to secure even a foot of the richly diamondiferous soil.

Anxiously did the outside expectants watch the surveyor as he set out the claims, hoping to come in for a

piece not then appropriated ; but when about a thousand claims had been set off, large were the numbers who had to return in despair. Some of them, however, consoled themselves by saying that it would turn out a failure, and that if they had been among the fortunate ones they would only have had their labour for their pains.

Reverting again to the hotel at Dutoitspan, you were struck with the enormous amount of drinking that was going on. Entering the hotel (which was constructed of wood and canvas, *i.e.* a wooden frame and canvas roof and sides), on your left hand there was a bar rough in the extreme, but very much rougher were the people at it, some slightly washed, some unwashed, and some decent. The unwashed were the drunkards, the slightly washed were those who were merely tipping, and going the right way to become one of the unwashed, and, from the efflorescence of red and purple pimples that adorned their noses and cheeks, you felt quite sure that they were determined to paint the former well at any price. These drunkards were, however, few, compared with the numbers of steady, hard-working, noble-minded fellows who were the diggers proper (many of whom were the descendants of noble families), who could go there and handle a shovel and a pick to the advantage of themselves, without degrading their people in the Old Country. Very many of this class go there and work hard, go through all sorts of hardships, and after all their trials and forbearance, become masters of their work : they lay down the shovel and the pick also, and employ Kaffirs to do the work for them, and they become the sorters of the stuff from their own claims ; being sober, steady, quiet, and industrious, they soon

become rich. They are wiser and better men than when they left their homes; they go and figure once more in a ball-room, are sought after by all who are worth knowing; while those who drink "go to the dogs," and are good-morninged and good-dayed away by every one they meet. Whether they come home or remain abroad, they ultimately go to war with themselves, fight with their constitutions until they overpower them—the cursed drink gets the best of them, and sometimes worse than death follows.

Such is the difference between the well-born, steady, hard-working man of the diggings, and the man of the same stamp who persists in worshipping the rosy god. It is a blessing, however (as you have noted above), that only a few give way where many hold out; but you do strongly advise all who go there to leave grog alone. Travelling all over the country as you have done, noticing the character of the people of to-day, so to say, you never met a teetotaler who could not spare a pound or two, and all those who were hard up and wanted to borrow were those who drank hard. Of course misfortune may drive a man hard up for a while in the colony, but it does not last long. The advice you gave to young men when you were asked (and you were often asked) was, "Be honest, and don't drink intoxicating liquors."

In order to make yourself understand thoroughly what the diggings were really like, you took it into your head to have a midnight walk; in fact, you made up your mind to see what the great canvas city was like in its stillest moments, and in order to do so you, after having had a good rest, set out alone, determined to take stock of this wonderful place.

MOONLIGHT AND MIDNIGHT WALKS THROUGH THE DIGGERS' CITY, "NEW RUSH."

NEW RUSH being for all intents and purposes the diamond fields of the period, you thought you would do well to take particular notice of this enormous camp of enterprise; you were determined to see it in all its phases.

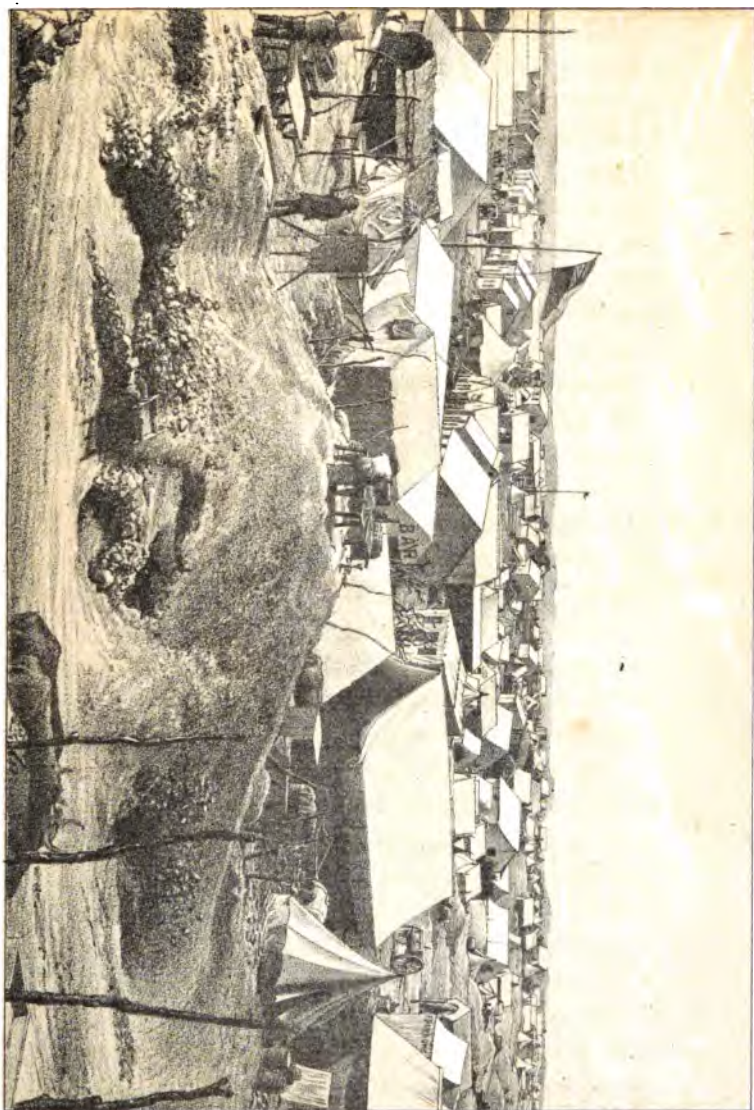
Seven o'clock in the evening is the time when most of the diggers take the last meal of the day; the streets are at that hour almost deserted. At eight o'clock the hotels, reading-rooms, and private tents are all lighted up. The drinking-bars are, between the hours of eight and ten, crowded; the billiard-tables are during these hours fully engaged, and, as a rule, the amusements go on in good fellowship. Swearing, boasting, bullying, quarrelling, and such like, are not the order of the evenings at the diggings. Such things do transpire at times, but they are exceptional, and considering that there are some fifty thousand persons brought together from every corner of the earth, who personally differ so much from each other in every respect, and many of whom cannot even speak to each other in the same language, the Diamond City is the most orderly place, perhaps, on the face of the earth; and you were not long before you were able to account for that state of things.

Daring your march through the various places of amusement, and the glimpse you had into the many different homes, you were impressed with the fact that you were in a city of gentlemen—yes, a city of educated gentlemen—not the scum of cities—not the

place of wrong-doers—not a place of trickery and vice—not a place necessarily guarded by “bobbies” and troops—but a place where the finest feelings of the human race were to be found—in fact, a crowd who were ever ready to risk their lives for right, and at the same time willing and powerful enough to trample wrong under their feet.

You were speaking of the hours between eight and ten in the evening. Go and peep into the tents of the diggers during those hours—see them sitting on their boxes, their camp-stools, or on the side of their couches, perhaps reading their letters from dear home, or perhaps the newspapers from their own dear country, or what is most liked in such places, the illustrated papers, which so well picture and describe the face of the earth. To those are the papers a boon, and a blessing to those who are away in the wilds of Africa and such places seeking for treasure to enrich themselves, their country, and the world.

The hour of ten passed, you began to notice that one by one the lights were extinguished in the tents, and that also one by one the frequenters of the hotels leaked out, as it were, until eleven o'clock, when the seekers of precious stones were nearly all buried in that sweet repose that only those who toil hard and honestly can enjoy. Then mark the midnight hour, when the bright light of a full moon takes the duty of lighting up the sail-cloth city, when you may travel alone through the wonderful mazy town of canvas houses unmolested—where heaps of turned-up earth intervene, on the top or by the side of which you saw lying the form of the unsuspecting digger, unconsciously breathing softly and sweetly in his



DIAMOND CITY.

sleep by the side of the tent, beneath many an open waggon, under the shade of many a wooden fence. There lay also the long, dark, and strong-built forms of the Kaffir, the Hottentot, the Fingo, and other of the sable race, all taking in draughts of refreshing and satisfying rest, which nature demands for the hard worker. There cannot be a picture more truly poetical and fair than that which the diamond fields presented under a bright moon, shining forth from a clear South African sky. No dust of the day rises there; even the stars in that bright clime send forth their soft shadows. The busy hours of the day and the rush to and fro does not distract you, but contrasts strangely with the hour of midnight—there is only stir enough to make you feel that it is an encampment, not of the dead but of the living, fast asleep. Then as the early morning comes, here and there you see preparations being made for a start, perhaps one of the lucky ones with his pile, going home with the glad tidings of success to his friends or wife and little ones; or perhaps one of the unlucky ones, going home sick and tired of it to get his funds replenished, and come back to try his luck over again.

The full moon was still shining brightly, and with the exception of the few who were astir for the early morning start above mentioned, all was still and quiet as a graveyard. You had strayed far away from your hotel, so far that you were quite at a loss to find your way back again; you were therefore compelled to finish the morning in strolling about the camp, and having made up your mind that it was useless to attempt to find your way back, you marched on, regardless of where you were going. You soon found yourself outside the thick

of the tents, but you were still among the heaps of sorting stuff. So you went on, thinking to yourself what a wonderful place, what an enormous amount of work had been done in that one square mile during the last six months! You were thinking of all the wonderful scenes you had witnessed on the road and at the camp, when all of a sudden the stillness of the early morning was disturbed by a murmuring kind of noise. At first you thought it was several men talking in a low voice to each other, and you thought they were far away from you; then again you thought to yourself, no, it's all the same voice close by. So you stood quite still and listened, and you could plainly hear a voice somewhere talking, and every now and then a verse of a song was sung in a clear and distinct voice, but you could not catch a single word of the talk. You remained quiet, and wondered who they could be, and where they were. There was not a single tree near, so that you came to the conclusion that the parties or party was among the heaps of earth, and you at length became curious to know who was near, and you picked your way among the heaps of stuff in the direction the sound came from. You were some time before you could find your way to the spot; sometimes you would be increasing your distance from the sound, and nearly losing it altogether; at other times you could hear it quite distinctly, and you became quite curious to know who it was, as the verses of the song and the talk seemed to come from one voice. You at length found yourself in a sort of hollow; there were heaps of sorting stuff all round you, and now you could hear distinctly the voice near you; and you could see him, whoever he was, turning and rolling about on

the heap. The moon at the time was getting near the horizon, and was hidden from you behind the heaps, but still it was not quite dark. You, however, continued to feel your way along towards the sound, where at length you came upon the form of a man laying on his side with his back toward you. He was alternately talking and singing to himself. At first his wild talk made you shudder, and you felt a kind of cold perspiration all over you. You thought to yourself, the poor fellow is mad; what shall I do? You were quite close to him, and he was evidently not aware of your presence, so you continued to stand still and listen. You had not, however, stood very long there before he turned round and faced you, and when he did so, and saw you standing there he stopped his wild talk and sprang up on his feet and rushed toward you. He, however, stopped short at about arm's-length from you, and said, "Who are you? are you after me?" And without waiting for a reply he said, "Here, take me—do what you like with me—I am tired of my life—I have been expecting you—I am glad you have come—here you are, collar me at once;" and while he was saying the last words he stepped forward and took hold of your right hand, and put it on to the collar of his coat, and said, "There you are; you have got me now—spit at me, kick me, do what you like with me; it was I who took the hundred pounds, and the other things. I stole them from him; he was a good friend to me, and I robbed him. Yes, I shall get all I deserve;—no, not all I deserve; perhaps it would be impossible to punish me as much as I deserve. Yes, he was my friend, and I robbed him. I don't care for myself, but only think of them at home when they hear

it. There you are, constable, take me away, take me away." And then he began to sing a verse of a song in a clear, manly voice; and the song he sang was, "By the sweet silver light of the moon."

You were so taken aback by what he had said, and by his manner altogether, that you could scarcely believe your own ears. But at length you recovered, and thought to yourself, what shall I do; there is something wrong here. He has committed a robbery, and it has driven him out of his mind! What shall I do? While you are thus thinking how you should act, he had become quite silent, and begun to tremble from head to foot. He still kept your hand on the collar of his coat, and all of a sudden he turned. He put his face close to yours and stared you hard in the face, and while he was doing so you detected a very bad odour from his mouth—his breath stunk fearfully of drink. The thought struck you at once that he was suffering from delirium tremens. As soon as this occurred to you, you put your hand into your pocket and pulled out your flask, which was quite full of brandy, and as soon as he saw you in the act of pulling out the flask, he began to tremble still more, and exclaimed, "That's right; fire away both of you; I won't flinch; fire away, fire away at the woods, both of you." You involuntarily looked round to see who was near, but as you were still quite alone, you concluded that he saw double. You, however, without heeding what he said, poured out a drop of brandy into the cup belonging to the flask, and handed it to him, and the first words you spoke to him were, "Here, you had better take a little of this; it will do you good." He half snatched the cup from you, and swallowed the

drink, which seemed to revive him ; and his talk after the draught was less incoherent, and the first words he said after the drink were, " That was very kind of you to think of giving me that ; I didn't expect such kindness from you, and I am certain I don't deserve it." He continued, " You have a kind voice, too, who are you ?"

You were very much puzzled how to act. He had revealed certain acts of his own that were evidently preying on his mind, you became possessed of his secret accidentally, you thought it was your duty to hand him over to the police, and still you did not like to do that, as you were merely a visitor, and it would impede your progress ; still, you did not like to countenance a thief, and you felt pretty sure that he was one. Still puzzled as to what you ought to do, you thought you would not like to desert him, as from his conversation you were sure that he belonged to some respectable family. The end of it was that you made up your mind to take care of him until you saw he was fit to take care of himself, as what he had said of himself might after all not be true. And you therefore made up your mind to give him the benefit of the doubt, and told him you were not a constable, that you were merely a traveller, and had been brought to the spot by the sound of his voice, and you concluded by saying that he had better go with you to your hotel until the effect of the drink had worn off, when you would make up your mind what you would do in the matter. You accordingly took him to your own room, made him undress and go to bed, and having done so, you left him to have a sleep, sincerely hoping that when he awoke he would get up and take his departure.

You were, however, mistaken, as his sad tale will show.

On leaving the hotel you made your way to the diggings, in order to watch, with your own eyes, what was really going on, and how diamonds were found. You were not long in reaching "New Rush," but by the time you did reach there it was four o'clock in the morning. You perched yourself at the end of one of the roads to the westward, with your face looking eastward. You had been there about half an hour when the first signs of life and work commenced. You could see miles around you in every direction, and as the break of day came on, you could see the smoke rising from hundreds of fires outside the tents—these were being lit for early morning coffee, and as morn wore on the signs of life in Canvas Town increased, when not one or two, but thousands of these sleeping forms to whom you have alluded, stretched in quiet and secure repose around so many tent-doors, are again on the move, and the day is now fast opening to hundreds and thousands of workers.

Here and there, far and near, the canvas abodes begin to send forth their innumerable collection of diggers of all nations, who quietly make their way to the diamond-pits, or to their claims.

Now you saw the somewhat motley, but busy crowd at the scene of their labours, and there you sat watching their operations.

Diamond-finding at the New Rush, so far as the feeling of excitement goes, is not much unlike fishing for trout in the Lea River—you may sit there for hours or days hoping for a catch or a find, and not get a ghost of one; but you may all of a sudden light upon a

good haul, large and small, and you are continually in expectation of "a little piece of good."

The above-mentioned diggings are all being worked in an oval space, enclosed all round by a trap-dyke, the diameter of which is about 1,200 feet at its longest, while the side, or shorter workings, are about 800 feet in length; it is on these workings that the claims of thirty feet square are marked out, while roadways of twelve feet broad are reserved every sixty feet.

Along the sides of these roadways there are crooked stumps of trees fixed as firmly into the ground as possible, and the end parts made to overhang the claims, so that the buckets or baskets of the sorting stuff are hoisted up and do not rub against the sides of the claims, which are in most workings perpendicular.

The above-mentioned stumps serve not only to fix the blocks or pulleys on to, but they mark the extent of each man's claim—thirty feet square. These claims, however, proved to be so valuable that they were often subdivided and sold in quarters, eighths, or tenth parts. In order to understand well how the claims were worked, you took particular notice of Nos. 10 to 12 claims, looking at them from the westward.

The most efficient way to work such a claim you found to be as follows, viz., you require two mules and a Scotch cart, and you assume there are two Europeans or white men in equal shares—two are quite enough, one to superintend the work, the other to sort; you, of course, require pickaxes, shovels, buckets, knives, sorting-table, stool, ropes, rope-ladders, and awnings.

The first dig with the pick falls and penetrates a dullish red kind of soil, the layer of which is from three

inches to three feet in depth or thickness. This layer at "New Rush" is all put through a sieve, or rather an open screen, through which everything but lumps of earth or stones will go; the lumps of earth are broken and made to go through the screen, but all the stones are looked at and thrown aside as useless. The stuff that has passed through number one screen is now passed through a still finer sieve, and that which does not pass through the sieve is this time thrown on to the sorting-table, where sits the sorter with a piece of zinc in his hand about nine inches long by four inches in breadth. The stuff the sorter is examining lies in a heap in front of him; by means of the piece of zinc he scrapes a little towards him, spreads it all over that part of the table which is directly under his eye, looks down upon it, then along it from side to side, in order to catch a glimpse of any precious gems, and having well examined it, he scrapes it together again, and makes it fall over the edge of the table nearest him, and on to the ground between his knees. The remainder of the stuff that has passed through the sieve is pounded up into fine half-sandy-like stuff, and spread out in flat heaps to dry, and when quite dry this also is put on to the sorting-table, and very minutely examined in precisely the same way.

Having worked out the above-mentioned layer of dull red soil, you come upon a sort of soapy-looking, whitish stuff, with reddish tints in it, not much unlike the cakes of soap you see that are nearly white, but having reddish streaks running through them. This stuff is sometimes rich in diamonds; it is passed through a sieve and sorted as above described, the smaller particles being pounded, dried, and examined as before.

The next kind of soil you come to is of a colour something between a dull green and a lead colour, having at the same time that soapy appearance; this last-mentioned stuff is also often rich in diamonds, and is dried, pounded, and sorted exactly in the same way as the other. Having passed through the greenish lead-coloured stuff, you come upon something between lumps of choked earth, sand, and rotten rocks. As well as the above, you found a sort of limy stuff, and some like burnt bricks. In the former of the two last-mentioned stuffs the very best of diamonds were found, and you very often heard of diamonds being found in a very curious manner, viz. : —

At Dutoitspan, a beautiful stone, about 47 carats weight, was found by a Kaffir near the Post-office; and two others were picked up by Kaffirs while walking in the *veld*. At De Beer's a diamond of $2\frac{1}{2}$ carats was found by a digger who went to his claim to see what damage the rain had done, and while looking at the wet gravel, saw the end of this small gem sticking out.

Most extraordinary luck! Two young Maritzburghers, were, very fortunately, the finders of the $86\frac{1}{4}$ -carat gem. A very pretty stone, a little yellow, without speck or flaw. They had been about three months at work. They possessed a half claim on Colesberg Kop, for which they gave £5, and had already taken a couple of fortunes out of it. They had taken upwards of ninety diamonds out of their small piece of ground, and yet it was not worked out. £500 had been offered for their half claim.

A Natalian, working on Colesberg Kop, had found over 250 diamonds. He had been four-and-a-half

months on the fields, and had already realised a fortune. His two claims will take some time to work out; and if he still finds at the rate he was then finding, he will be one of the luckiest.

A lucky digger at De Beer's turned out a 95-carat stone and a 15-carat one at the same time. Previous to finding these, he had also found, out of the same claim, a 16-carat gem, a 6-carat, and several small ones. The 95-carat stone was a very bad diamond, no shape, very yellow—in fact, one of the yellowest diamonds yet seen, chipped on two corners. It looks like a big lump of sugar-candy. It resembled nothing else. The 15-carat gem was of good colour and shape, but it had a few black spots inside. The claim was not worked out, and it proved one of the richest on the kopje.

As a rule, the diggers on these fields cart off what is called the "top" or "surface" stuff, without sifting or sorting it. This chiefly consists of reddish sand, with very little gravel in it, and in many instances it is too damp to sieve. This surface-stuff is taken to the flats and thrown away. One day some children were playing on the heaps of rubbish, carted off the claims on Colesberg Kop, when one of them picked up a diamond. This set them raking the stuff, and a good many more diamonds were found, the largest being one of 6 carats. A digger at De Beer's found a 16-carat diamond in the surface-stuff.

A diamond weighing 154 carats was unearthed at Dutoitspan.

The quietude of Sunday at De Beer's was disturbed by a regular "go in" amongst the blacks—the Zulus

against the Basutos. Sticks, stones, knobkerries, bottles, clubs, &c., were in frequent use. They fought for some time, but were at last dispersed by one of the officials.

One Monday morning the first marriage was celebrated at De Beer's. Both the young lady and the young gentleman were Dutch. As the party proceeded to the Church tent their friends greeted them with loud hurrahs and an incessant din of musketry, which were repeated when the party returned tentwards. Dancing took place in the evening and was kept up till the small hours of morning.

A man here, anxious to return to the Cape Colony, sold his claims to a Dutchman for £1. He found, previous to selling his claim, two diamonds—one of 7 carats, the other a small one. The Dutchman went to work the claim on Monday morning, and after digging for a few hours, found a monster diamond, weighing 127 carats.

It is strange, but the luck of some men is extraordinary. Diamonds are found by them without much trouble. As a general rule, those who work the least are the luckiest. Some poor fellows plod week after week, and meet with no reward for their labour; others work once or twice a week and find diamonds. One lucky fellow has dug upwards of ninety diamonds out of his claim; another has found seventy-three, and another thirty. One man has been at work three weeks, and had already found seven diamonds; another had been but three days, and found two.

A very fine stone of 18 carats was found, and immediately the owner was offered £60 for it. He refused the offer, and said he would not dispose of it for any

sum less than £100. A man standing near said he would give £100 cash for it. The offer was accepted. The purchaser had £400 offered for it. It was a very pretty gem.

A 36-carat diamond was found at De Beer's. The finder had dug as deep as fifteen feet, and in removing a boulder from the bottom of the hole, discovered this 36-carat gem lying under it. Another very pretty stone of 15 carats was also found on the same field.

A great deal of jumping is going on, but the jumpers seldom manage to retain the claims. Every now and again there is a great "hurrah," the crowd collects, a ring is formed, then a display of pugilism, and in the end the jumpers come the worst off, getting more than they bargained for.

A sharp trick was perpetrated at the Colesberg Kop. A man jumped a claim, obtained the license, and meeting a man who wished to purchase a claim, told him he had one to sell for £150, and must leave the fields to-day, as he must return home. The bargain was concluded, and the purchaser went to work in his newly-bought claim. He had not been long at work before the owner ordered him out of the claim. The purchaser stopped work, and it was proved that the claim was not jumpable. He sought the jumper who sold him the claim, but he was nowhere to be found, having in the meantime skedaddled. The foregoing is talked about as one of the "neatest tricks" yet done.

THE DIGGER'S PAGE.

FINDS.

DE BEEB'S NEW RUSH.

Beddie	1	121	J. Cramptow ...	1	4½
Stevens	1	83½	Do. ...	1	5½
Do.	1	14	Do. ...	30	50
Do.	1	8	Short ...	1	24½
Daniels	1	20	Do. ...	1	8
Do.	1	7½	Do. ...	12	14
Do.	20	—	Anderson ...	1	7
Reed's Party	1	42	Do. ...	1	4½
Do.	1	9	Scott & Co. ...	1	6½
Do.	1	5½	Do. ...	20	20
Do.	10	15	Bradley ...	1	19
Uvs	1	15	Do. ...	1	10½
Do.	1	9½	Do. ...	5	4½
Do.	1	6	Currie ...	1	6½
Do.	20	21	Do. ...	7	8
Buckley	1	8½	Do. ...	1	4½
Do.	20	45	Do. ...	7	9
Wessels	1	20½	Brown ...	1	52
Do.	1	18	Do. ...	1	13
Do.	10	25	Do. ...	9	11½
S. C. & B.	1	25	Schawbe ...	21	33
Do.	1	17½	Hunter ...	1	5
Do.	3	10½	Do. ...	1	4½
Do.	17	—	Do. ...	3	3
H. G. & Co.	1	7½	Ducket ...	1	12
Do.	1	6½	Do. ...	5	14½
Do.	4	15	Champion ...	1	36
Do.	50	83½	Do. ...	1	14½
Daley	1	12	Do. ...	1	3
Do.	1	4	Roux ...	1	8½
Queenstown Party	...	40	140	Do. ...	1	4
*	1	25½	Do. ...	1	2½
T. Armstrong &	...			Naude ...	1	14½
J. Adams	1	5½	Do. ...	1	8
Do.	2	9½	Do. ...	20	—
Do.	6	7½	Parker ...	1	8½
Lennon	1	23	Do. ...	1	3
Do.	1	10½	Moller ...	20	43½
Do.	5	—	F. W. Nutzhorn	1	9
Davidson	1	7½	Do. ...	1	7
Do.	1	5	Do. ...	2	4½
Do.	1	4½	Do. ...	12	22½
Do.	10	—	* ...	1	56
J. Cramptow	1	10½	Do. ...	1	21
Do.	2	15½	Smith & Boyes ...	1	17½

* Three weeks' finds.

Amalgamated				W. Cowie	...	1	8
Company	...	1	13	Do.	...	9	14
Do.	...	1	14	Welchman	...	8	20
*	...	1	90	White	...	68	204
Van Prez	...	1	140	Craker, Heap, & Co.	...	12	16
White	...	1	11	Steyn	...	1	17½
Do.	...	11	—	Do.	...	1	17
Bedners	...	1	11½	Do.	...	1	14½
P. R. Erasmus	...	3	15	Do.	...	1	7
T. Ferreira	...	1	82	W. Province			
Do.	...	1	19	Company†	...	107	171
De Villiers	...	1	62	Do.	...	1	54
Do.	...	1	16	Do.	...	1	14
Do.	...	19	—	Howse	...	1	16
Fourie	...	27	—	Gowie	...	4	3
Green	...	18	40	B	...	1	21
W. Cowie	...	1	47½	*	...	1	16
Do.	...	1	47	*	...	1	34
Do.	...	1	6	Z†	...	60	100
Do.	...	1	15½				

NOTE.—We have omitted the names of many of the lucky finders for reasons which are well understood.

Account Sales of diamonds consigned to Mr. Moritz Unger for realisation in Europe, now to hand, and to be called for either at his office, Klip Drift, or New Rush, De Beer's, for Mr. J. D. R., Mr. J. J., Mr. P. S. de V., Mr. F. D., Mr. H. W. M., Mr. J. S., Mr. H. J. D.

FORTUNE-TELLING AT THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

In a tent, a rather old man sits near a table with a few cards before him. There is a digger close to him, whose fortune he is about to tell. The tent is filled with others awaiting their turn. He looks at the cards, then at the digger, and bursts out laughing, exclaiming—“Extraordinarily lucky man!” He takes up a piece of dirty paper, and in pencil marks out a square, saying—“That is your claim.” The digger asks him where is the claim situated? He answers, “At De Boer's.” “No,” says the digger, “you are wrong, it is Dutoitspan. But tell me what part of the claim I have worked?” “You have dug in this corner,” says the fortune-teller,

* Three weeks' finds.

† Eight weeks' finds.

‡ One month's finds.

pointing to the wrong corner. "How many diamonds have I taken out of that hole?" asks the digger. "Three," says the old fellow. "You are wrong. But go on, and tell me how many I am to get out of the whole claim," says the digger. The fortune-teller answers, "The cards are dead, and I can't go on." "Never mind," says the digger, "make them alive again, and go on." Then the fortune-teller makes a lot of dots over the square, telling the digger he is to find so many diamonds in this part of the claim at a certain depth, and so many in another part, and so on, till he has no room in the square to mark any more dots. Such is a specimen of what he does, and according to him every claim is full of diamonds. But the digger is not done with him. He turns round and says, "Old man, you are wrong in every respect. I am the most unlucky man on the fields, not having found a diamond since I have been digging." Of course, this sets the others into roars of laughter, and makes the old fellow "look small." I have heard of two young men who were told by him that there were no diamonds in their claim (quite the reverse of what he generally tells), and it was best for them to get another claim. They, of course, sold their claim, and the purchaser has since found some good-sized stones in it.

A Cape colonist—an elderly man—after working eleven months on different fields on the Vaal River without success, rushed with the rest to try the inland fields. He took out a claim at De Beer's, and here his long run of bad luck ended. After digging a little, he found sixteen diamonds, and then disposed of his claim. Having two claims on Coleberg Kop, he went to work them, and

his new luck followed him. Here he found twenty diamonds, and has since sold the two claims for £430. He is now on his way home, intending to return to the fields in a few months.

Little or nothing is said by writers about unlucky diggers. One always hears of those who turn up diamonds, whether large or small; but the poor unlucky ones, working from month to month, are not heard of. Imagine a party of men digging for seven or eight months, and finding nothing; another party, working for six months, finds two diamonds—*two miserable chips*—valued at about sixpence; another party working for two months, and not even seeing the ghost of a diamond; and many such instances. But there are some who, perhaps, will not believe such to be the truth. You can prove them as facts. You know of too many such instances of non-success. Many unacquainted with the fields fancy that all who dig for diamonds must find. This is a mistake. Diamond-digging is a perfect lottery, in which there are many blanks and many prizes.

A fortunate Cape man found as many as fourteen diamonds in one day, the largest being 28 carats, and the smallest 5 carats. The same man unearthed ten diamonds (small ones) and one of 47 carats during another day. There was a Natalian on the same field who found upwards of forty diamonds in his claim, which is not yet worked out. Two young men purchased a claim at the New Rush, and have already found about twenty diamonds, valued at about £2,000. They had only been a month at work. A half claim was sold on Colesberg Kop for £30. The purchaser, after digging a little, turned out a 20-carat diamond. Such is the luck of some men!



NEW RUSH DIGGINGS—NUMBER 0 ROAD.

The stuff the diggers excavate from the pits in which the best diamonds are found consists of a kind of mixture of lime and clay, whitish, by the mixture of lime in it when it is first dug out, but after it has been some time exposed to the air it changes into a greenish tinge, approaching that of olivine in some trap-rocks. This same marl was found at all the diggings, and left the conviction that it was the matrix soil of the diamond. You stood on one of the roadways, and had a good look round, and for miles and miles you could see the piled-up mounds of excavated stuff. At Jagersfontein, at Kaffyfontein, at Bultfontein, at Dutoitspan, as well as at New Rush, you could recognise the familiar greenish marl. At the last-mentioned diggings the soil is so rich that they are bridging over the roadway, and working out the stuff which had been reserved for roads, as before mentioned, twelve feet wide.

Having watched the whole process of diamond-finding, where you saw upon the roadway, by the side of the pole fixed into the ground, the owner of the claim, with his eye upon the Kaffir diggers below, who fill and hoist up bucket after bucket of stuff by means of a single rope rove through a block, where you saw the Scotch cart, with its two mules, or two oxen, dragging away load after load to be sorted, where you saw the Kaffir, the Englishman, the Hottentot, and the Dutchman, the Fingo and the German, the Yankee and the Swede, the Frenchman and the Turk, the Norwegian and the natives, the Russian and the Greek—in fact a smattering of people from every nation on the face of the earth—digging, sifting, and sorting from morning till night, day after day, month after month, until they

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have obtained what they consider sufficient—then away they go to their respective homes and to their friends.

The night and the day's work was hard and tiring work for you, and you were glad to get back again to your hotel, and when you did get there you made straight for your room, where you found the man you had picked up during the night; he was seated on the side of the stretcher where he had been sleeping; he had his hand up to his forehead, as if he were in mental pain. When you opened the door and walked in, he sprang to his feet, and clenched the right hand, as if he were going to strike you, but the next moment he turned deadly pale. The perspiration came out on his forehead in heavy drops, and he began to tremble. Your eye caught his; he seemed to feel that you were a friend, and he sat down again with a downcast look. The first words you spoke to him were—"How are you now? have you slept well? I suppose you have been in bed all day?"

He seemed perfectly astonished at your speaking to him in such a kindly manner. "I beg your pardon; I have not the pleasure of knowing to whom I am speaking, nor do I know how I came into this room. I have been sitting here for some time wondering how I came here. I have an indistinct recollection of some one saying kind words to me, and the voice (the sound of which has been running through my distracted brain in my disturbed sleep) resembles yours. May I ask was it you who were good enough to bring me here?" You replied, "Yes, it was I who brought you here;" and you related to him exactly how you had found him, and, as you did not require it for yourself, you gave him the

use of your room. You reminded him of the part confessions he had made to you, and said to him that if he had done wrong excessive drinking would not make matters better, and that, in fact, two wrongs would not make one right. He replied, "You seem kind, and I wish to tell you

"MY SAD STORY."

He commenced by saying—"I have no doubt you will despise me when I tell you what a thief I am; and, if you think proper, you may hand me over to the authorities, as I shall never have an hour's peace of mind until I have received the punishment I deserve." You looked him straight in the face while he was speaking, and you had time to reckon up his characteristics. He was a young man about twenty-three years of age. He had a florid complexion, light sandy hair, reddish whiskers and moustache; his teeth were white and even; he was tall, and of slender form, and altogether of gentlemanly appearance, and extremely good-looking. There was a sad, downcast look which spread over his countenance whenever he met your gaze, and he was in the habit of starting, and appeared as if he were alarmed at the least noise or sound, and seemed to be suffering from a sort of irritating kind of nervousness, perhaps the result of hard drinking, coupled with the unhappy state of mind he was in.

You could not help pitying him, as he went on to say—"Yes, I am a thief; no gaol, no lash, no punishment of any kind, could be so severe as the knowledge and consciousness of being a cowardly thief." You were about to say, "As you seem to repent so much, you may

be able to atone for it in some way;" but he stopped your remark by saying, "Please don't speak, I shall feel so much relieved if you will allow me to make my statement without any remark, and when I have told you all you may do as you like with me." He continued—"I have only been six months from England, having heard of the diamond fields, and being anxious to do some good for my mother, who distressed herself for my sake" (while he was mentioning his mother large drops of water gathered in his eyes, and they, as it were, ran over and rolled fast down his cheeks). "Yes, I was her idol, the charm of her life; she seemed only to live for me, and very often distressed herself for my sake. I was educated as a civil engineer, and soon after I came of age I had a strong inclination to become a great man, to do something wonderful, and distinguish myself, not only for my mother's sake, but for the sake of a young lady I loved so fondly. She had a strong desire to become rich, and I had a strong desire to make her so—that is the reason I left my home for the diamond fields.

"After paying my passage-money I had about £125 in cash and a good outfit. Shortly after leaving Dartmouth, the port the steamer started from, myself and a young gentleman occupied the same cabin, and we became great and confidential friends. He was the son of a nobleman in England, and was going out to try his luck also. He told me about the whole of his private matters, and we were like brothers. There were on board of the ship a very mixed lot, some very congenial, and what I thought at the time very jolly fellows, and there were one or two who were very free

with their money ; they used to drink a great deal, and were always ready and willing to stand treat. I got somehow in with them, and began to like them, they seemed so liberal. There was a smoking-room in the ship where we all used—at least all the ‘jolly’ ones—to meet. There used to be lots of smoking and drinking, and we had not been many days at sea when a very fascinating game at cards was introduced. And out of a large number who usually played there were three of the passengers, one of whom used invariably to be the banker. I found out afterwards that they were in partnership, but I did not know it at the time I was gambling. The game we used to play was a simple kind of game, but a little in favour of the banker. There were a number of cards stuck on the bottom of a sort of tray, and you were at liberty to stake any amount of money you liked on any of the cards. The banker sat opposite this tray with a pile of money by his side, and a double pack of cards in his hand. He took off the top card, and after showing it to the company placed it at the bottom ; he then commenced to turn up the cards one by one, placing one by his right hand and one by his left. When a card was turned up on his left hand corresponding with the card you had placed your money on, the banker would take the money as his own, but if the right-hand card corresponded with the card you had money on, the banker had to double it. I cannot help saying the game was a fair one, but it ruined me. I first commenced to play for shillings, and I used to leave off a winner of a small sum at times. I began to like the game ; there was a fascinating kind of excitement in it, and drink used to be handed about very

freely, and it was there I first learnt to drink. From playing for shillings I commenced playing for pounds, and I found I was losing. When I found I had lost between £30 and £40, I began to think of those at home, and made up my mind to leave off, and did so, but the bankers and others commenced chaffing me, and told me I was a fool to leave off a victim; that if I played on I should surely get my money back again. I was only too willing to think so too, and in spite of the interference of my kind companion the nobleman's son, I commenced gambling again, and the more I lost the more I drank. I was ashamed to tell my friend I was losing, so I told him lies. One lie brought forth many others; it hurt my heart much when I told him lies, but I used to console myself with drink. But I was now so fascinated with the cards and anxious to get my money back again that I could scarcely leave the table for a moment. Day by day the sum of money I had, became smaller and smaller, until I had lost all, every shilling, and then I had to sell my jewellery to pay my liquor bill, and when I put my foot on shore in Cape Town I had but two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I however still kept friends with my companion—he had money; I went to the same hotel with him; I knew the whole of his affairs—I knew where he kept his money. He had a large bundle of crisp Bank of England notes. I knew where to lay my hand on them—we were occupying the same room. There was a bottle of brandy in the room; I filled the tumbler two-thirds full of the accursed stuff, which gave me false courage enough to rob my friend. I went to his portmanteau, and took from his pile of notes one hundred pounds, and

just as I was taking them I thought I could see my mother clasping my sweetheart in her arms and petting her. Oh, misery! misery! misery from that moment. To be a gambler and a liar was bad enough, but now I had robbed my best friend. The cards, the cards, I thought, had done all this—oh, horrors!

“In the course of two days after I took my unsuspecting friend by the hand, shook it, said ‘good-bye’ to him, and started for these fields. I at first went to work, but my conscience disturbed me so much that I took to drink to drown my sorrow. Oh, what would I have given to have undone the crime I had committed! There was nothing left for me but to give myself up and stand the punishment for it. A day or two ago I made up my mind to do so, but I took more drink first, which made me in the state you found me.”

You watched him as he told his sad and painful story; you were at a loss to know what to do or what to say. You were excessively sorry that you had met him; you were disgusted with him, but could not help pitying him as his sufferings were so great, he seemed to feel his position so intensely. He put his elbows on his knees, his forehead on the palms of both his hands and sobbed bitterly, saying, “I have come to grief through those infernal cards—curse them! Oh, what am I to do?”

You felt you were in a fix; you did not know what to say or how to act; but after thinking over it awhile you replied, “I cannot very well advise you what to do, because if I did I fear you would not take my advice, but I can tell you what you ought not to do to begin with.” He said, “Pray tell me, Sir—I will obey you; you have been a kind friend.” You said to him,

"Do you mean that—will you obey me?" He for the first time looked you in the face, and solemnly said, "I will take your advice—I swear I will."

You then said to him, "What is your name?" He replied, "My name is Vincent Vexton." You stood right in front of him; you asked him to stand up and look you in the face again, which he did, and the words you uttered were: "Vincent Vexton, I demand of you to promise me first, that you will never touch intoxicating liquors again; second, that you will go forth at once, and never rest until you get into a position to return the money you have stolen, or even double the money you took from your friend." He stood erect, and showed the figure of a fine young fellow; his arms were hanging down by his side, his hands were firmly clenched—"I do promise, and I thank you." You then took up his hat—you handed it to him—you pointed to the door, he understood you and departed.

You took unto yourself a rest, and having had a good one, you thought you would pay your bill and go on towards the river diggings, namely, Pniel and Klip Drift.

On leaving New Rush you come to a sort of ridge, and when you arrived on the highest part of it you could not help spending a few moments to contemplate the fantastic picture brought into view. Before you, to the right, to the left, and behind you, lay the picturesque camp, made up of tents of every shape and size. There were the marquee, the square tent, the bell tent, the pyramidal tent, the domed tent, the square and umbrella tent, and by far the greatest in number, the waggon tent. Then you see the business part of the camp, called Market Square, but which is nothing more than a street..

To the right and to the left stood merchants' stores, butchers' shops, restaurants and dining-rooms, hotels and billiard-rooms, auction marts, luncheon bars, circulating libraries, bakers' shops, &c., all doing a brisk trade.

From here you took a seat in a cart drawn by six mules, and was soon on your journey to Pniel diggings. Having passed over the ridge, and some distance from it, the camp has much the same appearance as when you were approaching it, but when you get a few miles away all signs of life, so to say, disappear, and you are on a somewhat lonely road until you change mules about half-way on your journey, at an inn called the "Dewdrop Inn," by Harvey and Co., on the canvas walls of which you noticed that it was notified in large black letters, that the said Harvey and Co. were licensed to sell wines, spirits on draught and in bottle, beer, long-cooling beverages, American drinks, pick-me-up, ginger cocktail, maiden's blush, skittles, drink of the period, rum and milk, cigars and tobacco, groceries and bread, anything and everything, refreshments and beds at all hours. Such was the accommodating place on the plains between New Rush and Klip Drift. The whole distance, about twenty-three miles, and over very flat country, of diamondiferous soil, brings you to

PNIEL, VAAL RIVER, AND KLIP DRIFT.

Pniel was the first village you came to after leaving New Rush, and, as before stated, over twenty miles' distance you found a very good hotel there, in which you took a room, and for which you were charged 7s. 6d. per day, which sum included board and lodging; and

you could order anything you liked in the shape of drinkables at the same rate as at New Rush, viz., a glass of brandy, 1s. ; a glass of gin, 9d. ; a bottle of beer, 3s. ; a bottle of good brandy, 8s. to 10s. ; wine, from 5s. to 10s. There was, however, a brewery in course of erection which would supply beer cheaper in future, and it was expected that the beer brewed on the spot would be good, as the water from the Vaal River is excellent.

Pniel, you found, had been nearly deserted since the opening of the New Rush, but there were still a few working on steadily, and you heard of a man who had turned out a 143-carat white diamond. You were curious to know whether this report was true, and you made up your mind to go and search for the man who was the lucky finder of the monster gem. On inquiry for him his tent was pointed out to you, and you at once made for it.

The digger's tent at Pniel was a long, triangular-shaped structure ; it was fenced in with large boulders that had been taken out of the claim, and there was also a loose stone wall round the bottom of the tent, made to keep the canvas out of the mud. In the inside there were six or eight cane-bottomed chairs ; the ground was covered with Indian matting. There stood in the middle an oval table, with a rich cover thrown neatly over it, and there was also a couch and two easy chairs—the three latter had white antimacassars thrown over them—and a book-stand, loaded with books, made up the bulk of the furniture in that room of the tent. There was a partition in about the centre, and the one-half was sub-divided and made into two sleeping rooms, which were very neatly furnished,

in fact, the tent altogether wore the aspect of being the abode of a steady, sober, and wealthy digger. He was not in the tent himself; you were shown in by a Kaffir servant, who, when he knew the object of your visit, volunteered to show you his master, who was in his claim at work. The claims on the river diggings are very similar to each other, but differ so much from the New Rush diggings that it will be well to describe them, and having described one claim you will (so to say) have described the whole of them.

PNIEL DIGGINGS.

Had the appearance of a place where there were an enormous number of gravel-pits, the top had been all taken off in order to get at the under-soil. They do not go down at these diggings much more than fifteen feet. The soil in most parts is of a reddish, gravelly, sandy kind, with many boulders in and about it, and where the diamonds are found there are also many very heavy boulders, and some of middling size, all mixed up with the sorting stuff, which is a kind of pale, pink, soapy-looking stuff, looking as if it had been boiled for years and years, and not very much unlike dried-up plum-pudding stuff, with the innumerable pebbles of every kind of tint for the plums. This stuff in which the diamonds are found is a little clammy when first taken out, but when dried becomes like rotten-stone, and you can crumble it into dust by hand.

You, however, went with the Kaffir servant, in order to get a peep at the digger, his master, and the monster

diamond; you were taken over a number of deserted claims, and from the unsystematic way they had been handled, you were sure they were worth working over again in a systematic way; you at length came to the lucky digger; he had a pick-axe in his hand, and was picking out from the boulders the above mentioned sorting-stuff. He was a decent, middle-sized, quiet-looking Englishman. He did not seem to be working hard, but just taking out what he thought the pick of the stuff. He had three tall, strong-looking Kaffirs with him, who were engaged pounding and sifting the stuff as their master took it out. They all four seemed to be working steadily, but surely; the master digger saw you jump from heap to heap of stuff downwards, but he still went on picking away until you got quite close to him, when he stopped his work and turned round and expected you to say what you wanted there. You said good morning to him, and found that he was excessively polite in return. You explained to him that you were not a digger, nor were you a diamond merchant, but you were merely a traveller passing through, taking notes for the purpose of describing in the Old Country what the diggings were really like, and having heard that he had unearthed a one-hundred-and-forty-three-carat stone, you would feel obliged if he would let you have a look at it.

He immediately said—"Oh, certainly, with pleasure," and laying down his pick-axe, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a portmonaie, which he opened, and out of which he took the monster treasure; he, without a moment's consideration, handed you the diamond, which you thought was a wonderful sight.

It was of diamond shape, or what you might call

all a diamond, and about the size of the nail-joint of a man's thumb, only larger in the centre; it was not sharp at the edges, nor at the points, they were all rounded; but notwithstanding, as before stated, it was quite diamond shape, in colour it was a cloudy white, but it was plainly to be seen that the cloudiness was only on the outside, and that it was dazzling bright under the cloudy surface.

After having a good look at it you returned it to its owner, and you took the liberty of asking him what it was worth. He told you he did not know, but it ought to be worth from five thousand to twenty-five thousand pounds; that is to say, he continued, "I am sure it is worth five thousand pounds, because I can get that for it at Klip Drift to-day, but if it turns out pure, as I believe it is, I may get five times that sum for it."

You then asked him to be good enough to show you, as near as he could, the spot where the stone came from, which he did; you asked him to allow you to take a little of the stuff out yourself, in order to say you had actually been seeking for diamonds, which he kindly did, saying at the same time—"Mind, if you find diamonds they are mine."

You then off coat and set to work, and during the time you were at work he told you how he came across the large diamond. He said "I was not in the claim myself when it was found," and pointing to a Kaffir, he continued, "it was that boy who found it; he was not sure at first that it was a diamond, and was afraid to bring it to me lest I should laugh at him; he, however, held a consultation with the other Kaffir, and at length mustered courage to bring it to me."

Taking example from what you had seen him do, you set to work; you were in a large open space about twelve feet deep, and you noticed that it was four or five claims in one.

There were many boulders of different sizes piled up in heaps. These had been taken out in order to get at the sorting stuff; there were also large heaps of coarse sifting and fine sifting, a great deal of the latter had been sorted, and there were several heaps that were to be sorted. You, however, went on working away in hopes that you would find a diamond, and after getting a good heap of stuff out with the pick, you commenced pounding it and then sorting, and succeeded in finding a diamond of the first water, but it was only a 1-carat stone; you were, however, gratified to be able to say you had really unearthed one stone. You then, according to agreement, offered the diamond to the owner of the claim, who very politely refused to take it, and after thanking him for his courtesy and kindness, you left for the Klip Drift diggings, and in order to get there you had to cross the

VAAL RIVER.

The Vaal River is perhaps one of the prettiest rivers in South Africa. It divides the two South African Republics—namely, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. Its banks in many places are well wooded, the native willow and many other species of trees grow very luxuriantly and are used for fuel.

That part of the river, however, where on one bank is situated Pniel and on the other Klip Drift (both villages which have sprung up since the diamonds have

been discovered) is very stony, and there are many large slate-coloured boulders in the stream. Klip Drift is itself the seat of Government, and has been so since the British Government annexed the diamond fields. It has for a town or village one main street and some straggling houses; there are some good stores there, but the goods have been nearly all removed to New Rush. The Klip Drift diggings are similar to Pniel, and will, like Pniel, pay to work over again, and if diamonds continue to be very valuable, it would pay a company well to remove the stuff and work it over again.

You had now seen nearly all the diamond fields, and you were glad you had seen them, it was a wonderful sight. You were fatigued, you returned to Pniel, put up at the hotel there to rest for a day or two, and having rested you returned to Dutoitspan again and made up your mind to go on to Cape Town by the next passenger waggon if it were possible to get a seat. You were, however, detained a day or two.

One evening, just after dark, you thought you would take a stroll, and without knowing or caring where you were going you started off alone. You had been walking about three-quarters of an hour when you came upon a place that seemed much better lighted than any other of the places inside, and at the door there stood a cart and four horses. You thought to yourself, "Where is that cart going at this time of night? perhaps it is going to Cape Town," and you made up your mind to go and find out; so you made your way to where the cart and horses were standing, and tried to find the driver. When you got close to the cart you saw it was a mail cart, but there was no one near it but

a small Hottentot boy who was sitting down in front of the leaders ; you spoke to him, but he either would not or could not answer, so you went close to the tent, and you were not surprised to find it was the post office. You had a peep in, and could see a number of leather and other bags packed up apparently ready to load up the cart with ; you were surprised, you could not at the moment see anyone about or in the tent, so you made up your mind to get back again to your quarters, and just as you were turning to retrace your steps a tall young man passed ; you spoke to him, he did not heed you, but with quick step was soon out of sight, and you only had time to recognise that tall, slender man for Vincent Vexton. It was he, and you were certain of it. You thought to yourself—perhaps he was in a hurry, perhaps he did not recognise you—in fact, although you would like to know how he was getting on, you did not care to speak to him, and as he soon disappeared, you thought no more of him at the time.

You had been detained two days at Dutoitspan when you received a message from the manager of the transport company intimating that the passenger waggon was expected every hour, and advising you to go to the place where it stopped, as it would only wait to change horses, load up, and start on.

THE JOURNEY BACK TO CAPE TOWN.

For some hours you were detained waiting for the passenger waggon ; at last news came that it was detained at the Mudder River, and on account of the late rains the river could not be crossed. The passengers became impatient and commenced bullying the



SORTING FOR DIAMONDS.

superintendent, and at length persuaded him into hiring an extra waggon to take us on to where the other waggon was stuck. There were high words; there had been a great deal of drink about. Everybody wished to be master. The man who had been employed to drive was far gone in liquor, and wanted to fight everybody—passengers, bystanders, and all; one of the latter, however, stepped out from the crowd, and said to the bully, "Can you run?" "No," said the bully, "nor don't want to." The man who had stepped out from the crowd, in a second up with his fist, hit the other in the eye a tremendous blow, and saying, "I can run then!" was off and out of sight in a moment. This set the laugh against the bully, and he became fearfully enraged, when one of the passengers said to him, "I say mate, your left peeper is going off colour." This made the bully worse, and he began to strip himself to fight. He was some time getting his coat and vest off; he was pretending to be in a hurry, but did not do what he was doing quick. He at length got off his coat and vest, and had just finished tucking up his shirt-sleeves, when another fellow stepped out from the crowd and said, "What, you want another slap in the eye, don't you?" and while he was saying the words, he up with his right hand and hit the bully over the right lug with his open hand such a slap that made him stagger over again, and before he could recover himself, the one who had struck him got his back up against the bully's, seized hold of him by the two elbows, took him clean off the ground, and in spite of himself carried him through the crowd and pitched him into a mud-hole. There was just enough of that kind of puddingy mud

(which only gets so well mixed when hundreds of waggon-wheels have passed through it) to half-cover him, and in the fall he did not hurt himself.

You never in your life saw any one so thoroughly done for as was that bully. He was floundering about in the mud that he had helped to mix for himself that very morning with his cart; he was covered from head to foot with mud; he scrambled out somehow, quite subdued, saying, "Never mind, I shall catch some of you some day," and sneaked away.

While all this had been going on his mules were brought to the spot, and another fellow, who said he knew the road, was engaged to drive them. He was also about half-sprung, and said he knew everything, and went on boasting and jawing, without doing much work. After much delay the mules were inspanned, all the passengers were in their seats, and it was some time after dark when you started. The boasting driver, who was very self-sufficient, started off at a rapid pace, and seemed determined to show off; but he had not gone far, when some one in the waggon called out, "I say, drier, you are going the wrong way." And then another voice was heard to say, "You have taken the wrong turning." But all the reply the driver condescended to give was, "Go to hot and hold your row;" but one of the passengers especially insisted upon saying, "I tell you you are going the wrong way." "Then stop him," cried out another; "if he is going the wrong road, and you know it, why let him go." "Now, look here," said the driver, "I know this country better than any man in the world, and I have been driving mules before any of you were born; so you had better just

about up." "Then," said the man who had spoken first, "you may be a very smart fellow; I don't think, but you are going the wrong way, I tell you again." The superintendent of the company, who was on the box, kept saying, "Are you sure you are right?" "Oh, yes," said the driver, "I am all right; those fellows don't know what they are talking about." There sat in one part of the waggon a man who was half drunk; he was half asleep, and although he only heard a little of what the last speaker said, he called out in a careless manner, "What do you know about it? leave the driver alone; go and put your head in a bag while I see if you have got any diamonds about you." "There's a chance for you," said another. Then commenced a regular round of chaff, and all this time the mules were going along at about five miles an hour. Two o'clock in the morning came, and it was time we were at Combrinks, the first stage to change the mules for ten horses. Three, and then four o'clock came; no signs of a place to change. Then break of day began to show itself, and the mules were beginning to show signs of being knocked-up—it was hard to get them along; and finally it was thought advisable to stop till daylight came; and the mules were outspanned, and allowed to graze about.

It was a cold morning. You were stiff from sitting so long in the waggon, and you were glad to get out on the grass and have a stretch, and you were also glad to have a look round. And as the sky began to get touched with the golden hue of the morning sun, the cloud-like mist, which had been lying down, as it were, on the plains, was swept or drifted away, and presented to your

view a vast plain, a sea of grass and scrub as far as the eye could reach, to the right or to the left; and behind you was one continuous plain, nothing to be seen but the track road we had come; and there was a track road in front of you, and you could see it stretch far away, as if it had no end to it, and would lead you nowhere in fact.

**YOU WERE ALL OUT OF YOUR ROAD, LOST AND
DONE FOR.**

Cold, chilly, stiff, savage, hungry, thirsty, dirty, tired, damp, lost—mules' tired, no others at hand—there you were, in a mess, all looking at each other; no chaff—nothing to chaff about; no laughing—prospect not good enough to laugh at; no growling—no use to growl now; there you were—you might growl, but still there you were.

Daylight had now come, and the sky in the east became more crimson, and as the dewdrops, which were hanging heavily on the scrubby bushes, began to glisten, you said to yourself—the sun will soon be up, that will be one comfort, and the beautiful and deep tint in the sky seemed to answer you, and—yes! he's coming all right; you'll see his upper limb directly—and while you were thus thinking, his very edge came in sight, to show how very dark the distant land was which seemed to be touching it, and getting more than red-hot as it touched the sun's semi-diameter; then it seemed to dance up; there seemed something springy about it, and then its lower limb cleared and showed the dark outline of the land so clearly defined, and so cool-looking, not red-hot,

but sinking down lower and lower under the sun which now shines on it gloriously; and you look round, you see everything that is in sight, and that everything seems to be the sun, the plains, and yourselves.

The rising of the sun cheered you all up again, it seemed to melt your blood, make you supple—you began to feel fresher and kinder, and at length called out—“Well, gentlemen, what are we going to do? We are in a mess! how are we to get out of it?” and that seemed to be the general question, when some one asked, “Do none of you know where you are?” One fellow suggested that you were to the westward of the sun, but not far, when it first began to show itself. “Come, come,” said another, “let’s have a consultation, and determine on what it is best to do in order to get out of the mess.”

After consulting for some time it was determined to go on, as the track was certain to show up some farm ere you had gone far, and it was also determined that you and another should walk on and see if you could discern any habitation in front; and on you marched, glad of the walk—you noticed that the whole of the land you were walking over had the appearance of diamondiferous soil; there was little or no vegetation on it, and it had that limy, soapy appearance which you had seen all round the diamond fields.

So on you went, talking with your companion, who was a Cape Town merchant, and who was the man that had called out, you are going the wrong way, and who had persisted in saying they were not right; you found him to be a gentleman, and a very pleasant companion, and as before stated, on you went together, and after walking about two hours you came in sight of a

dwelling of some kind ; it was far away, but right in front. Having something in view, you both stepped out a little faster, and in a short time came in sight of a clump of trees, which was a sure sign that there was a farmhouse either near or in among them. You, however, soon came up to the first house, which you found was occupied by some Kaffirs who were shearing some flocks of goats near by.

On inquiry, you were told that there was a farmhouse in among the trees, and it was Combrink's, but not the Combrink's you ought to have gone to; the name of Combrink seemed to be legion in that part of the country. You were ultimately told that the waggon was ever so much further away from where it was going to than when it started from Dutoitspan, in fact, you were told that you were nine hours from the Mudder River, where the punt was, and when you started you were only six hours from it. Such was the state of things, and there was nothing for it but to sit down and "*wait for the waggon.*"

You found the place you were at a very poor one, but you managed to get the hind-quarters of a goat for two shillings and sixpence. There was neither bread nor vegetables to be had ; you were, however, glad to get a piece of goat roasted, and a drink of milk after which made a very good breakfast indeed. You had time to look about you there—you noticed that the herbage was very scanty, and the soil very much like the diamondiferous soil before mentioned ; it had the appearance of a mixture of lime and clay in some parts, and a reddish gravelly soil in other places, and the scrubby kind of bushes that were growing there were few and far between.

About two hours after you arrived, the waggon came up to the house you had managed to get some refreshments for your companions at, such as they were, and having been informed that there was a farmhouse three hours' walk on the road to the punt, you all started on towards it, walking where the roads were heavy, in order to help the mules, and pushing forward when the road was good. About an hour after you left the hut you noticed in the far distance a sort of brownish cloud, having the appearance of something between dust-smoke and clouds; it seemed so far away that you took no notice of it at first, but as it neared, you quickly saw it was

A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS.

Stretching along, like a fog bank, apparently for miles, in front of you was one of the curses of South Africa. First you see, as before mentioned, a tinge of brown-like, hot-weather mist; then that mist grows thicker and thicker as it comes nearer to you, until it appears of a dark brownish colour. Then you can see that it is something different from either smoke or cloud, or a fog bank, as every now-and then the whole mass is seen moving up and down, sometimes taking the greater part of the sky from your view, then falling down in a thick dark brown ridge, as it were, on the horizon, then lifting again, and thinning itself, so as to make it appear of a lighter tint, but a tint that you cannot penetrate with the eye. Then, as it got nearer to you, you could see something like little dark specks in the foreground of the cloud, but still the heavy brown cloud-like mass

was in the background. You soon after saw that these little dark specks were the bodies of the locusts that were the nearest to you, and the dark brown was their wings, mixed up with the mass that was behind. There they were, rolling along towards you, like a heavy swell in the Bay of Biscay on a calm day, but immediately after a storm, rising up and lowering down, taking, at times, every blade of anything that is growing where they pass. Then they come quite close to you, and you can see their wings, which appear like the spokes of a wheel when the wheel is going round fast—that is to say, you see only the shade of their wings, they are in such quick motion, but when you were within a few feet of them you could see the wings plain; and then, when you got right in among them, you were surprised to find that they were not so close together as you thought they were, as they were flying, but they were very thick on the ground. They did not seem to mind you in the least—they flew up against you, or against the waggon, or on the horses, or on the tires of the wheels as they go round—in fact whatever they happened to drift up against they hold on to and crawl about on; they alight on your face, on your neck, just as it happens; you may knock them about as much as you like, they won't harm you, but they just drift along with the wind, and if there is no wind, or if they don't rise, they crawl along over everything—nothing will stop them, they manage somehow. You were pleased to see them cross a river, viz. the Mudder River.

The country, as mentioned above, was, so to say, a barren kind of country, but the banks of the river on both sides have what you thought was the African

willow. When the locusts came to the banks of this river, instead of going into the water, as you expected they would do, you noticed that they climbed up the trees that were hanging down, or rather stretched over the stream. Then, when they got to the very end, they held on, and others continued to follow, and piled themselves one on top of the other, until they bent the branches of the trees with the weight of the enormous numbers of them, and the end hung over the opposite bank of the river; they would then drop down in clusters of thousands. Then, again, you saw on the way they crossed a large fire, which had been lit to save a garden. They came along as if no fire was there—the first that get into it are the forlorn hope, they are burnt up in an instant; but others keep pouring themselves into the fire until the fire cannot consume them fast enough. Then they begin to be only half consumed; still the others keep pouring themselves in, till the fire gets weaker, and lays at first a dark mass, then a heap of singed locusts, over which the others travel with ease. When in the centre of the flock of flying locusts you could not see more than ten yards round you—in fact you were in a dense cloud of living insects, and that cloud was perhaps half a mile broad and a number of miles long.

Getting out into the clear again, you found you were travelling down by the banks of the Mudder River, and after keeping along its banks for some time, the river took a turn, and you kept the road which led you away westward. You were thus soon up to the farmhouse, and glad you were to get there, as the mules were quite knocked-up, and required food.

Travelling in Africa is tolerable when all goes well; although you are sometimes a week or two without a bed, and sometimes a day or two hard up for food; still you are going on your journey, and you get over that; but to lose your way, or rather to be taken out of your road, right away from the changes of animals that were waiting for you, through a pig-headed stupid, made you wax wroth; but there you were, still far out of your road. What was to be done?

The mules were outspanned, and taken to a part where there was plenty of food and plenty of water. That being done, you commenced, with the others, to see if a span of horses or mules could be had to take the waggon on. In this you failed, but ultimately succeeded in persuading the good-natured Dutch farmer to span his four mules into his own cart, and take you and your companion (the Cape Town merchant) on to where the other waggon was supposed to be waiting for you.

THE FARM ON THE BANKS OF THE MUDDER RIVER.

At this place you were well received by the farmer, and his bigger and better half—in fact all on the place were very kind to you, but you could plainly see there was a sort of lurking smile playing over the face of the old Dutchman when he saw the for—d—Englishmen out of their track, and obliged to go to him for help.

Your companion, however, managed to get the right side of him. He was able to talk Dutch fluently, and as you wore a fez and a turban, your companion intro-

duced you to the farmer as a Turk, telling him at the same time that you had a harem in Constantinople, and you were looked upon by all, and especially by the females, as a perfect curiosity; and the farmer declared it would be something to boast of, to say that he had had on his farm a real live and grand Turk who was taking notes, and would most likely write about him and his farm, and some day he would see it in print.

The farm this good-natured, simple-minded man owned and occupied was in extent about 15,000 acres, and to all appearance the greater part of it is diamondiferous soil—at any rate there are lots of diamondiferous soil round, if not on it. There is also plenty of wood and water, and good grazing ground, especially along the banks of the river, and he valued his farm at about £1,500.

There was a comfortable building on it in which he and his family lived, and there were also the necessary kraals and outhouses belonging to it. They seemed to have everything about them they required in a homely way. The old lady was not long in getting a meal ready for all belonging to the waggon, and soon afterwards, about two o'clock P.M., you and your companions were on the road towards the punt on Mudder River, behind four strong naules, and the farmer driving.

Leaving this farm you passed over a continuation of plains for about fifteen to twenty miles, through good grazing ground, and rather too well watered, but at the end of that distance there were several moderately high mountains which you did not mount, but kept pretty near the course of the river, and after three hours' sharp drive you arrived at another very excellent grazing

farm, where you stopped to rest the mules for half-an-hour. From there you started for the punt station, where you arrived about half-past seven o'clock.

A NIGHT ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE MÜDDER RIVER.

At many of the crossing-places of the rivers in South Africa there are houses on one side only, and if you arrive there even after sunset, those in charge of the punt will just please themselves as to whether they will take you across or not sometimes, and especially if they are Dutch and you are English. You may wait—no matter what sort of weather, or how tired you are, or how hungry—you may wait. You, as before stated, arrived there about half-past seven. You were within calling distance of them. They could hear you quite plainly, but, unfortunately for you, you called to them in English, and they would not hear you. So after your throat became quite sore you made up your mind for a night on the grass.

The Dutch farmer, seeing the mess you were in, was good enough to stop by you part of the night, and he therefore outspanned his four mules, and tied them all together and let them feed. You then all three picked out the clearest place and where there was the least cover for snakes, &c., and you were soon fast asleep. You did not know how long you had been asleep, but the first thing that disturbed you was large drops of rain falling on your face, and you thought you had been dreaming of thunder and lightning. You jumped up, woke up your companions, and before you had time to look round you the rain was tumbling down in torrents,

which in ten minutes soaked you to the skin. You looked at your watch, and—oh, horrors!—it was only eleven o'clock, and you had to stand up or walk about for at least eight long hours. There you were. When you arrived it was a beautiful moonlight night, but now you were standing in the centre of a heavy thunder-storm, the thunder rattling just over your head, and the lightning playing round the springs of the cart and scorching both cheeks of your face as it came, so to say, splash down at your feet every now and then, the rain coming down in torrents all the time, not a breath of wind to blow it away from over your heads for hours until it had rained and played itself out. There you were—cold, wet, hungry and helpless, only because they would not shove a small boat from one bank to the other—a ten minutes' job.

At four o'clock in the morning the kind-hearted old Dutchman, who was paid three pounds for driving you, inspanned and started for his home. At seven o'clock—about an hour-and-a-half after daylight—the lazy, disobliging brutes manage to come and take you across the river. You were wise enough not to say anything, as you were in want of something to eat, and a rest. They got you some kind of a breakfast—which of course you paid for—and having taken off your clothes and dried them in the hot sun—which was then shining brightly—and after a good bath, you watched a chance when the old brute of a Dutchman and his wife were out of the way, and you slipped into their bedroom, jumped into their bed, and had a good sleep. You slept about three hours, and when you woke, and were in the act of getting out of bed, bang went the bottom

of the bedstead out, and you—bed and all—right through it on to the ground. You were not long ere you made the bed appear all right, and after listening a little while at the door, to make sure the coast was all clear, you slipped out unseen and as fresh as a lark.

You were much surprised to find the place quite deserted when you went outside the door; there was not a soul to be seen, and after waiting some time, you took a walk to where the boat was kept, and, to your surprise, there they all were, looking for something in the river, and as soon as you made your appearance one of the men said, "Is that him on the bank?" "Oh, yes," said the Cape merchant, "that's him; where the deuce has he been?"

It appeared that your travelling companion missed you, and having searched every place but the room you were in, he concluded that you must have got into the river, and they were all searching there for you. Seeing your coat and turban laying on the bank they made sure you were gone. You were sorry for the trouble you had given your friend, but exceedingly glad to find they had had one hour's search in the river for you. Your companion, however, was pleased to know you were all right, and when he asked you where you had been, you told him you had "jumped" the Dutchmen's bed, and had been fast asleep.

Soon after this the waggon you were in search of came up, and you were delighted to see that it had ten fresh grey horses in it; and shortly afterwards the waggon with the mules came in sight far away over the plains. Oxen in a light waggon were dispatched after it, and about three that afternoon you were behind the

ten greys going toward Cape Town at the rate of eight miles an hour. Having gone about twenty-five miles over a somewhat flat country, you saw the ten greys changed for a span of ten bays. It was here for the first time in your life you saw a young horse broken-in in five minutes. It appeared that one of the span had been sent away in search of the lost waggon, and had not returned. So the superintendent of the company's plant, to whom the waggon belonged, who was a smart, dare-devil sort of a fellow, said to a man who was leading a young horse, "Where are you going with that horse?" The reply was, "He is for sale." "How much do you want for him?" said the superintendent. "Fourteen pounds," said the owner. The superintendent put his hand in his pocket and pulled out eleven sovereigns and showed the Dutchman the new coins, and said, "I'll give you eleven, and here's the money." The sight of the cash was too much for the owner of the horse—he took the money, and the other took the horse. "Now then," said the superintendent to one of the drivers, "come along; let's inspan this one." The man who sold him called out, "I don't know whether he will pull; he has never been broken in." "Never mind about that," said the superintendent; "if he doesn't want to pull, we will make him in less than five minutes." The new horse was inspanned in the middle of the span, trembling, sidgiting, and looking about him, wondering what it all meant. Everybody was in the waggon, and everything all ready; the driver with the reins, the superintendent with the whip, and with the words "Right, boys," away started the leaders, and the young horse, as soon as he found his head loose,

reared up on his hind legs. The leaders pulled him down again; he ran from side to side, jumping, trembling, and shaking his head and body as if he meant to shake everything off him, first darting forward till the swingles of the other horses touched his front legs, then backwards till his own swingles touched his hind legs; and every now and then getting a tremendous smack of the heavy whip round his flanks, going at full gallop all the time—there was no getting out of it. He had to go, and seemed to know it, and in five minutes was broken in, sweating and panting, but going as straight and as steady as the other horses.

On, on you went again, fifteen all told in the waggon, and piled up with baggage—changing horses every three or four hours—picking up something to eat and drink while the horses were being changed—travelling on day and night, no stopping now—all night and all day in the waggon for seven hundred miles, unless by accident you have a stoppage; but about the third night out you were stopped for one night in the manner following, viz., you came up, about six o'clock in the evening, to what would be considered a very good farmhouse. The roads were very bad after the heavy rains, consequently the horses were very tired. It was at this place you were to change the horses for mules, but the mules were lost or strayed; the men who looked after them had gone home, so there was no chance of getting away that night. Therefore the only thing to do was to try your luck at getting a bed. With a good deal of management you induced the lady of the house to put herself out of the way for you, and she did so when you represented to her that you had not had much rest for the last thirty

days. She therefore gave orders to have a small room made ready in a quiet manner, so that it should not be known that there were any favourites, as the whole of the other passengers had to sleep on the floor of the dining-room. The little room was got ready accordingly, and you, feeling sure that you were going to have a good night's rest, took a turn round outside, in order to wait till the others had gone to sleep. Having strolled about for an hour or two you were tired, and made up your mind to turn in. You thought it was not worth while taking a light with you, so you undressed in the dark, and having arranged everything for the morning, you pulled down the bedclothes, and as you did so, you thought you heard a soft sigh. Oh, goodness gracious! you thought to yourself, who is there—some one is in the bed? Still, you thought to yourself, no, it cannot be. Then, you thought again, it was rather a soft sigh, and a thought flashed across your mind, and you said to yourself, perhaps it is—— And then you thought, no, no; surely not. Then you said to yourself, had I not better get a light? And you again said, no; whoever it was might take fright. So you thought, first of all I will jump in and chance it. Then again you thought, no—I will have a light, and just have a peep first, I can easily blow it out again. So you struck a light, and to your utter astonishment and disgust, it was a man with a dirty red beard, laying on his back fast asleep. He was quite undressed and seemed very comfortable.

For a moment you were in a towering rage—it flashed across your mind to haul him out at once. You had a good mind to take the bed from under him, or the

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clothes from over him ; but in the next moment you cooled down, and said to yourself, now, take it coolly, and you will gain your point. Having made up your mind what to do, you commenced by taking hold of him by the shoulder and shaking him until he woke. The glare of the light seemed to hurt his eyes at first—he closed them again. You gave him another shake, and he opened them again, and said, “What’s the matter?” You said to him, “You are in my bed.” “Is this your bed?” said he. You replied, “Yes.” “Then allow me to congratulate you on having such a comfortable one,” and he turned over to try to go to sleep again, and you shook him again, but it was no use. You then commenced to dress, and having done so, you pulled on the long pair of boots you had been walking in, and which were rather muddy. You then went to your bag and took out a pair of heavy spurs. You place them firmly on to the heel of your boot and jumped into the bed. “Where are you coming to?” were the only words the red-whiskered man said. You did not heed him, but just lay down and turned your back toward his back, and settled yourself ready for action. In the course of a few moments he called out, “Oh! oh!” You said, “What’s the matter?” He said, “Why didn’t you take your boots off? you are cutting the calves of my legs with the nails, or something else in them.” You replied, “Never mind, it’s only my spurs; I am going the next stage in the saddle, and thought I would get ready for morning.” By this time you had your feet down to the bottom of the bed again, and after settling yourself for the purpose, you placed both spurs up against his legs, then with one long and strong pull you

draw up along and over the calves of his legs—the playful little wheels, with their sharp points, doing duty wonderfully well, and making your bedfellow call out again, “Oh, oh—I say—oh, oh; look here, stranger, all creation can’t stand that; you are so tarnation persevering that I guess I had better slope.” With these words he jumped up, dressed, and went out of the room. As soon as he had gone you jumped out of bed, fastened the door, made the bed as comfortable as you could, turned in, and had a delicious sleep.

About half-past five o’clock in the morning it was broad daylight, and the sun was just beginning to make its appearance over the far distant mountains, the sky was perfectly clear, the morning so cool that you could bear a topcoat; the men were away in search of the mules; the farmhouse you were at was a very large one, the outhouses were many and large, the kraals were also large—in fact the whole place bore signs of a well-to-do farmer. Coffee and bread were handed round before six o’clock, and there was a large flay, where you could get a good wash, and having done so, you were ready for a start.

The mules could not be found, and the superintendent, who was, as before noticed, a smart, determined fellow, made up his mind to hire a span, and go on to the next stage. He was some time before he could induce the farmer, who was a great boer, to let him have a span of horses, but when he did give a span, he gave a good one. Hottentots were sent out on horseback, and in a short time they returned driving in front of them about three hundred horses, which were put into the kraal. From among these a span of first-rate horses were selected; they

were soon inspanned, and you were on the road again, going eight or ten miles per hour. The country you were then passing through was very mountainous, with gradual slopes running down into vast plains. The valleys were well wooded, and there was plenty of water in them; the whole of the country around you was rich in grass, and you wondered why it was not more thickly peopled. Miles and miles of country you passed through, rich in everything that man can desire, and a most beautiful climate—still it is, so to say, uninhabited. You thought there must be thousands of families in Europe who cannot clearly see a future for their sons, and especially for their daughters—you said to yourself, if they only knew how much room there was for them here, as in other parts of this rich country, they would surely come and settle in a place where hunger and thirst are strangers.

You soon mounted one of these gradual slopes, and for a long time you were traversing the flat top of the mountain, and having crossed it, you commenced to descend into one of those extensive plains. Here, all around, you could see the herds of wild buck quietly grazing on the hill-side, and every now and then your waggon passed through one of the herds and divided them; and as a rule, when you did pass through among them, they would scamper off a little way and then stop and turn round and look at you.

The roads in that part were very heavy, being a sandy kind of gravel, very few trees, excepting in the ravines, and after about four hours' drive you came to the bottom of the slope, where you had to change the horses for mules.

It was at this stage you met the outward waggon going to the diamond fields; the mules that had to take your waggon on were the same which had brought the other waggon, and as they required rest, you had a good opportunity of contrasting the passengers coming from the fields and those going to them.

The former were mostly gentlemen by birth and education, all of the male kind, but all looking rough and more or less used up; some with their belts full of diamonds, some who had only just paid their expenses, some who had lost, and were going home to get their coffers replenished, and then try their luck again. In the latter waggon they were all well washed and well dressed, and the gear about them still bore the shades of newness; one or two were old hands returning; one or two were young Africanders on their first trip; and the remainder had come out by a recent steamer from Europe; and among the latter were three females, one perhaps going to throw herself into the arms of her dearly beloved digger, and remain with him all her life, as one of the most valuable of his treasures; the others were a lady and her maid—the lady had her husband with her—and you said to yourself, it will not be long before the maid has her husband with her, as she would be sure to find many fellows at the fields who would offer her a share of his tent and an honourable future;—such was the description of passengers that made up the two full loads, one coming from Cape Town, one on the way back to Cape Town.

On a plain in Africa at midday, the sky about a quarter clouded, and those clouds appearing as white as snow against a deep blue sky, with a gentle breeze only,

people who had never been there would think it is hot, but it is not. The sun certainly threw its hot glare on you, and you felt its hot rays, but you did not feel it half so oppressive as some of the hot summer days in England. However hot the sun in Africa, the air is clear, fresh, and bracing. You were on a plain, but that plain was surrounded by mountains. The part you were in was the shape of a saucer, having the gently sloping mountains for the side, and the above-mentioned plains for the bottom. On the last-mentioned, as well as on the slopes, there were many buck grazing, mostly large herds of spring buck. You noticed a man with a double barrel breach-loading rifle. You saw him load it. While he was doing so you saw him cast his eye over to one of the herds of buck every now and then. His movements were quiet. Just as he was finishing his preparations a Fingo boy led a saddle-horse up to him. He had a good look round the horse, felt the girths, seemed satisfied that all was right, and then handed his gun to the boy and mounted. He fixed himself in the saddle as if he had been there before. He tried his stirrups to find out if they were the right length; they were, the Fingo boy handed him his gun, and he at once started off at an easy canter in the direction of the bucks. When he neared them they held up their heads and stared at him, and he put his horse into a fast gallop right for the centre of the herd. He gains on them; they divide. One half goes in one direction, the other half opposite. But a few straggling ones are undecided as to which herd they will join, and in their confusion they allow him to get close to them. His horse knows his little game; he stops;

the rider dismounts and slips down on one knee. You see a jet of white smoke and then another. You look in the direction of the bucks. You see two or three of them go from side to side, turn round half-way, and roll over. You saw him engaged for a little while near where his horse was standing, he was reloading his rifle, but he was not long before he mounted again and rode towards the spot where the bucks had rolled over. He dismounts, and is engaged there a little while. He is taking the offal out of the three bucks he had knocked over, to make them lighter. After a little while he is seen to mount again, and on he goes towards the direction the herd took. Shortly after you saw the herd coming helter-skelter along the plain to nearly the same place where he first disturbed them. They put their heads down and began to feed. In a little while you saw the man on horseback nearing them from another direction. When they held up their heads to look at him he again put his horse into a full gallop. Again he dismounted and went on his knee, and you saw two more bucks roll over. You still watched him. He mounted and rode up to the bucks he had just killed. He took the offal out of them, laid the whole five across the saddle, and led his horse back to the place he had started from. His sport had lasted three hours.

The mules having rested, they were inspanned, and as you had had a good meal of bread and milk, you were pretty fresh and comfortable; and the mules being also fresh, you were not long before you came to the banks of the Orange River.

The Orange River has been described in another

part of this book. The banks here, as in most other parts, are well wooded, and the approaches to the river on either side are steep, and after rain are very slippery. The stream itself is a very wide, and often rapid one, and is crossed by means of a punt pulled by six oars. A steam-punt on this river would pay well.

Having crossed the Orange River, you were close upon Hope Town, a place of some importance, and being the first town you had seen for some time, you were rejoiced at the idea of once more sitting down to a meal. It was, however, dark when you arrived there. You could only see that it was a sort of stereotype of the other towns in South Africa. The diamond fields had opened up a brisk trade there, the charges at the rate of 2s. 6d. per meal, beer 3s. per bottle, brandy 10s. per bottle; but for real necessities of life, you could live in Hope Town as cheap as anywhere else in the Colony, and the native wines and spirits are not expensive—it is only the imported liquors that are dear.

As soon as the waggon stopped at the door of the hotel, the landlord ascertained how many there were to dine, and having done so he lost no time in getting the meal ready.

Beef, mutton, poultry, potatoes, greens, ham and eggs, bread and butter, tea or coffee—and plenty of it—was the meal you had placed before you in Hope Town for the moderate charge of 2s. 6d. per head. It was then announced by the guard that the waggon would start at one o'clock in the morning. There being plenty of good beds at this hotel, you lost no time in securing one of them, for which you had to pay two shillings, and having had a good dinner and settled your

bill, you tumbled into bed and in an instant was fast asleep.

Until you looked at your watch you could not believe you had really been in bed five hours. The first thing you heard was the bugle, which was being sounded by the guard of the waggon, and each sound was followed by the words—"Now, gentlemen, half an hour for coffee and to dress." You were out of bed, and into a bath, which you took care to have by your bedside, and having so refreshed yourself, you took a cup of strong coffee, and was ready.

Half-past one o'clock in the morning, ten horses as usual, moonlight, a little wet and slippery under foot—but what does that matter to a Cape driver or a Cape horse. Away you go, at the rate of seven or eight miles per hour, along rough roads, up hill and down dale, through mud and water, slashing into the horses fearlessly, without being cruel, and going along cheerily. The sleep, the food, the coffee, and especially the bath, had put you all right. You knew there was a long journey before you without a rest, but you were fresh; moreover you had brought with you a good stock of food from Hope Town, and you were ready for anything—so on you went, changing horses about every four hours, and getting a good meal every here and there, but at times having to draw upon your own stock.

The next river you crossed was the Brake River—a very nasty place it is—which you have to ford; quite as much as the horses could do to slip down one side and scramble up the other, to say nothing of having to almost swim the river itself, but that state of things only happens just after the rains. However, on you went,

stopping again at Victoria West, but only to change horses, get refreshments, and off on the road again. Victoria West is a very comfortable village; the houses are somewhat scattered, the whole of the inhabitants well-to-do. The prices at the hotels here are the same as at Hope Town as regards food, but wines, &c., that are imported are still expensive.

The whole of the country through which you had been travelling during the last four days, especially during the last two, was very fertile, and the roads, for the most part, were very good; the horses, also, with one or two exceptions, were good, and, with the help of the dare-devil superintendent, were made to go. The next place of any note you arrived at was Beaufort. This is a small, busy place, and, like most other up-country places, there does not seem to be any poverty among the inhabitants. There are one or two very good hotels at Beaufort; the charges are moderate; and here you had to lay in a stock of provisions for crossing

THE GREAT KAROO.

The great Karoo is the innermost of three ranges of mountains, which run parallel to each other and to the south coast of Africa, and is composed of a vast plain, three hundred miles in length and about one hundred miles in breadth, occupying, therefore, a space nearly equal to the whole surface of Ireland.

The soil of the Great Karoo is of a hard and impenetrable texture, almost destitute (at some seasons of the year) of any trace of vegetation, and presents to you a dreary uniformity of level surface, except where broken

by a few straggling hills of slate, which rise like little volcanic zones out of a naked surface of clay, the tinge of which is a dull brown. All traces of animated nature are lost during the dry season, and the withered remains of the fig and other plants are scattered over the surface, crackling under the horses' feet, and seem, from their faint traces of vegetable life, to maintain a perpetual struggle for existence; but if a thunderstorm should burst over this desert, the bulbs begin to swell, and the leaves to push themselves through the wet clay and creep along the surface, while a plant which is called the ice-plant has a refreshing appearance as it glistens in the sun. Other plants spread wonderfully quick their broad leaves along the ground, as if to throw a protecting cover over the moisture the earth had received, and to defend it from the sun.

If, however, successive rains fall on the Karoo, the soil gets more loosened, the plants at length appear above, and in the course of a few days that which appeared like a void waste is covered with a delicate green, and not very long after, thousands and thousands of flowers spread themselves over the whole surface; the mild midday sun expands them, and when full-blown the above mentioned delicate green is almost hidden by their glowing colour, while the whole atmosphere is filled with a most delicious odour, especially after a calm day, towards sunset, when the scent has been allowed to rest quietly on the plain. It then seems as if the whole of the dreary desert is transformed into one continual garden of flowers, but it is soon again deprived of all its glory. It scarcely continues more than six weeks, unless there are late rains, which does not often happen;

then, as the days lengthen, the full power of the mid-day sun checks once more the powers of vegetation, the flowers soon fade and fall, the stems and leaves dry up and disappear, and the hard coat of the earth covers the roots until the time arrives for more rain.

Such is the description of the Great Karoo that you were now passing over, with the ten strong mules instead of ten horses. For miles and miles you went on without changing, but outspanning for an hour or so to let the mules rest, and to give them a bundle of forage, which had been brought with the waggon. Having crossed this inhospitable mountain terrace, you are well repaid when you approach the kloof, or passage by which you descend from the mountain. The scenery is awfully grand, and in some places terrifically so. Sometimes the naked points of the solid rock rise perpendicular, like a rough wall of masonry, to the height of two or three thousand feet, and even as high as five thousand feet, very often overhanging, as if it were overbalancing itself, and threatening to strew the plain beneath with more of its venerable ruins. As you went down the winding road which takes you from the top of the Hex Mountains, you saw in places where the looser fragments had given way many irregular, peaked rocks, broken into a variety of fantastic shapes.

As you go downwards, leaving the perpendicular or overhanging rocks far above your head, you emerge at last into the deep ravines, where you find a clear brook, or at times a raging torrent, mostly shaded or overhung by abundant vegetation in all the luxuriance of a tropical clime. In the Hex valley you saw noble forest trees, entwined with creepers and with long, grey

masses of lichen loosely hanging from their spread-out branches. Here are to be found the jabbering apes or the large dark baboons, performing all kinds of antics and uttering unearthly yells, as you wend your way down lower and lower round a point, then into a corner, then round point after point, and then into corner after corner, until you arrive at the very bottom, amidst the dense verdure of the gay and flowering mimosa.

You then had to pass along the Hex Valley beside the Hex River, one of the most beautiful sights you ever saw, and after going along a level road at the bottom of the valley you came to the first farmer's house on the Cape Town side of the Great Karoo.

The change from the mountain terrace to the river valley was something delicious. You had expected to find just an ordinary farmhouse, instead of which you found yourself at a sort of private hotel. The farmer, like a sensible, spirited, and enterprising man, had adapted himself to the times. He had a large house, and could grow anything necessary for the use of man on his own farm ; moreover, he had a vineyard with several hundred thousand vines in full bearing. He had also all the plants for producing wines and spirits. In his house you could have a first-rate meal for two shillings and sixpence, and you could order a bottle of beer, and get it good for one shilling and sixpence. You thought to yourself if many other of the farmers on the roads in South Africa would lay themselves out for the same sort of thing it would make the traveller (who is forced to go to their house) more comfortable, instead of compelling them to accept for nothing that which is given with a bad grace. Having had everything you desired,

including as many delicious grapes as you felt inclined to eat, and a large basketful lashed to the side of the waggon for the use of all hands, you left the comfortable and sensible homestead of the farmer of Hex River Valley, wishing with all your heart health and happiness to him and those belonging to him. With ten fresh horses, and a level but somewhat heavy road before you, you wend your way through this delightful valley, a distance of about twenty-five miles, a short distance beyond which brings you to the very pretty and homely-like town of Worcester. Here you rested one night in a real good and clean bed.

Four o'clock in the morning, behind ten good strong horses, you left the thriving town of Worcester. Good roads are always a good sign of a thriving country, and they are certainly good about Worcester, which enabled your waggon to go along at little short of nine miles per hour, and you were not long before you arrived at Lange Kloof, which you mounted by the way of Bain's Pass.

Rising Bain's Pass, coming from the interior, means getting up a long cutting in a zig-zag form, excavated on the side of the first of the three ranges of mountains which run parallel to the South African coast, in order to climb over, and as you go gradually up the scenery is indeed grand, and like the pass which takes you into Hex River Valley. You passed rocks with their naked and solid points rising perpendicularly, like walls of masonry, to the height of two or three thousand feet. In some places the fantastically-shaped rocks are overhanging, and you can plainly see that some of the looser fragments have already given way, and left solid rocks,

irregular, peaked, and broken into a variety of shapes. And when on the highest part of the Pass the view of the plains below is something more than beautiful—you could see in front of you for many miles. Then you commenced to descend with ten horses on a narrow road cut in the side of the mountain, only broad enough for another waggon to pass; and if by any accident your horses took fright and placed the waggon on the edge of the road and got over it, you must fall down thousands of feet into the darksome glen below. Having arrived at the base of this mountain you then have to pass over a few miles of flat country, and you are at the great town of Wellington, where there is an excellent hotel, which is about one-third of a mile from the railway station, where a truck stands ready to take the waggon and you on to Cape Town, where you arrive the same day.

THE HOTEL AT CAPE TOWN

Is a well-conducted hotel, but its bed-rooms might be better. There is a long and comfortable dining-room—the food on the table at every meal is excellent, and the charges are very moderate. On the day of your arrival the dinner-table was crowded, and there were side-tables arranged. At the very top of the permanent table there sat a young man; he was well-dressed, everything on and about him seemed new, even his watch-chain, and the rings on his fingers. By his side stood a pint bottle of sparkling moselle, he was talking in a lively strain to some young fellows opposite him and beside him; they seemed to make very much of him, and paid him a great

deal of attention ; you thought you had seen him before, and at length you recognised him as the young man you had met, and whom you took to your hotel at the diamond fields, and you remembered that you had last seen him near the Post-office at the diamond fields ; you were not sure that he recognised you, nor did you wish him to notice you, and you therefore pretended not to know him ; but you felt a little curious, and on inquiry, you were given to understand that he was considered the most lucky diamond-finder that had ever returned from the fields.

You were exceedingly glad to hear that he had been so very lucky, but wondered how he managed it in such a short time. You, however, had your own matters to settle, and went about them, and thought no more about him until the following day, when you were looking into a shop-window ; you could not help hearing a conversation between two persons who had accidentally met close by you. The first speaker said—" Ah ! you are just the man I wanted to see. I want to square with you about that £100 I took from you. I have done well at the fields—will you take £200, and square it ?" The other made some reply, but you could not hear what he said. At the mention of the £100, you involuntarily turned round, and there you saw the man whom you had met at the diamond fields, and whom you had seen at the hotel ; you did not care to be recognised by him, so you took the first opportunity of getting out of his way.

Four o'clock in the afternoon, on the — of June, on the day after your arrival in Cape Town, you were standing at the bar of the same hotel you had dined at the previous evening. It seemed as if you were always

to meet the successful diamond-digger, although you most particularly wished to avoid him; but you had not been at the bar many minutes when he walked in, and there were several other young gentlemen with him. They all seemed merry and jolly, and they were talking of going on board the mail steamer the following day, and saying among themselves how jolly it would be to see Old England once more; they were talking freely among themselves of their friends at home; they were laughing, talking, and joking with each other, and drinking freely of different kinds of beverage, when the jollity was all of a sudden put an end to.

You had noticed a tall, stout man look in at the front door once or twice, and shortly after he and two others entered together, and walked straight up to the successful diamond-finder, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Your name is Vincent Vexton, I believe?" Vexton had a glass of champagne in his hand at the time, and before he replied he swallowed the contents, and then said, "Yes, that is my name." "Then you are my prisoner; I have a warrant for your apprehension for robbery, and also a search-warrant, which empowers me to search your effects." Vexton at first turned deadly pale, and the next moment seemed to recover his presence of mind, and was looking round, as if he wished to escape. All this time there was a dead silence; his companions were standing amazed, and as if they were struck dumb. The officer, seeing Vexton look round him, said, "Excuse me, sir, I have two other officers with me; I do not wish to give you any unnecessary pain, but I shall be obliged if you will give me that bag you have slung over your shoulder;" and while

the officer was speaking he assisted Vexton to take the bag off. As soon as the officer had got possession of the bag, he said to the landlord, who was standing inside the bar, "Will you show me this gentleman's room? I wish to take possession of his luggage." Vincent Vexton by this time had recovered, and said to the officer, "Will you be good enough to say for what robbery I am apprehended? and will you be good enough to show me your authority?" The officer's reply was—"You are apprehended on a charge of robbing the Honourable Eli Wardy of the sum of one hundred pounds, and some of his personal effects, and it is in order to search for those personal effects that I have the search-warrant. "Oh," said Vincent Vexton, "I have squared that to-day with Eli Wardy." "That may be," said the officer; "but you have not satisfied the law yet; it is out of the power of Eli Wardy to square with you. We will go and have a look at your room, if you please. Will you please show us the room you occupy?"

All this time his friends were standing looking on in utter amazement—not a word was spoken by any one of them—and Vexton had to go to his room in charge of the three officers. You now began to take an interest in him again, as he was in great trouble, and you followed him to his room, and, to the surprise of all present, there was not a single package of luggage in the room.

The officers stood looking at each other; they thought they were done, but one of them put his hand on the bell-rope and gave it a sharp pull. At almost the same moment the chambermaid entered, and said, "Did you ring?" They said, "Yes; tell the landlord he is wanted."

The landlord shortly after entered, and the officers said, "I demand of you to tell me where this person's luggage is." The landlord said, "It left here this morning to go on board the mail steamer, but I cannot say that it did go there."

The officer turned to Vincent, and said, "Is your luggage on board the steamer?" and the reply was, "It is." "Then," said the officer, "you must come with me on board, and point it out." The only reply that Vincent Vexton gave was, "Very well." A cab was called to the door; soon after they passed downstairs, and when they got opposite the bar one of the officers pulled out a pair of handcuffs, and said, "I have the right of putting these on you, but if you will pledge yourself not to attempt to escape I will not thus give you pain." Vincent replied in a mild voice, "I do promise."

You noticed that all the friends of Vincent Vexton were still there, but the glasses they had been drinking from still stood on the counter of the bar, with the liquor in them untouched. The four persons all entered the cab, and you jumped into a Hansom, and followed them down to the central jetty, where a police boat was lying. The three officers entered it, and Vincent Vexton with them. They pulled off to the mail steamer, and you took a boat and followed.

The quartermaster of the steamer reported to the commanding officer, "Police boat coming alongside, sir." "All right!" was the reply, and the three officers and Vincent Vexton mounted the gangway-ladder, and were soon on the deck of the mail steamer. One of the officers touched his hat to the commanding

officer of the mail steamer, and said, "This person is my prisoner, and I have come to demand his luggage." Vincent Vexton himself pointed out his several packages, and the officers had them passed into the boat, and they all four left the ship. That same evening the news spread far and wide through Cape Town, through the whole of the Western and Eastern provinces, that the perpetrator of the great diamond robbery had been caught with thousands of diamonds in his possession. Yes, the news spread quickly that he who had robbed the Post-office at the diamond fields of the Cape Town mail bag had been really caught with, as before stated, thousands of diamonds in his possession.

You had followed the officers and Vincent Vexton on shore. You saw them land on the central wharf, and as they were passing up from the landing-place they were met by a tall Scotchman—hanging to his arm was a beautiful girl—they were all smiles to each other. You recognised them as being Leah and Wallace. They were now married and happy. They were going home in the mail steamer. When they saw Vincent Vexton in charge and met him face to face, they both turned deadly pale. The prisoner hung his head as he passed them. You pitied poor Vincent from the bottom of your heart, and said to yourself, "What a difference! There is the man who has been robbed walking off with one of the most beautiful girls in the world, while the man who robbed him is being committed to prison. After the beautiful Africander girl had passed Vincent, she drew close up to her husband, and said, "Hector, may the Lord have mercy on that poor fellow!" and

as the tears rolled from her beautiful eyes she added, "I wonder whether he has any one in his country that loves him?" They passed on in silence, stepped into the boat, and were soon far away on the broad sheet of water, Table Bay, and the following you read in the *London Colonial News* :—

THE RECENT MAIL BAG ROBBERY.

Confession of the Prisoner.

"The tragico-romantic story we had to tell touching the great diamond fields robbery has assumed a new phase. The wretched prisoner, deeply conscious of the misery in which he had involved himself, has made an open breast of it, confessed his crime to the utmost, and made offer to give all the assistance in his power towards recovering the property he stole, and thus, in some degree at least, making amends for his offence. He acknowledges that he, and he alone, was the robber at the New Rush. He had been passing by or lounging about the Post-office on the night of the 9th May; he saw the unprotected condition of the Post-office windows; he thrust in his hand and picked out the packet which seemed to him the heaviest, and this obtained, he proceeded with it as best he might to the quiet retirement of his own tent. What next he did it is unnecessary to tell. The New Rush camp, of course, was in wild commotion; patrols were out in search of the robber or robbers, and threats of the most summary and condign punishment were freely expressed on all sides. Meanwhile ——— kept his own council and adopted his own proceedings. He went about his

business in his usual fashion, with a calmness of demeanour which defied detection or suspicion; but all the time he prepared his arrangements for an early and orderly departure from the fields. The stolen diamonds, as we have seen, were disposed of in the stock of his gun, in the barrels of his gun, and in the various other recesses from which they were extracted by Mr. ——— on the memorable afternoon of Tuesday. The accompanying letters in the mail, including the advices to the consignees of these diamonds were, fortunately, preserved, and carefully buried in certain localities which are now clearly pointed out, and which, from all we have heard, there can be no difficulty in discovering. This will be of immense service hereafter in identifying the small parcels of diamonds, and restoring, so far as possible, their respective properties to the plundered owners. The offering of this frank and full confession, under all circumstances, was the very wisest course the wretched prisoner could have resorted to; and, doubtless, it will be taken into due consideration by the judicial authorities on whom the painful duty must devolve of meting out the punishment inevitable for the offence. Even upon the evidence we published on Thursday, with the further trains of proof to which it gave significant clue, there could be no doubt that conviction would be ultimately arrived at. But the trouble and expense in attaining to that consummation would be great; and the trouble and expense of restoring the stolen property to its owners would be greater still. To that extent, at least, the prisoner must be considered to have made amends for his enormous crime. The idea generally prevailed until yesterday that ——— must have been

a practised thief, if not a professional member of the Swell Mob specially detached for practised service at the South African diamond fields. That, we believe, is not the case. We have reason to say that he belongs to a respectable family in England; and we surmise that probably he is but a specimen of a class of young men who, from one cause or another, have fallen from the course of rectitude and honour to which they were born, and hold themselves in readiness for submission to temptation whenever it may chance to fall in their way. —, in the wretched position to which he has now fallen, deserves pity commingled with indignation. His hapless relatives at home deserve pity alone."

Another paper says:—"We have never seen so splendid a collection as those taken out of ——'s courier bag and gun barrels. Some one suggested that 2,374 diamonds were so heavy that if they were placed in a gun, it would be difficult to carry such a weapon so loaded. After seeing the 2,374, we have arrived at the conclusion that it would not be difficult for a moderately strong man to carry off half-a-dozen guns so loaded. But if their weight is nothing, their appearance is splendid. There are, of course, a large number of off-coloured stones, a few stones, and some boart. The diamond of 89 carats is white, and would be octahedron, but that one side is splintered off. It is otherwise a white stone, but not of much value, as it has specks. The 62-carat stone is almost a decided yellow, perfect in shape, and free from flaw or speck. Then from the large mass is a small regiment of white stones, perfect octahedrons, of dazzling brightness, and over which the gaslight glimmers in flashes of fire like a summer's sun

in a sea of glass. Aladdin and his wonderful lamp never dreamt of conjuring up anything so dazzling as these 2,374 diamonds when all spread out. How are these diamonds to be returned to their owners? Can anyone go amongst the 2,374, and swear to a certain diamond being his property? With the exception of the large splintered one, we do not believe that anyone can. The 61-carat possibly could be identified, but we do not know how the others can be sworn to. The diamond robbery was a mysterious one, and it seems to bid fair to puzzle us to the end of the chapter."

Diamond sales at Port Elizabeth are now well established, and large numbers of diamonds continue to be offered at public auction, but dealers at a distance, anxious to judge of the continuance of large "finds," must bear in mind that diamonds declared not sold are frequently again offered at public sales. Indeed, stones sold out and out are occasionally resold by cautious purchasers. The sales established here are not only well patronised, but the quantity withdrawn is very small in proportion to that offered, and the *bond fide* character of these sales is thus proved. The improvement in the home market has stimulated competition, and prices have lately had an upward tendency. The following is a statement of the number and weight of diamonds offered at public auction since the beginning of the month :—

	No. of diamonds.	Carats.
Sold	10,870	20,694
Withdrawn . . .	1,032	2,755
<hr/>		<hr/>
Total offered . .	11,902	23,449



THE VOYAGE HOME IN THE "SYRIA."

Of course everybody, as a rule, leaves everything till the last day ; their luggage, themselves, and their friends go on board a few hours before the vessel starts, because in a well-regulated company like the Union Steam Ship Company, the steam is not ready until it is wanted, and it is wanted exactly at four o'clock p.m., the hour of sailing, and as the bell strikes eight the order is given—*Easy ahead* ; and *Go ahead full speed*—and the steamer is off. The "Syria" is not the only vessel that is so regular in sailing, but every vessel belonging to the company is the same ; they are off at the moment they are advertised to sail. The fact is, the company's servants have the entire management in their own hands, and their affairs are managed with a regularity and punctuality that does them great credit ; they have not the bungling of dock authorities there to put a ship athwart their horse just as they are about to turn ahead.

The "Syria" was to sail at four o'clock on the 5th June, and you, as well as many others, went on board two or three hours before that time ; there was a gentle breeze from the north-west, just enough to spread a ripple over the smooth waters of Table Bay on such a beautiful day, and especially when a mail steamer is about to start Table Bay is all alive. There are many boats plying to

and from the vessel ; some with luggage, some with passengers, some with both ; and many of the passengers have their friends with them to see them off ; many go on board to see the vessel, or to say good-bye to some of the ship's company—therefore for a few hours before the vessel starts she is crowded with visitors. There you see the farmer from hundreds of miles up country, who has brought a daughter or a son, or perhaps two or three of them, down from the country, and is sending them *home* to Europe to be educated. They all call it going *home*, although neither they nor their fathers or mothers may have ever seen Europe, but are the descendants of Europeans. Then you will see young men who have been born and educated in the colony going *home* for a cruise, to see what *home* is like, and to see the world generally. Then there are the men of business going home to their connections in Europe, or to rest their brain that has perhaps been overworked. Then there are men of the last mentioned stamp who have put off taking rest until it was too late, and are going home to dip themselves in the warm waters of Germany, or for medical advice. Then there are men who are regular old stagers, and who are constantly going to and fro between the Cape, Europe, or perhaps America ; some who go out in order to purchase wool, and take out consignments with them. Then there are whole families—man, wife, and children—who have made their fortunes, and think they would like to settle down in Old England, and who, when they do get there, will soon wish themselves back again. Then again there is the restless young man of rich parents, who has perhaps fallen in love with some *honest, good, but poor girl* ; he has been sent to the Cape

out of her way, and to do worse than marry her, while she is broken-hearted in her humble home, and don't complain, because it is no use; it is her lot, and she loves on. You saw also *old, old* men and women, perhaps knowing that they are not long for this world, are going home just to clap eyes on some one dear to them, and say "Good-bye, farewell for ever." Among the same crowd you saw young men who had gone out pale and thin to the diamond fields, and were returning robust and better off than when they landed; also young men who had heard that money had been left them, and were going home to receive it, and return. Then the colonist who had been successful at the fields, on his way home to sell his diamonds. Among the same, a few officials who are on their way home perhaps on sick leave, or on urgent private affairs; also the shipmaster, who has lost his ship, on his way home to try and get another command, or a shipmaster who has been sent out on a tom-fool's errand and has succeeded in finding a *mare's nest*, and has cause to wish he had stopped at home.

Then another class, the many connected with the diamond fields—those who do nothing but go to the fields and purchase diamonds; in fact, diamond merchants going home rich; among them a few who are down in the mouth, have been in a streak of bad luck, going home to ask for help, in order to enable them to try their luck again; also a few who had hoped that they could get diamonds without trouble, and would not work, going home disappointed and illused.

Then last of all, but by far the most of one kind in number, were those who had gone to the Cape Colony in search of health, and for nothing else. See them now,

compared with what they were when they left home! They have found what they were in search of, and are going home to rejoice those in the old country, who will receive them with open arms.

The above is a description of what made up about one hundred and forty passengers, some of whom were from Natal, some from East London, some from the business mart of the colony, viz., Port Elizabeth, some from Mossel Bay, and the remainder from Cape Town, and homeward bound, per "Syria," for Southampton, touching at St. Helena, Ascension, and Madeira.

As before stated the bay has a lively appearance, and the mail steamer is crowded with passengers and visitors. Box after box, bag after bag, portmanteau after portmanteau, package after package are tumbled in at the gangway, some marked for the cabin and the number of the berth—some marked, "Wanted during the voyage," and others marked "Not wanted during the voyage." These are stowed away first, then sent to the respective berths, and the others kept at hand, so that the deck is kept quite clear. As the time drew near for starting, the after-saloon was crowded, some sobbing and crying at the thought of parting, and many taking their farewell glass, and as four o'clock drew nearer they in ones, twos, or threes leave the ship, and at half-past three the bell rings a notice for visitors to quit; at a quarter to four, another bell, and all strangers are over the side into their boats, and many of them lay a little off from the ship's side still talking to their friends. Then the booming sound of a gun is heard amidships, and eight bells are struck, the order given to go on ahead, then three cheers from the people in the boats, which is more than

returned by the people on board, and with the words down the pipe, "Full speed," the "Syria" is off to Old England.

The slanting rays of the afternoon's sun are shining brightly and with full force on the whole of Cape Town, on the face of Table Mountain, on the dark blue waters of Table Bay, and on the stately and beautifully-modelled steamer "Syria," as the latter steams boldly out between Roben Island and the Blue Berg shore. Standing as you were, looking at the island, you could not help a sorrowful feeling coming over you when you remembered your visit to that island; you were looking at the very buildings you had visited not long ago; you remembered that when you landed you were carried on shore by prisoners—you, and even some ladies, were kept standing for a long time in the burning hot sun, waiting for a box which contained the luncheon of your party. You begged of the semi-official, for the ladies' sakes, to have the box brought on shore; but no, he was as cold-hearted as the sun was hot, and the party remain on the sands for a long time. He was just fit for Roben Island and no other place.

You remembered going into the wards where the lepers were—oh, horrid sight! Then to the wards and yard where the insane were. You remembered also the poor Dutch farmer, the poor little man walking up and down with quick step, talking nonsense to himself—a wife and family on his farm who were once dear to him, but now he knows them not—his poor brain seemed to have been scattered to the four winds, and there was nothing of him but flesh and blood still alive, with senses dead and gone. There were also men running about

apparently happy—and, in one sense, so they were, the troubles and anxieties of the world had gone away, and were far behind them—a hideous grin had been planted on their features, such as would only die with them. There was one poor fellow who came to the gate to look at the lady who was with you. He took his stand quite near to the gate, his arms were dropped down at full length by his side, his knees were a little bent, and his head bent forward. He stood with his eyes fixed on the lady, to all appearance like a statue. You could not see him breathing, but the moment the lady retired he ran away making some of the most dismal noises possible to imagine. You continued to look on the “island of misery” as the steamer passed. You remembered the women’s wards—it was bad enough to your mind to see men in such a distressed state, but when you saw the poor women in such a state of mind and appearance so unlike them when in sound mind, it was too much for you—you were glad to go down to the beach and there bask in the sun, out of sight of the homes of the poor afflicted ones of the “island of misery.”

All this time the steamer was going on her course cheerily, and over a sea as smooth as a mirror. The sun was getting low, and as it neared the horizon it became redder and redder—its rays were less powerful, and you could almost look it straight in the face without hurting your eyes much. The breeze, as your vessel distanced the land, died away, and the water, instead of being blue, turned a pale lead colour, and as the open sea was approached the permanent swell of the ocean made the ship’s bow rise and fall as she gracefully suited herself to the unevenness of the sea.

As the good ship "Syria" steamed along cheerily, gradually sinking Table Mountain below the horizon in the south, you were leaning on the rail looking at the land about the beautiful harbour of Saldanah Bay. The evening was a serene one; the sun was getting down—you watched it as it got lower and lower, and its rays weaker and weaker, so that you could look straight at it. Then it turned into a dark red, and seemed twice as large as it appeared a few hours ago; then it touched the edge of the snow-topped distant mountains, and made them appear ever so much nearer to you, and in a very short time it got down behind them, and left nothing but its red glare behind it to the east, while the sky and sea to the west turned lead colour, and by-and-bye the eastern sky and sea imitated the west, and shortly after the "Syria" was steaming along in the dark, sending the phosphoric sparks far away on each bow as she rolled on toward St. Helena.

Yes, rolling down to St. Helena! There are few, you thought, who had been out to or round the Cape of Good Hope and back who did not remember those old familiar words. Dear old St. Helena! a place that has seen so many reverses—you were glad that you were going to see it once more, and while you were undressing you thought of the happy days you had spent there. You turned in and fell asleep, thinking of your old friends the Yamstalks, of St. Helena.

THE FIRST MORNING ON BOARD THE "SYRIA," HOMeward BOUND.

That morning was a hazy morning. Long before daylight, when the darling little ones had had their first

sleep—ah, bless them and their lungs!—crying in English, crying in Dutch, crying in German, crying in French, &c., &c., is much about the same, with children crying all at once in all the above mentioned languages; their mothers, in their own native tongues, calling out loudly for their nurses—their fathers calling loudly for the steward—the quiet ones casting up their accounts—the ship rolling from side to side—people who wished to dress not able to find their clothes—some poor fellow roaring with pain from the gout—another fellow roaring for soda water, another for coffee, another for his boots—somebody wanting his portmanteau, another wanting the doctor—some inquiring what time the breakfast would be ready—with those heavy steam winches going all at one time as an accompaniment, is something short of refreshing. But it must be remembered there are over one hundred and forty passengers, and about twenty stewards and cooks, besides the regular crew of the vessel; and it is astonishing, after the first day or two of discomfort, how soon the passengers shake themselves into their places. The nurses get used to the ship, the ladies get attended to, the gentlemen begin to know how and where they can get what they want, and the people begin to know each other; and there is sure to be some jolly fellow on board who will start some kind of amusement; that amusement of itself brings people together—they begin to know each other, and a friendly feeling springs up—they begin to feel as if they were all one family for the time being, they must remain together for some days. The gentlemen make up their minds to be kind and courteous to the ladies, and the ladies make up their minds to receive the respectful attentions due

to them as ladies and to their sex, gracefully, and in their turn, do any little thing that is consistent to amuse—pitch overboard for the voyage any difference in station of life on shore. All have to pay a like sum to be allowed to go home in the ship; and let those who do pay alike be alike, so long as each behave themselves. Almost all the comfort or discomfort of a voyage depend on the first two or three days. If there are two or three jolly fellows, who are amusing, and at the same time respectful to the ladies, they, as before stated, will tend to make the ship a happy one, especially if they get, as they mostly do, the support of all the good-natured. It often happens that there are some disagreeable ones on board, but you generally find that those who are disagreeable on a voyage are persons who are not well—they have something the matter with them inwardly, and they can't help it, poor things. In such cases it is by far the best way to pet them, nurse them, and if they will not be agreeable, then pity them, but don't annoy them. You remembered one on board who was suffering much from pain, caused by rheumatic gout. He was one of the jolliest fellows alive, always ready to give you a verse of a song, although his gout, poor fellow, used to put him out of tune now and then, and he would tell you anecdotes that, although he was nearly crying with pain, would keep you in a roar of laughter. However, on went the "Syria," rolling down to St. Helena. Notwithstanding that she was a crowded ship and crammed with cargo, the same regular system of management went on as it did on the voyage out. If there was a little discomfort at times, it was only that attributable to a very full ship; there

was no lack of courtesy, management, or of good provisions, and, considering how unexpectedly it was that the ship was so crowded, you wondered how they managed; but the fact is, all connected with the company are old hands; they know their work, and are to be trusted, and therefore have gained the confidence of the public who travel in that direction.

As the working of the "Syria" home is much the same as the voyage out, it will suffice here to say she was the same happy ship as ever. There were entertainments got up, such as Christy's Minstrels, for the evening, quarts and bull for the day, and the time passed on swiftly, and in six days twenty-one hours and ten minutes she arrived and anchored at

ST. HELENA,

One of the Islands of Lower Guinea. It is in lat. 15° 55' S. and long. 5° 49' 45" W.; it is 680 miles from the Island of Ascension, which is the nearest land to it. The next nearest land is the Coast of Africa, 1,200 miles off, and the American coast is nearly 2,000 miles distant. The island is about ten miles and a half in length, and six miles and three-quarters in breadth, and the mean height of it is 1,400 feet. It presents the appearance of a naked and rugged rock when first seen at sea, and is extremely abrupt at its northern end, but more slanting towards the south. Upon a nearer approach the central heights are seen to be clothed with verdure, but upon drawing still nearer these are again shut out from view, and nothing is to be seen but a girdle of inaccessible precipices overhanging the sea, some of them ex-

hibiting most fantastic shapes, and others rent down to their base, disclosing hideous chasms, and the strata are observed to lay in great variety of direction. The whole mass has the appearance of having been produced by a submarine volcano. The principal inlets by which the island can be approached are James's Bay, Rupert's Bay, Lemon, Valley, and Sandy Bay. The island contains 30,800 acres; there are only two plains on the whole of that extent, the largest of which is at Longwood, and comprises 1,500 acres of fine land sloping to the south-west.

The steamer anchored about the third of a mile off. Boats to take passengers on shore are alongside immediately the anchor is let go. There is generally a little swell at the landing-place; it is, however, quite easy to land.

A few yards from the steps where you land you find carriages, saddle-horses, or guides, to take you to any part of the island. Not far from the landing-place is a fortified line extending from cliff to cliff, which is covered with cannon nearly level with the water's edge. You have to pass a drawbridge and a double row of peepel trees; you then enter the town by an arched gateway under a rampart or terrace, which forms one side of a handsome parade. The town contains many little gardens, groves, and shaded walks, and extends the whole length of the valley, which gradually decreases in breadth till at last there is only room for a single house. On each side of the street you see enormous masses of rock, overhanging the valley in a manner sufficient to alarm the mind of a stranger.

The roads which give access to the interior are carried

along the sides of Rupert's and Ladder Hill in a zig-zag direction, which renders the ascent quite easy. After passing along the road cut into the naked rock, the sight is gratified by the sudden prospect of woody heights, verdant lawns, cultivated plantations, and handsome little country seats. The view from High Knoll presents a beautiful series of prospects, lofty ridges of hills and precipices which completely close in the view, and finely contrasts with the softer and richer scenes which they enclose. Various plants and trees from the most opposite and distant climes are to be found within the enclosures.

The climate of St. Helena is remarkably temperate and salubrious, and particularly adapted to the constitution of Europeans; and for a quiet place in which to gain health and strength it is unsurpassed in the world, as there is generally a canopy of clouds over the island sufficient to afford shelter from the vertical rays of the sun and to admit of exercise or even labour being carried on with impunity during the heat of the day. A great advantage in St. Helena is that you may get almost any kind of temperature, from 58° to 83° , according to the nature of the locality and different degrees of elevation.

The inhabitants of St. Helena are noted for their quiet manners and their civility. They are exceedingly hospitable to strangers residing there, but when passengers land they have, of course, an eye to business; they are, however, less exacting than at ninety-nine places out of one hundred.

There are about 160 clear and wholesome springs of pure water; they issue from almost every height,

many of them not diminishing in the least in dry weather. There are also numerous salt-water pools. The summits and sides of the interior hills are covered with furze, the seed of which was brought from England. The ferns are very numerous and beautiful, and there are fern trees growing to the height of twenty feet, with leaves five feet in length. Almost every farm produces vines, figs, limes, oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, bananas, peaches, quinces, pomegranates, tamarinds, mulberries, melons, water-melons, and pumpkins.

Mangos, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, pine apples, and strawberries are also raised in small quantities, but gooseberry and currant bushes, when planted, run into evergreens and yield no fruit. The common blackberry completely overspreads large tracts of ground.

Three successive crops of yam are frequently produced in one season. Vegetables are raised everywhere on the island in great abundance. Rabbits abound in some spots. Rats and mice are amazingly numerous. The canary-bird abounds also, and the Java sparrow is a great annoyance to the farmer. Pheasants and partridges have become numerous. On the shores are many sea-fowl. About seventy kinds of fish are found on the coast, and flying-fish often drop on the rocks, some measuring two feet in length. Whales are frequently seen in the vicinity of the island. Sharks are numerous. Turtle frequent the coast in December and March; rock oysters are found in some places.

Such is old St. Helena, which was discovered by the Portuguese in 1501, inhabited then only by seals, sea-lions, sea-fowl, and turtles. The next, or first, inhabitants were people with their noses, ears, and right

hands cut off, who preferred a life of voluntary exile to a life of ignominy in their native country. Altogether St. Helena is a very interesting spot, and a very happy month might be spent on that island—which is only an easy month from England—at a cost of under £30, in a first-rate steamer, certainly as cheap as living on shore. Leaving St. Helena—which everyone ought to have a look at—you started just before dark, and the next place you touched at was the Island of Ascension, which you arrived at in two days eighteen hours forty-five minutes.

Ascension Island is a solitary one, 680 miles north-west of St. Helena; it is about nine miles long and six miles broad, with a circumference of about thirty-three miles. It may be described as a huge cinder, its whole surface is broken into mountain-hills and ravines covered with ashes; its greatest elevation is 2,870 feet, with natural vegetation enough to support a few goats. It is celebrated for its turtle. Its coast also abounds in fish.

Ascension Island is kept as a station and rendezvous for the African squadron, and that is all it is fit for.

By the time the vessel gets thus far on her passage home every one of the passengers have been able to make themselves more or less at home. The ship has, so to say, rolled and pitched them into their places. They have many of them made friends with each other, and one who has the ability affords the other amusement, and that kind of good-fellowship which helps to shorten the voyage, so much so that when it is at an end there often is a "tiny mite" of regret at leaving the dear old ship, as you have often heard her called.

The next land you neared was Cape Verd, not of

much interest to any one—you just sighted it, and that is all you cared to do. It is the extreme west point of the African Continent on the Senegambian coast, in lat. $14^{\circ} 43' 5''$ north, and long. $17^{\circ} 33' 7''$ west. It is the extremity of a peninsular projection between the Bay of Fof on the north, and the Bay of Dakker or Goree on the south; it terminates in a tongue of low, flat, black rocks, which in a few parts rise eight or nine feet above the sea level.

You passed also the Cape Verd Islands, a semicircular group, about three hundred and fifty miles distant from the mouth of the Gambia, and lying between 14° and 17° north lat., and 22° and 25° west long. The group consists of fourteen islands, nine of which are inhabited; their united space is 1,700 square miles; their general aspect is mountainous, and they are all of volcanic origin. The coasts are in many quarters rugged, while the interior presents lofty, shapeless, and long, serrated rocky outlines; some of the islands have a flat and sandy coast, while others are rugged and precipitous.

One of these islands, called Fogo, is entirely of volcanic origin, and rises in its central peak to an altitude of 9,157 feet; its circumference is about forty miles, and population about 9,000. After a silence of about fifty years its volcano broke forth again, and torrents of burning lava issuing from its seven craters caused considerable devastation.

Though situated in the middle of the equinoctial zone, and at no great distance from the broadest part of Africa, in their climate and vegetation these islands approach nearer the temperate regions than the tropical. Even in the dry seasons the atmosphere is extremely humid;

for the air being heated over the broadest part of Africa, a great capacity for imbibing moisture is thereby acquired; and in passing over the sea it not only saturates the highest points of the islands, but also the central ridges, which are usually enveloped in clouds after ten o'clock in the forenoon. The hills are clothed with thick pasture grass, giving the country a feature entirely unlooked for in so low a latitude. Extreme droughts, however, are sometimes fearfully felt in these islands. Rain has sometimes not fallen for three or four years, and it is said that no fewer than 30,500 souls perished from this cause and the consequent famine in 1832.

Indian corn, cassava, sugar-cane, vines, figs, lemons, pineapples, the tamarind, guana, banana, cocoa-palm, cotton, and indigo grow freely. Monkeys, baboons, and bisam cats abound in the mountain woods, and the coasts swarm with land tortoises.

The principal fish caught are grey and red mullets, rock fish, snappers, bonitos, and cavalla.

Most of the population are negroes, who have adopted the Portuguese religion and language; and in point of height these people are a fine race, both men and women, but have the appearance of intemperate and indolent habits, but a few are clad with decency. They are straight and well-formed, and move with ease and firmness.

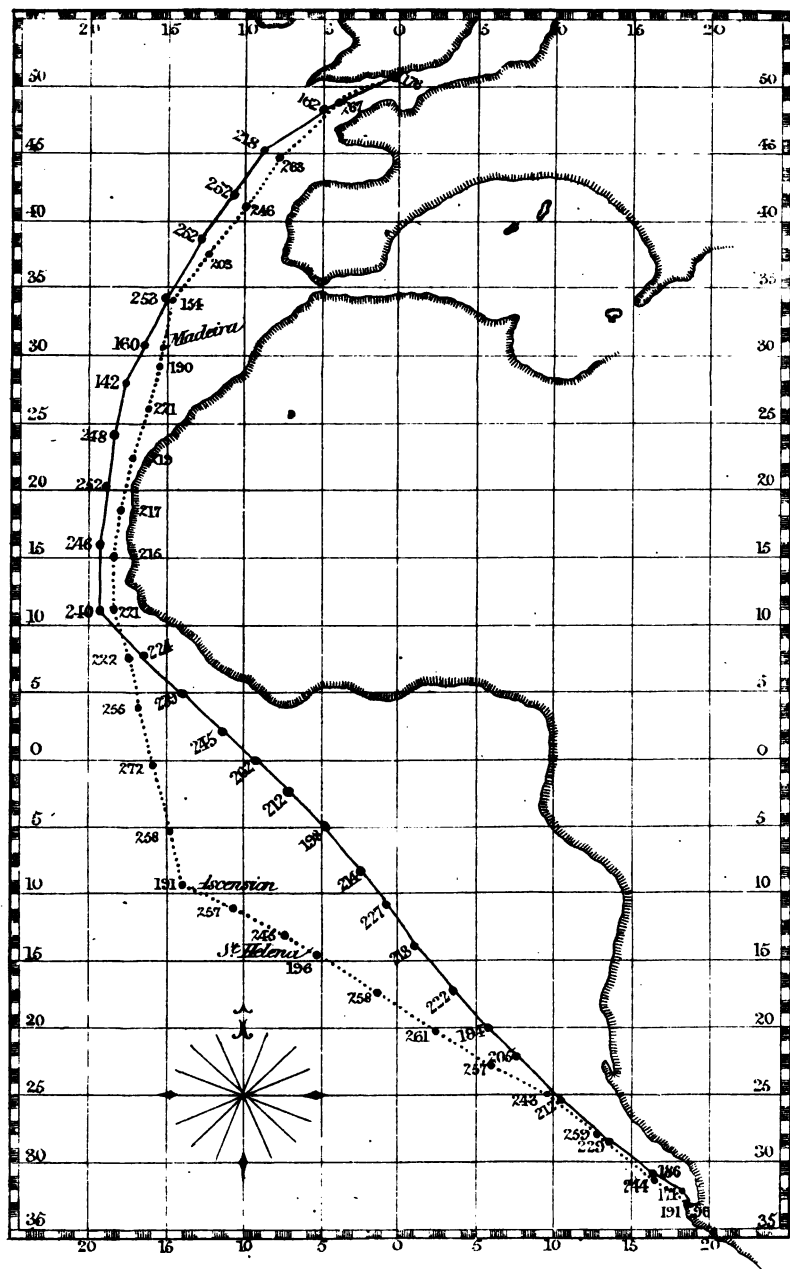
After passing these, the next place you called at was Madeira, where the vessel lay a few hours to coal. This island you described with others on the voyage out. The time occupied from Ascension to Madeira was ten days thirteen hours thirty minutes.

After leaving Madeira the thoughts of all on board

begin to revert to Old England. Some who have been away for many years—some who have been away for only a few months—wonder how they will find their friends—how they will be received, and the heart beats hard from joy or from anxiety as they get nearer and nearer. And others who have never seen Old England or any part of Europe in their lives, wonder what it is like, and their hearts beat hard from curiosity, as they see the water changing colour on nearing the land. The needles are passed through during the night; they stop up nearly all night to watch, but they see nothing but lights, so they go to bed and sleep soundly. When they wake in the morning they hear the noise of ropes, chains, and the tramp of many feet above. They dress and go on deck; they find the ship has arrived—she is in Southampton Dock, having made the passage from Madeira in five days eleven hours and thirty minutes. It is a fact. There is real Old England. They say to themselves, “Am I really here or am I dreaming? No, I am not dreaming; it is true, here is England; I am really so close to it that I can step ashore.”

**MEMORANDUM OF THE TIME BETWEEN EACH PORT AND
THE TIME IN PORT DURING THE VOYAGE HOME.**

	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
From Cape Town to St. Helena .	6	21	10
Time in St. Helena	0	5	40
From St. Helena to Ascension .	2	18	45
Time in Ascension	0	5	0
From Ascension to Madeira .	10	18	30
Time in Madeira	0	11	15
Madeira to Southampton . .	5	11	30
<hr/>			
Total	26	15	0



The Voyage out is indicated thus. —————
 The Voyage home is indicated thus.





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4.—Passengers embark and disembark at Southampton, and baggage must be at the Southampton Docks, for shipment, one day at least before the ship's departure. The Company cannot engage to take any excess of baggage over the regulated allowance, unless room be previously engaged.

5.—Each adult passenger allowed to carry luggage to the extent of 20 cubic feet free of charge, and children and servants in proportion to the amount of passage money paid for them as compared with the rate for adults. For all luggage in excess of this allowance, a charge will be made of 2s. per cubic foot. The Company will not be held liable for the baggage of passengers embarking in their ships where no special freight is paid for the same. See note at back of passage ticket as follows:—"It is to be understood, and it is hereby agreed to by the person holding this ticket, that the Company will not be liable in any way for the luggage of passengers embarking in their ships, unless the passengers choose to pay 1s. per cubic foot for all luggage put under the Company's charge (in addition to the charge of 2s. per cubic foot for extra baggage), in which case the packages are to be labelled and numbered, and a receipt given for them on shipment, and should a passenger require any of the packages so labelled during the voyage, he is to relieve the Company of their custody and liability for the delivery of the same. The liability of the Company is to be limited to £10 per each single package, as provided by the Carrier's Act, unless a higher value is declared at the time of shipment, in which case a special rate will be charged."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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6.—Passengers are not allowed to take on board Wines, Spirits, or other Liquors, for use during the voyage, an ample stock being provided on board at moderate prices.

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8.—Passengers will only be received on board these Ships on the express condition and agreement on their part that the Company are not liable for detention or delay of Passengers arising from accident or from extraordinary or unavoidable circumstances, or from circumstances arising out of, or connected with the employment of the Company's Ships in the Postal Service, or from quarantine regulations, or from transhipment, nor for any damage, loss, or injury of, or to, the Passengers, or to their Baggage or Property, from proceeding with or without a Pilot, or from the act of God, the Queen's enemies, Pirates, Restraint of Princes, Rulers, and People, Jettison, Barratry, Collision, Fire or Explosions on board, in hulk or craft, or on shore, or from Machinery, Boilers, Steam and Steam Navigation; or from perils of the seas or rivers, or from any act, neglect or default whatsoever, of the Pilot, Master, or Mariners.

9.—A Passenger requiring the exclusive occupation of a Cabin, to pay an additional half-fare; should there be more than two berths in the cabin, one-third fare to be charged for each of the other additional berths, besides the additional half-fare.

10.—Passengers must comply with the regulations established on board the steamer for general comfort and safety.

11.—Double Voyage Tickets are issued for 1st Class private passengers, available between England and the Cape of Good Hope for four months, and Intercolonial three months from the date of embarkation. Should the Steamer be full when the Passenger applies to select a berth, the ticket will be made available for return by the next Packet.

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England to	Madeira	19	19	0	12 12 0
	St. Helena	28	0	0	18 0 0
	Cape of Good Hope and <i>vice versa</i>	31	10	0	21 0 0
	Mossel Bay ditto	34	13	0	23 2 0
	Algoa Bay ditto	38	17	0	26 5 0
	East London ditto	52	10	0	35 14 0
	Natal ditto	39	18	0	26 5 0
	Ascension, <i>via</i> Cape				
St. Helena to	Ditto, <i>via</i> St. Helena.....				
	Cape of Good Hope and <i>vice versa</i>	21	0	0	14 14 0
	Mossel Bay ditto	26	5	0	17 17 0
	Algoa Bay ditto	30	9	0	21 0 0
	East London ditto	8	8	0	5 5 0
	Natal ditto	26	5	0	17 17 0
	Ascension				
	England				
Ascension to	England	22	1	0	14 14 0
Cape of Good Hope to	Mossel Bay and <i>vice versa</i>	4	4	0	3 3 0
	Algoa Bay ditto	6	6	0	4 4 0
	East London ditto	8	8	0	5 5 0
	Natal ditto	10	10	0	7 7 0
	Ascension	21	0	0	14 14 0
	Madeira	31	10	0	21 0 0
Mossel Bay to	Algoa Bay and <i>vice versa</i>	4	4	0	3 3 0
	East London ditto	6	6	0	4 4 0
	Natal ditto	8	8	0	5 5 0
	Ascension	25	4	0	17 17 0
Algoa Bay to	East London and <i>vice versa</i>	4	4	0	3 3 0
	Natal ditto	6	6	0	4 4 0
	Ascension	27	6	0	18 18 0
East London to	Natal and <i>vice versa</i>	4	4	0	3 3 0
	Ascension	29	8	0	19 19 0
Natal to	Ascension	31	10	0	22 1 0

CHILDREN will be charged for each year of their age ONE-SIXTEENTH of the full fare.

Female Servants Second Class Fare. Male Servants, half First Class Fare.

DOUBLE JOURNEY TICKETS are issued to First Class Adult Passengers at a reduction of TEN PER CENT. off two single fares. See clause No. 11 Conditions and Regulations.

UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

RATES OF FREIGHT,

Including all Charges from Nine Elms to Port of Delivery, except only Cost of Stamps on Bills of Lading,

From Southampton to the Cape of Good Hope and Natal,
(calling at Madeira to land Passengers.)

On the 10th and 25th of each month, at 2 p.m.; but when these dates fall on a Sunday the vessels will leave on the following day, at the same hour.

FREIGHT TO BE PREPAID.

Per Ton Measurement of 40 cubic feet, or Tons of 20 cwt., at the option of the Co.

To Cape Town	£2 10s.
„ Algoa Bay	£2 10s.
„ Mossel Bay	} By the steamer of the 25th only	£2 10s.
„ East London		£3 10s.
„ Natal		£3 10s.
„ St. Helena	} By the steamer of the 10th only	£2 10s.
„ Ascension		£3 10s.

Specie—10s. per cent. *Jewellery*—20s. per cent.

For Parcels, cubic measure.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -ft., 7s. 6d. 1-ft., 10s. 6d. 1½-ft., 16s. 3-ft., £1 1s. 4-ft., £1 6s. 5-ft., £1 11s.

Primage 10 per cent. on the Rates for Cargo.

No Bill of Lading issued for a less sum than One Guinea.

Packages to be distinctly marked with the Port of destination.

Goods should be at Southampton three days, and parcels one day, before the Ship's departure.

Parcels received at the London Office till two days before the departure of the Steamer.

For Horses or Sheep a week's notice is required to prepare stalls.

Goods received on board this Company's Steamers only upon the terms and conditions contained in the Company's form of Bill of Lading, which may be procured of their Agents.—Apply to

Falconer & Mercer, East India Chambers, 23, Leadenhall Street, London; or at the Company's Offices, Southampton.

The above rates on merchandise include the Railway Carriage from Nine Elms Station, London, Southampton Dock Dues and all charges for Agency, but to enable Shippers to avail themselves of the privilege of this through rate, receiving orders must be obtained from the Company's Agents.

The attention of Shippers is specially requested to the subjoined extract from the Merchant Shipping Act, 1854, 17th & 18th Vic., c. 104, sec. 329.

CARRYING DANGEROUS GOODS.

329.—“No person shall be entitled to carry in any ship or to require the Master or Owner of any Ship to carry therein any aquafortis, oil of vitriol, gunpowder, or ANY OTHER GOODS, WHICH IN THE JUDGMENT OF SUCH MASTER OR OWNER ARE OF A DANGEROUS NATURE, and if any person carries or sends by any Ship any Goods of a dangerous nature without DISTINCTLY MARKING THEIR NATURE on the outside of the package containing the same, or otherwise giving notice in writing to the Master or Owner at or before the time of carrying or sending the same to be shipped, he shall for every such offence incur a penalty not exceeding one hundred pounds; and the Master or Owner of any Ship may refuse to take on board any parcel that he suspects to contain Goods of a dangerous nature, and may require them to be opened to ascertain the fact.”

*. The PENALTY imposed by the “Merchant Shipping Act,” for shipping Goods of a dangerous nature without notice is £100; but Shippers are warned that, in the event of the destruction of, or damage to, other property, arising from the improper transmission of dangerous articles, the parties so offending are liable by Law for the full amount of all the damages that may be sustained through their misconduct, and in the event of fatal results would be exposed to a criminal prosecution.



By Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

Royal Hotel,

NO. 7, PLEIN STREET, CAPE TOWN.

Residents, Visitors, and Passengers will find at this Establishment all the comforts and luxuries of a first-rate Hotel, at

MODERATE CHARGES.

First-class Billiards.

Excellent Baths.

L. LOPES (LATE KANNEMEYER).



ROYAL HOTEL,

DURBAN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

By the Special Appointment of Prince Alfred, now the Duke of Edinburgh.

Established 24 years, and is really the only Hotel in Natal, and without exception the A 1 of South Africa.

J. B. DUNCOMBE, Q. Q. MANAGER.

PHENIX HOTEL,

CONDUCTED BY S. JOHNSON, LATE OF THE "NAZAAR."

THE Undersigned begs to inform the inhabitants of the Eastern Province that he has taken over the above Hotel from Mr. J. A. DRYER, and to assure them that no expense will be spared to make it what it ought to be—the First Hotel in the Eastern Province.

Everything of the best, and Charges Moderate.

Table D'Hôte from 12 to 2 o'clock.—Dinner at half-past 6.

AGENT FOR COBB & CO.'S COACHES.

Passengers by these Carts accommodated with a Bed.

S. JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR.

PORT ELIZABETH, February, 1872.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Reed, Thomas, Wheeldon, Gray, and Ella's DIAMOND LINE PASSENGER OMNIBUS.

Tariff of Charges.

Port Elizabeth to Du Toit's Pan	£14 0 0
20 lbs. Luggage allowed; Overweight, 2s. 6d. per lb.			

Cart leaves on Saturdays, Tuesdays, and Fridays.

Local Charges.

Port Elizabeth to Graham's Town	£2 0 0
Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort	1 15 0
Fort Beaufort to Queen's Town	3 0 0
Queen's Town to Burghersdorp	2 10 0
Burghersdorp to Bethulie	2 10 0
Bethulie to Fauresmith	2 10 0
Fauresmith to Du Toit's Pan	2 10 0

Passengers can Book in Port Elizabeth to any of the above places.

Parcels.

Sixpence per lb.; Extra Luggage to Intermediate Stations, same as Parcels.

E. STEINMANN, AGENT.

ADVANCES ON PRODUCE.

THE Undersigned is prepared to make MOST LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES on Produce consigned to him for Sale in the London and Continental Markets.

HYAM BENJAMIN, Jetty Street.

PORT ELIZABETH, 3rd January, 1871.

PRIVATE BOARD & LODGING,

For Families or Individuals,

CAN BE HAD AT

MRS. CAIRNCROSS'S, WYNBERG,

Only six minutes' walk from the Railway Station.

The charges are from £6 per month to £7 10s., according to the requirements.

Mrs. CAIRNCROSS'S two Houses are situated on very extensive private grounds, and there are belonging to them miles of some of the most beautiful avenues in the world.

For further particulars apply to

Mr. WILLIAM CAIRNCROSS, Confectioner, CAPE TOWN; or
Mrs. CAIRNCROSS, WYNBERG.

William

THE
STANDARD BANK
 OF
BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA
 LIMITED.

Nominal Capital £3,000,000.

Subscribed Capital £1,892,300.

Paid-up Capital, £408,320. Number of Proprietors, 514.

HEAD OFFICE—
10, CLEMENT'S LANE, LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C.

DIRECTORS.

S. BOLTON EDENBOROUGH, Esq. GEORGE CHARLES FRAMES, Esq. SAMUEL HYDE, Esq. DANIEL MACKENZIE, Esq.	JOHN THOMSON RENNIE, Esq. JOHN TORRANCE, Esq. ROBERT WHITE, Esq.
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BANKERS.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND. THE ALLIANCE BANK, LIMITED.

BRANCH OFFICES.

Western Province—

CAPE TOWN, BEAUFORT WEST, MOSSEL BAY.

Eastern Province—

PORT ELIZABETH. GRAHAM'S TOWN. ALIWAL NORTH. COLESBERG. CRADOCK. DU TOIT'S PAN DIAMOND FIELDS. KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.	KLIP DRIFT DIAMOND FIELDS, VAAL RIVER. NEW RUSH DE BEER'S DIA- MOND FIELDS. RICHMOND. SOMERSET EAST. UTENHAGE. VICTORIA WEST.
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Natal—

DURBAN, PIETERMARITZBURG.

GENERAL MANAGER IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIES—

ROBERT STEWART, Esq., Port Elizabeth.

Letters of Credit and Drafts granted on the Branches of the Bank. Moneys collected, and every description of Banking Business transacted with the South African Colonies.

Interest allowed at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum on sums deposited for one year certain. Rates for other periods may be known on application at the Head Office, 10, Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

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